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OCT. 19 1931

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD
PRIZE STORIES OF 1931

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD

Prize Stories of 1931

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

Author of "A HANDBOOK ON STORY WRITING"
"OUR SHORT STORY WRITERS," *Etc.*

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FIRST EDITION

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1931

OCT 19 1931

TO

THE DIXIE CLUB

OF NEW YORK CITY

"Look away, Dixie land"

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

As in former years, the chairman of the O. Henry Memorial Committee of Award wishes to thank all authors, agents, editors, and publishers who have coöperated in making this volume. Without their generous aid the series, *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories*, would cease to exist.

To the readers are due thanks, gladly given, for many hours of service. Particularly helpful were Harry Anable Kniffin, Helen Redington Johnson, Helen Ormsbee, Elizabeth Nugent, Isabel Walker, and Frances Gilchrist Wood, who was also one of the judges.

By far the greatest debt is to Isabel Walker. She gave much of her time to preliminary reading, attended to all details of business between January and July, and from submitted data prepared the lists. By her untiring communication with the chairman, who was in Africa and Europe during the months indicated, she made possible the delivery of copy to the publishers at the usual date. To her, therefore, the chairman is peculiarly grateful.

Blanche Colton Williams.

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INTRODUCTION

THIS is the thirteenth volume of *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories*. Toward its compilation seven first readers submitted brief narratives best, in their opinions, of those by American authors and first published in America within the eleven months from July, 1930, to May, 1931, inclusive. These preliminary judges were Harry Anable Kniffin, Helen Redington Johnson, Helen Ormsbee, Elizabeth Nugent, Isabel Walker, Frances G. Wood, and the chairman. From the candidates proposed, the chairman selected eighteen, three of which are short-short stories, for the annual collection. The final judges who awarded the first two prizes were, besides the chairman:

RAYMOND WEAVER, Assistant Professor, Columbia University; author of *Black Valley; Herman Melville, Mariner and Mystic;* editor of *Shorter Novels of Herman Melville*, etc.

FRANCES GILCHRIST WOOD, author of *Turkey Red, Gospel Four Corners*, etc.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, author of *Edgar Allan Poe, A Study in Genius; The Modern Temper*, etc. Editor of *The Plays of William Congreve.*

The following judges awarded the special prize to the best short-short story:

JOHN BURRELL, Assistant Professor of English, Columbia University.

SHIRLEY V. LONG, Instructor in English, Hunter College of the City of New York.

DOROTHY BREWSTER, Ph. D., Assistant Professor, Columbia University; co-author, with Professor Burrell, of *Dead Reckonings in Fiction.*

That rather poor story writer but good poet, Walt Whitman, once said that it makes a vast deal of difference where you read a book. This statement possibly may be requisitioned to account for the unusual divergence of opinion manifested by the judges. The chairman began preliminary reading in New York, continued in Greece, and recorded final ratings in Florence, Italy. Mr. Krutch sent his verdict from Antibes, France. Mr. Weaver pronounced judgment in Anacapri. Mrs. Wood delivered hers from New York. Mr. Krutch says, "About the collection as a whole I have rather mixed feelings since about half of them seem to me extremely good while the rest strike me as quite undistinguished." Mr. Weaver expresses a similar conviction though, with two exceptions, his halves are reciprocally opposed to those of Mr. Krutch.

Statements about the merit or non-merit of current literature are best explained by the personality of the critic himself, now as always. The varied individualities judging this collection presented no unanimous verdict. Their average ratings, however, place first an author who has won three prizes offered by this Memorial and awarded by other critics; through the present year he is out of the race in the money distribution. "Can't Cross Jordan by Myself," by Wilbur Daniel Steele, holds this first place, by the following score:

Weaver	Krutch	Wood	Williams
1	7	9	1

or a total of 18 points; an average place of $4\frac{1}{2}$. A very close second is "One Head Well Done," by John D. Swain. The ratings are:

Weaver	Krutch	Wood	Williams
2	11	4	2

or a total of 19 points; an average place of $4\frac{3}{4}$.

"One Head Well Done" receives the first award, $500.

"The Five-Minute Girl," by Mary Hastings Bradley, is rated:

Weaver	Krutch	Wood	Williams
10	1	7	3

or a total of 21 points; an average place of $5\frac{1}{4}$.

Third, by points, "The Five-Minute Girl" receives the second award, $250.

"Can't Cross Jordan by Myself" was published in *Pictorial Review*, August, 1930; "One Head Well Done," in *Top-Notch Magazine*, First November Number, 1930; "The Five-Minute Girl," in the *Saturday Evening Post*, January 10, 1931. It may be mentioned that the candidate ranking fourth is "Fifteen from Company K," by William March, with a total of 24 points, an average place of 6. This story was published in the *Midland*, November-December, 1930.

The three judges of the short-short stories unanimously awarded the special prize, $100, to "Haunted Ground," by Oliver La Farge, published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, August, 1930. They regard as near it in rank "Salesmanship," by Mary Ellen Chase, published in *Pictorial Review*, July, 1930, and winner of the first prize, $2,500, in the contest conducted by that magazine. They also liked for characterization "Mrs. Schwellenbach's Receptions," by Marie Luhrs, *The Jewish Tribune*, October 3, 1930. All three short-short stories are herein reprinted, whereas only one of this type has been included in any preceding volume of this series.

THE STORIES

"Can't Cross Jordan by Myself"

"There is no doubt about it," writes Mr. Weaver, "Steele's story, 'Can't Cross Jordan by Myself,' is the best of the lot." And, again, in connection with his second choice he remarks that it "has all the excellencies of 'One Head Well Done,' but transcends it, I think, in richness of implication, just as, in a higher parallel, *The Scarlet Letter* transcends *Sinbad the Sailor*, or as wisdom transcends ingenuity." Achieving medium rank with two other judges, it impressed the chairman as one of the author's best tales if not, perhaps, his finest work of fiction. Mr. Steele has seized the idea, which if not wholly novel is by no means threadbare among purveyors of narrative, that mankind must believe in immortality if it is to attain immortality. He has illustrated brilliantly without seeming to illustrate; in short, the illustration's the thing. One reads for the story, as one always should read a story. The Ashley and the

Cooper rivers are verities; the ghosts become verities what time the reader is engaged with their doings, a period during which he is untroubled by underlying theme. Without surrendering that theme, the story pays tribute to the loyalty of the race which thoroughly understood the masters of pre-Civil War days in Charleston. For Sam was not even in momentary doubt of the judge's forgiveness, not one instant after the judge knew the facts, though that forgiveness was stated so: "You good-for-nothing. You monkey-faced, flea-brained blunderer." The end is completely satisfying; if the judge cannot see the river Jordan, will not don a white night-shirt to cross it, then his faithful servant, quite incidentally his killer, will remain with him.

"One Head Well Done"

When the chairman came across Mr. Swain's forthright account of the missionary and *his* faithful servant—oddly enough, the tale has much in common with the one just discussed—she read at first casually, rather expecting to stop at the end of the first page. Not only the name of the author, who has written a number of good stories, held her; rather, the circumstantial detailing of the incredible, the matter-of-fact style, so eminently the only one suited to the bizarrerie of action, gripped her as long ago *Robinson Crusoe* gripped her when she discovered a deliciously thumb-marked, illustrated copy and forgot her dinner. It so happened that her class in *Beowulf* was reading about the severing of Grendel's head, a class to which she adduced this modern instance. Even a summary rehearsal held the college seniors breathless. Thereupon she decided to include it with the selections for this volume and to see what the other judges would say by way of condemnation or approval. Mr. Weaver uses it as a springboard for a pertinent leap into criticism. "'One Head Well Done,'" he says, "delights me more than all the rest put together; though 'Can't Cross Jordan by Myself' is, I'm sure, a story of higher distinction. Each, it seems to me, is superb in its kind: but Wilbur Daniel Steele's is a finer kind.

"Both, first of all, and prime in importance, are good stories. I am convinced that a short story that is only a story in

bastard part must lose in effectiveness because of its ambiguity of purpose and confusion of ends. The essay is one pure form: self-expression avowed such. But with fiction we enter another realm. There, other characters besides the writer emerge; and the more the characters seem to exist in their own right, self-sustained and self-animated in their own integrity, the purer and better the fiction.

"A person, certainly, as a chemical, has a double set of qualities: (1) how they strike an observer when they are viewed in isolation and repose; (2) how they strike each other when manipulated in combination. To walk through a laboratory and discourse on the color of prussic acid and the smell of iodine and the structure of atoms can, at best, but give occasion for lyric or learned self-expression. Begin mixing test-tubes, and drama is imminent.

"So with people.

"Merely to write *about* them is but to offer a commentary on a novel still to be composed; and the only character realized at all is the commentator himself. Set them in action, however, put them in chemical combinations that are adequate to reveal their dynamic structure: then you have plot. And only then can you come to know them in themselves.

"Between these extremes—commentary and creation—is a shadowy realm, neither one thing nor the other; and most so-called fiction seems to flounder in this morass. There, the characters are amorphous and half-real monsters, like the ectoplasmic excrescences that some mediums are said to trail out umbilical to themselves. 'Leaf Unfolding' and 'Fifteen from Company K' are such exudings. But with 'One Head Well Done' and 'Can't Cross Jordan by Myself' we come from medium-ship to magic. There, by action, by plot, a self-consistent and self-sustaining world is, in each case, added to creation.

"And since each story is entire in itself, it is irrelevant utterly that the missionary in 'One Head Well Done' is unlike any thinkable actual missionary; irrelevant that the whole action is beyond possibility. The story is so fine because the characters are perfect in their appropriateness to the action; and the action (brilliant in invention) is flawless in its own logic. It is as thrilling and inevitable as a demonstration in mathematics—and as inexorably true."

"The Five-Minute Girl"

Before the chairman had read Mrs. Bradley's sympathetic interpretation of Judy's behavior and marveled at the author's unswerving insight from beginning to end, recommendations of the story arrived from more than one quarter. Never was there doubt, after the reading, that it should have place in the volume. But for the comparatively weak ending, never would doubt have existed that it would draw one of the prizes. Mr. Krutch's comment is just and succinct: "Among those [stories] which I like, ranking is a little difficult," he says, "on account of the very diverse aims and methods, but I have no hesitation whatsoever as to my first choice. 'The Five-Minute Girl' I think wholly admirable—a strictly contemporary theme treated with all the smoothness, and completeness, and adequacy which one more commonly finds only in the treatment of themes which have been exploited over and over again until their various possibilities and limitations have been discovered. What I admire particularly is the consistency with which the author keeps us in direct contact with the feelings of her heroine. We start inside her mind, and we never leave it until the very end—not merely thinking with her, but feeling with her every step of the way. To read such a story is very much like having a direct experience. . . . Incidentally, I was interested to observe that my first choice was from the *Saturday Evening Post*, which is so commonly believed to publish nothing but 'machine-made' stories. . . ."

But for the one weak spot, which provoked Mr. Weaver to write down a low rating and to say that the story "flops utterly at the end," the narrative falls little short of perfection. And it should be added that the author is an accomplished craftsman, who probably wrote the exact dénouement she wished to write. She wished to sharpen, without doubt, the poignancy of Judy's real situation by dramatizing the obvious if unjust inference. Yet to relinquish the drama in the girl's soul for comment upon it is surely to gain relief at the cost of intensity.

"Haunted Ground"

In the prize short-short story, Oliver La Farge achieves a maximum of effect with an apparent minimum of effort, using

only fifteen hundred words or so. Upon George Waterson, dying there on the beach, he directs a cold, white shaft of light that illuminates but a moment George's borderland mentality. The moment proves long enough for laying a scene and launching a drama. Through George's vagrant mind, Mr. La Farge conveys a "holocaust"—Mrs. Hale's word—beginning with the burglar's murder of Susan. The four deaths come about logically and easily enough; there is no straining for impression, no atmosphere of melodrama: the effect is that of a New England tragedy. As a fact, the full tragedy is grasped but slowly by the reader, steered by the author to follow George's steps, to wonder with him about those heartbeats, to learn through him the antecedent action, to discover through him the dead daughter and dead mother, to know with him that his own heart will soon be still. Nothing would have been easier, cheaper, than to permit George, in his clairvoyant state, to "meet" Susan. The author knew better than to run his drama sentimentally aground; he permits Susan to "rest." The perfection of mood and the fragmentary yet evident connection between the dying man's soul and body—to fall back on the old terms—mark also the author's ability. The art of this brief tale might be compared with the local journalist's headlines:

1. MISS SUSAN HALE SHOT TO DEATH BY BURGLAR
SHOCK KILLS MOTHER

2. BOAT DRIVEN ON REEF
GEORGE WATERSON DROWNED

Mr. Burrell says he had to sleep over a decision between "Haunted Ground" and "Salesmanship." The latter appears to him a more completed, a more rounded story, but for him it lacks subtley in the telling. He finds the end of "Haunted Ground" somewhat blurred, at the same time he sees distinction in the writing. Miss Brewster was moved to place this story first of the short-shorts "for a touch of imagination, and a variation of the supernatural theme unfamiliar, at least to me, and arresting."

"Salesmanship"

Had the chairman voted in awarding the prize to the short-short story, she would have placed this tale at the head of the list. Mr. Burrell objects to what he calls "the loud pedal clues. And I don't know whether you are aware how in music an injudicious use of the loud pedal can give the effect of unintended discords." "Its point is visible," says Miss Brewster, "long before one reaches the end." As a fact, the impression would be quite lost if the truth were suddenly to arrive with a presto-lightning flash only in the final words. As the chairman sees it, there is no attempt to create a surprise. If she had wished it, the author could have arranged it more easily by far than she has played against each other the two motifs that finally merge in a complete unification—the unification that prompted Mr. Burrell's tribute to the complete rounding. The bereft father and mother behave in every particular of speech and action as they should behave in the circumstances. The very rightness of their behavior, neither too reticent nor too revelatory, says as loudly as words, "Our son is dead. We must buy a suit to bury him in."And any salesman but a new one intent only upon practising his acquired tricks of selling would have grasped the significance of every word, act, expression. The judges who awarded to this story the *Pictorial Review* prize may be congratulated again, though tardily, on finding a worthy recipient.

"Mrs. Schwellenbach's Receptions"

"If I were judging only for characterization," comments Mr. Burrell, "I should certainly feel I know Mrs. Schwellenbach best of any of the people. Yet in this story there seems to me a haunting amateurishness. . . ." In ranking it third, Miss Brewster says, "'Mrs. Schwellenbach's Receptions' made me feel as if I had been to one of them, and didn't know just why I'd come." If this remark is cryptic in implication, the first is probably just. The amateurishness lies in too great abundance of detail, through which the story thread sometimes disappears. Even so, Miss Luhrs has accomplished for the short story a characterization that Fannie Hurst accom-

plished for the novel. Without in any way suggesting an imitation of Bertha, of *Lummox*, Mrs. Schwellenbach has much in common with that big blonde. Exuberant energy dominates this lady, as it dominates the author's style, which permits no mawkishness to hover about Mrs. Schwellenbach's death. "And Irene," she concludes as coldly as Thackeray might conclude, "was the only one to pause and shed a tear."

"Fifteen from Company K"

William March, represented in the 1930 volume by "The Little Wife," ranks fourth here, through fifteen units composing a single impression on the horrors of war. The chairman selected this series of amplified notes, believing it to be one way if not the only way of dramatizing the world conflict. It is surely not one story, in the accepted sense of the term, if action coördinate to a single conclusion is the *sine qua non*. It is just as surely a story if unity of effect is the desideratum. If the way chosen be accepted, that route is traveled by one who knows it well. Criticism adverse to the series may be illustrated by Mr. Weaver, who rated it low on his list:

"'Fifteen from Company K' strains too obtrusively for effect. Each character, supposedly, speaks for himself. Yet 'literary' details of the author's own observation in idleness intrude as 'decoration' in scenes where the characters would have been too absorbed to note such minutiæ. 'Brief, strong, and bitter glimpses of life in the hot,' the writer seems to hope I'll feel. They leave me cold; but Mr. March's own temperature embarrasses me. Mr. March seems to be striving after 'sincerity.' And that, I'm sure, is the most fatal of literary vices. To write in a blind entanglement of personal preoccupations—to betray one's own unclarified emotions rather than to reveal them with surgical detachment; that, it seems to me, is 'indecent exposure of soul.'"

"Like a kaleidoscope," Mrs. Wood writes, "each of the snatches of lives in 'Fifteen from Company K' shifts the broken bits of war experience in changing combination. No one picture could have left the impression that these repeated facets of shattered glass, color, splintered light have deepened so unforgettably." And she ranks it second.

Let Mr. Krutch have the final word: "I was naturally some-

what prejudiced against my third choice, 'Fifteen Men from Company K,' by the fact that there have been so many stories written about the war from exactly the same point of view. Nevertheless, I found myself interested and moved by nearly every one of the episodes. Every one is horrible in a different way, and that fact establishes the author's point which is, I take it, exactly that—that almost anything might happen, but that it would always be horrible."

"Wings for Janie"

This is the first story, so far as the chairman recalls, that has been requested for this series after finding first publication in a preceding collection. Written by a Columbia University student, it appeared in *New Copy*, 1931. Why some editor of editors, all of whom buy tales good, bad, and indifferent, did not recognize the value of Miss Rice's idea and accept the story for serial publication can only be explained through lack of attempt to sell it. The Columbia University Extension editors of *New Copy* did recognize its worth and, through Professor Donald L. Clark, submitted it as a candidate for the O. Henry Memorial volume. Mr. Weaver strikes at its chief inadequacy in commenting upon "the verbal ineptness and the author's ambiguous relation to her subject matter. She has an idea with possibilities. But she lacks the detachment that the irony of her plot particularly demands." Mrs. Wood gave no reason for doing so, but assigned to it third rank. Mr. Krutch says, "Over the second choice I hesitated a little more, but I don't think that I should have. Obviously 'Wings for Janie' is not technically so accomplished as 'The Five-Minute Girl.' The story very nearly carries itself. But it is a very good story, and the author communicates a great deal in a very short space. Moreover, and despite the fairly obvious irony, it gives the impression of being told with a good deal of very commendable restraint."

"Forrester"

About this work of Cyril Hume, which indisputably lends a peculiar distinction to the collection, opinions will differ

as widely as the ratings assigned to it respectively by Mr. Weaver and Mrs. Wood. "It seems to me," concludes the first, "'Forrester' only does with prolixity and sleek literary etiquette, what John Erskine, and Jules Lemaitre, and Anatole France, and Oscar Wilde have done earlier and with more concentration and edge." He places it twelfth on the list.

"The big find," writes Mrs. Wood, "the one story I've read in ages that I would give anything to have written. . . . My enthusiasm passes all bounds. . . . In 'Forrester' is the impossible made actual, yet never surrenderng its unreal enchantment. There is double enjoyment, for along the road of reading one forever senses bypaths of magic into remembered forest journeys, through giant redwoods, stripped mountain side, reforestation and dryads everywhere! There is also gratitude. The story might have ended so differently and didn't." With this judge the tale ranks an easy first.

"Good Wednesday"

Miss Brush's contribution was ranked third by one judge, fourth by another. Those who place it lower doubtless feel the absence of the story itself, or the too tenuous nature of the three or four stories suggested. Without doubt, the character is of prime importance, if not of all importance. This poisonous old maid, this Miss Baxter—this insect—is preserved in the fine amber of Katharine Brush's distillation and set in the gold frame of "Good Wednesday." And so the bug, from which most of us would shrink ("Her clients' husbands were accustomed to avoid Miss Baxter") if we crossed its path, acquires the rarity of a precious gem, over which we exclaim in admiration. With what firmness the artificer caught the insignificant creature! How clearly the amber reveals! Yet, for all this character work, if we emerge from the figure, at least three dramas are conveyed: they are there, condensed, with hints of others. Mr. Weaver, who groups the story with "The Five-Minute Girl," "The False Talisman," "Useless," and "Thrift," in that all would reveal a character by showing it in action, remarks, "But Katharine Brush, more than any of the rest, achieves a finish, an economy, a surety and purity of tone that make hers alone memorable."

"Useless"

Between two excellent instances of Miss Ryerson's and Mr. Clements's work, the chairman hesitated which to request for this volume. One of her colleagues, Miss Claire McGlinchee, voted in favor of "Useless," admiring the suspense and color, grateful for the absence of cheap, vaudeville soldiers' talk. Still feeling that here was something too romantic to be so good as she believed it to be, a trifle fearing that a free imagination had been allowed rein too liberal, the chairman asked the authors to tell something about the genesis of the tale. The replies show once again that truth is stranger than fiction, for one thing, and that the apparently highly fanciful setting was a fact of war. The reticence of Mr. Clements's letter must give place to the information vouchsafed by Miss Ryerson (Mrs. Clements):

> I can tell you [she writes], more about the inception of "Useless" than he can because he's awfully shy about talking of his own adventures. Just after the war, while he was still in the army, he was made liaison officer with the British and later with the French troops in Mesopotamia. The work was largely with the American Near East Relief, getting out refugees and taking care of orphans. As a result, he found himself, a boy in the twenties, with five hundred orphans on his hands, some of 'em barely weaned, a large number of them with the scabies and a still larger number half starved. All this was in northern Mesopotamia, Urfa (or Ourfa), the ancient city which was Edessa. Later nurses and missionaries got in, and a camp was organized. Still later the Kurds swept in from the desert, and they were all besieged.
>
> The story of the sixty-two-day siege which ended in a massacre of the French garrison (six hundred of them butchered and their heads carried on pikes); the story of the return of the Turks and Kurds and how the American hostages had to serve them at table; the story of the escape of the five Americans over the desert to Colonel Lawrence's house on the Euphrates . . . these are still to be written. I must tell you that Mr. Clements got to General Gouraud and that the orphans and a few French soldiers were brought out to Urfa safe and sound.
>
> "Useless" was a real boy, Mr. Clements's striker. His name is really Manuel, and he is still alive. The death was really that of another boy, a servant in the Compound where they were shut up during the long siege. . . .

In lighter vein Mr. Clements, assuming a promise that the editor of this volume would not tell, writes that Manuel became a tailor. That detail is too good to keep; particularly

from those, sentiment-inclined, who cannot refrain from the single tear at the end of "Useless."

But I may be wrong at that [adds Mr. Clements], oh, I hope I am. After the siege, I managed to get to Beirut, where I saw General Gouraud. What a man, what a soldier! He helped us get the orphans to Aleppo, and there each boy was given a choice of a trade. "Useless" decided that he would be a tailor, and if he hasn't one of the finest establishments in all Syria by this time I miss my guess. I went on to Roumania for part of a year, then Paris, and back and forth across America several times, so I have lost track of him, but I daresay he will show up in our patio one of these days.

Shamelessly, this editor goes on with the record, knowing that the readers of this Introduction cannot but be interested in the fact story and in the character from which "Useless" emerged. Mr. Clements enclosed an old letter from Manuel, kept all this time in his files:

Honorable
MR. COLEN CLEMENST
At first I ask your life and I kiss your hands and how ar you? I think you ar well. if you ask me I am very sorry, because you ar forget me. I have not get any letter from your kindness till now. and kindly if you want to write a lettr to me writes about that dictionary. I have get it as the souvener but our theacher Br. Kevork he want to get. please write to me that I shall give it not
I remain humbly your obedience servent
MANUEL ——

Mr. Colin wagers, "I'll bet a dollar Kevork never saw that book again!" His final remark should be added, "As funny as this letter is, it's remarkable in that he learned that much English in three months." The manuscript is in a fine Italian hand, neat as copper plate.

If this Manuel is not the "Useless" of the narrative, the chairman knows nothing whatever about fiction—or fact. The story was rated fifth by one judge, sixth by another.

"Leaf Unfolding"

Here is, again, a challenge that provokes diverse views. "Quite the worst," writes Mr. Weaver, "it seems to me, is 'Leaf Unfolding.' To begin with, it is overwritten, 'literary'

to nausea. Not that I have put a prime emphasis upon 'style.' The less of it the better, I feel, and except in so far as I've been knocked in the eye by 'elegances' and verbal flourishes, I've thought little about it. 'One Head Well Done,' for example, is hardly—thank God!—splotched with any Pater-like 'purple passages.' Nor is 'Leaf Unfolding,' for that matter. 'It is the attempt and not the deed confounds us.' Yet aside from my distaste for the 'style,' I can find nothing in the substance or in the management of the story to redeem it. The characters, of course, are decidedly queer—but that, in itself, is nothing against them. The trouble lies in the unsurety, the incompetence, with which they are handled. The heroine, as she is, isn't all there. Max Beerbohm might have animated her with more resourceful absurdity and made her attractive; Chekhov might have given her overtones and veiled her in mystery. As it is, she is silly without being entertaining, peculiar without being alive and credible. I cannot imagine how it got into this collection."

If a story draws adverse criticism so decisive, it will assuredly find favor in other quarters. It is ranked fifth by Mr. Krutch who, though he thought the conclusion disappointingly factitious, liked it much.

"Thrift"

Like the art of acting or the profession of medicine or the craft of statesmanship, the art of writing not infrequently is inherited. Southerners who read their first novels in the 'nineties recognized in the name William Faulkner, first appearing in fiction but a year or so ago, that of an old friend. In Mississippi, *The White Rose of Memphis* was the most popular book of its day; copies were read, literally, to pieces. But surely this Faulkner could not be the same? No, the grandson. His is the same energy, observation of life, and transmuting genius which, by an apparently careless wave of the wand, converts fact into fiction.

Those critics who yet believe in the worth of the unities, who believe the Greeks have not been surpassed in dramatic concentration, vividness, intensity; those who delight in a play or a narrative that holds the protagonist unwaveringly

to the front, emphasizing his speech and acts while relegating to the middle ground or background all other characters—those critics will give high rank to "Thrift." Scotch thrift is proverbial; the thesis, on the face of the story, boasts no novelty. Yet if this virtuous vice has ever been indulged in circumstances so extraordinary, urged to the *n*th extremity, fiction has not recorded the occasion except through an infinitude of anecdotes. Mr. Faulkner's tale, then, is the supreme instance of the racial characteristic. Remarkably again, the author refrains from judging the man of the name unpronounceable. He reveals what others thought and said—said in no uncertain terms—of MacWyrglinchbeath, sans agreement or disagreement; he records what the Scotchman did and said. A wary reader perceives that Mr. Faulkner is strictly not occupying the chair judicial; rather, it is as if he marveled at a national trait in an exploitation so thorough he felt there were depths below the surface of action which he did not presume to plumb. Hence, the conviction of accuracy; every reader not only may interpret but must interpret MacWyrglinchbeath for himself.

It should be added that "Dry September," by the same author, disposes of a Southern instance as adequately as "Thrift" disposes of the Scotchman, and is also one of the most distinguished stories of the year.

"Chimney City"

Among tales of sentiment submitted, the chairman believed Crichton Alston Thorne's a rare first, a unique first. On requesting it, she was not surprised to learn from Nelson Antrim Crawford, editor of the *Household Magazine*, in which "Chimney City" first appeared, that it had already been reprinted (London *Sphere*). Strong yet delicate feeling throbs in the single day's record of Silver and his mother and Clarkin, a space long enough for conveying the climax and suggesting with fine restraint events long past. There is poetry here, in a vein of the rich and the strange; poetry in the author's initial paragraph, introducing the boy Silver; poetry, only half mad, in Clarkin's brain, which sees in the moon-swept moss of a dogwood, golden hair grown from a grave.

If the author, who lives ten miles from the nearest post office, has not yet achieved her ambition to know more people than a hotel clerk, she does better yet to rely upon the Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare, of which she doubtless has a copy old and worn. Clarkin is a humble figure in the long procession, from Lear to the present, of good men distraught.

"Professional Aid"

The physical struggle is the one most frequently found in fiction, the one most frequently without novelty. Throughout many instances of fights, whether between brute or human rivals; of sporting matches in tennis, golf, or whatnot; of races on sea and on land—instances of the same class differ but little. David and his slingshot; the chariot race in *Ben-Hur;* John Taintor Foote's "The Look of Eagles"—such notable examples rise to the surface of memory above thousands forgotten. Mr. Loomis's yachtsmen raced "because there was no sport like it—no other sport in which man pitted his wits against the elements while in competition with his fellows." As in real life, so with fiction. Combine the struggle between individuals, or groups of individuals, with another conflict—and double the excitement, the effect. With subtilety, the author analyzes the perfect coördination of the helmsman's muscle and sense: hands on the wheel; eyes now on the compass, now on the course ahead; cheeks fanned by the breeze; body sensitive to balance—these he considers minutely in the battle between the schooner and the elements. This sort of thing has not been done, heretofore. Then, rather than repeat what every boat race is prone to repeat, the now-the-one gained, now-the-other forged ahead sort of thing, he loses sight of *Thetis's* rivals. He knows and the reader knows those rivals are somewhere on the sea; that is all. Of course, this management is in accord with fact—the author may have been himself the helmsman of an actual *Thetis*, for he is a daring and brilliant yachtsman—none the less, those schooners might have sighted one another and the story teller have been forgiven if he had used a pinch of the old stuff. Mr. Loomis does better. The *Thetis* picks up the *Maribella* men and, despite delay, sails on to victory—from which the fine edge is taken by the newspaper man. Irony, then, completes

the novel effect: the rescued sailors, hindrances at best, were accredited with the winning.

For eight years, says Mr. Loomis, ocean racing has been the most vital factor in the sport of yachting. It is building up a class of amateur sailors whose seamanship is second only to that of the clipper-ship sailors, who are the keenest, most audacious sailors on the seas to-day. He adds that they are unsung, except in the yachting press; but here is one song about them that should live, joyfully discovered in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

"*The False Talisman*"

Ranking well with all judges, attaining the comparatively high average of 6 plus, Charles Caldwell Dobie's story is a companion piece to "The Five-Minute Girl." The creator of little Eddie Schott dramatizes the young man who lacks a certain kind of courage, as Mrs. Bradley dramatizes the young woman. "Eddie Schott had no bold gestures," neither had Judy. And just as one step over the borderline might have achieved for Judy her goal, so it might have achieved for Eddie his paradise. A thread of cowardice held Eddie back, says Mr. Dobie; the urge of desperation drove Judy too far, Mrs. Bradley says by implication. Judy's life belongs elsewhere; so does Eddie's life. With gratitude, at least one reader would see these lives properly placed. In each is a fineness for which, somewhere, a setting waits; and, since each has fortitude, there is for Judy as for Eddie a situation where endurance may win. The two stories also use similar means for similar ends: Eddie and Judy are the pride of their parents who are, at the outset, responsible for the miscast rôles. Contrast heightens each portrait: Eddie, socially unversed, timid, yet craving companionship, is placed among the Gaiety Club members; timid Judy, among the surer, bolder girls of the dance. It should be remarked that Mr. Dobie's dénouement is the more satisfying. Eddie passes his dramatic climax, as it were, when he drops overboard his horn and so casts away his false talisman; Judy, still clinging to her hair shirt, attains nothing except misconstruction of motive. These authors and these characters recall pleasantly Booth Tarkington and his *Alice Adams*.

The Humorous Stories

Humorous stories of the year are best illustrated by Mr. Tarkington's "Cider of Normandy" and Edgar Valentine Smith's "Cock-a-Doodle-*Done!*" The chicken fight, arranged by the winner of a former O. Henry Memorial Award first prize, is enhanced by the accurate description of Alabama darkies, who know best how to handle the gamecock. The yarn is "made," however, by the capitally spun thread of narration that records the cheating of the cheater. In this turning of the tables, the author triplicates his effect: Bubber makes off with the prize Cuban, in the first place. Second, he cunningly pits the two cocks of Mr. Barnabas against each other. Third, Shabo unwittingly turns the best trick of all when he swaps the Cuban for "a full-blooded, dominecker pullet." The whole series of events is as natural to time and place as chickens and Shabo and Bubber Milam are indigenous to Mobile.

Obviously, the short story is a ready mirror for the timely. Years hence, the most imposing novel of a season may be that which embodies the great inflation of the 'twenties and the great depression of the 'thirties. What opportunity for contrast, for unbelievable magnificence through money spent, only as spendthrift kings ever spent, followed by toppling ruin and tolling of many deaths. Years hence, for only then will a new order emerge from chaos; only then will rise the literary prophet who will point through the grandeur and succeeding gloom to the inevitable end when, in retrospect, this power or that was destined clearly to assume control of creation. Meantime, the little short-story mirror catches the present at this angle or that and flashes back what lies within its nearer field. The not startlingly significant thing about the year's brief fiction is that it reflects depression.

This reflection is made either in atrabilious light, or in the glimmer of a pocket-flash carried for cheer. The immediate result lies in hundreds of stories centering about death. Many of the best were among this number, not all of which were requested for this collection largely because the book would have been one of mourning. The second result lies in many

other stories attempting to say "It's not all so dark as it seems." One illustration will suffice to point this statement. On an April day when a blizzard raged in Istanbul, the chairman found—even there—a copy of an American weekly and hungrily enough read the stories. One had as obvious thought, underlying a tale of young love, "Let us get back to the country." Another, ostensibly pitting the characters of two brothers against each other, told how one recouped his fortunes by selling toy ducks. "There are many ways to make honest money, if you aren't too proud," this author seems to say—to say, oh, so easily. The third rehabilitated amusingly enough and even more easily an entire village. In the pulse beat of that magazine number, one heard, in fancy, response to editorial appeal, "Boys, can't you send in some stories that will cheer us all up, that will tell us what to do about it?"

And so we arrive at Booth Tarkington. This serenely optimistic great man of the four decades in which he has been the chief literary historian of America is untroubled by the ephemeral. "This, too, will pass," he knows. Month after month he has published tales of life in a Maine summer colony, tales abounding in humorous appreciation of mere folks. In "Cider of Normandy," he sweeps his telescopic mirror to a day in Paris, when the irresponsible youth of three continents worsted the American man of business. Though providing acceptable motive, the love story is but incidental to the mad prankishness that intoxicated the sagely sober Mr. Alexander Ellis on cider out of Normandy and made of the constitution-abiding citizen a laughable figure, a clown of a Caliban. If it seems a trifle extreme that Mr. Ellis fell for the repeated masks of Napoleon and the soap dishes of "Mary Antanette," that seeming is wrong. The author knows the Paris "antique" vender to the last degree of presumption, and a certain business man of his own shores to the last degree of ignorance. Read first and last "Cock-a-Doodle-*Done!*" and "Cider Out of Normandy," the silver lining of this collection.

BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS,
Chairman.

Paris,
16 June, 1931.

CAN'T CROSS JORDAN BY MYSELF

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

FROM *Pictorial Review*

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

has appeared many times in the O. Henry Memorial volumes. In fact, in any survey of the short story during the last decade, his stories would be outstanding for their originality, their vigor, and their splendid craftsmanship. He is also the author of the novel, "Meat."

THERE are ghosts in Charleston. At certain hours on some nights on the dwindling peninsula between the Ashley and the Cooper it seems as if there were more of the dead afoot than of the living. Doubt as you can, you can't doubt some of them. You can't doubt the one that, incorruptibly, at the hour of the rising of the moon on the first night of its final quarter, hangs by its neck from the Hanging-tree. There's too much evidence. They would never have left that solitary obstacle of a live-oak to rear its gray bole in the very center of the pavement of Ashley Avenue all these years if there hadn't been *something*.

The conscientiousness of that "haunt," by the calendar, is its most impressive quality. There are few of us nowadays who even know on what date of the month the half-moon comes up at midnight, for few of us ever really see the moon. That sort of spectral punctuality was to be expected in the days when the tree was still one of the twelve in the short oak avenue leading in to the stately mansion known as "Indigo Landing," and when the rise of the midnight moon, silvering open reed lands and the farther river, marked a moment for weirdness, fit for spirit doings.

But now that the town is grown thick and new along that thoroughfare, and the midnight can no longer see the moon for the glows spread out from drug stores and filling stations and the headlights of automobiles wheeling from moment to moment over the trunk of that inconvenient and even dangerous oak, the fact that the shade of the hanged man can still manage to swing in noisy air there under city-bitten leaves (and so have been glimpsed through dazzled wind shields by at least three several drivers, who thereupon piled up their cars against the dire tree) argues a strength of spectral character beyond the common run.

Indigo Landing, the house, is not to be seen from the avenue now. In the steep perspective even its tallest relic chimneys are hidden by the screen of early gingerbread and late stucco residences that have come in between. It is still there, how-

ever, and it can be reached through an alley at the north side of the Caroilco Service Station, on the corner of which, in fact, they have allowed Joanna to tack her modest business card, "Readings and Séances; Lost Articles Found." For to so low an estate has come in her lean age the one-time secretary of the South Carolina Spiritist Circle, old Legare's "darn-Yankee" daughter-in-law, Joanna of Hartford—and to so paltry a business with her, no doubt, the still leaner shade of her famous "control," the Hindu mystic Bhundi Ras.

When Judge Legare was alive, forty-odd years ago, when Joanna held one of her "darn-fool table-tapping flimflams" in the house, he got out of it. Another man might have been futilely disagreeable about it. Seeing it was not only his home, but the home of the gentlemen of his blood for five generations gone, he might have been forgiven for flying into a Carolinian temper with the white-trash upstart and psychic carpetbagger that Joanna must have seemed to him.

In his younger days he would have. But now, turned in upon himself, first by the marriage and then by the demise of his only son (whom, since the Judge was a stalwart atheist, he had no hope of remeeting in a beyond, and of upbraiding, as he would have upbraided him, with a ferocious gentleness) —now Percy Legare did neither of these things.

Now, on such evenings as Joanna's coterie gathered in the drawing room to scare each other with their silly slates and bells, if the aging rice planter sighed as he beat his retreat out to the twilight peace beneath his scuppernong vine in the rear, it was not in bitterness. It was a sigh compounded rather of the sardonic commiseration of the clear-eyed for the blind that lead the blind, and of relief at having to talk with, instead, two human beings as solid on earth, as richly sympathetic, and as comparatively aristocratic as old Sam, the coachman-gardener-butler of these lean days, and his sister, Venus, the cook.

Sole survivors of the Legare servant body of slavery times, they were pulled two ways in their minds. The fiercer, of course, was toward indignation.

"How-come Mis' Joanna do t'ink dis house *she* house," Sam would protest with the license of one born into the family. "Wha'-foh you do allow dat Yankee woman dribe you out you-own gentleman family house—wid dem sperrit an' t'ing?"

The Judge would smile then his patient, clear-eyed smile. "You ignorant black swamp darky, how many times have I told you there *are* no such things as spirits?"

"You mean tell me, suh, dey no sperrit, nor-so no ha'nt, nor no plat-eye or t'ing?"

Now Venus would come in, torn between loyalty and the fearful and obvious fact.

"How-come you too nerbous stay inside de house den, Maussa, night when Mis' Joanna do call de sperrit up?" And before the master could even snort in protest, her ear cocked in terror toward the windows through which the fearful sounds came seeping, the negress hurried on: "Hear dem ha'nt do holler now. Dat one wid de crack voice, Maussa——"

"You know who dat one, suh?" Sam would shiver. "Dat one de Indy sperrit, call um Bhundi Ras, an' he bound obliged do Mis' Joanna's biddin' over yonduh in tudduh world."

"Hocus-pocus, Sam. There's only one world, the one you're standing in."

"Oh, Maussa! I'd t'ink you frighten some time Gawd hear you say dat an' strike you dead. What-fashion you gwine git across de Jordan, suh, ef you say such a t'ing?"

Then Venus, feeling the strain, would make haste to turn the conversation into a safer channel.

"*She*," she would mutter, glooming toward the house, "she t'ink she know eberyt'ing, but she don' know eberyt'ing."

They hated Joanna, these two. Why they had never left an employ where they must take orders from such a woman may seem strange. As a matter of fact, though they had been free under the law to do so for twenty years, they had never actually realized it. Nor were they apt to, so long as "Maussa Percy" remained alive. Their own mother had been his "mauma," and though other colored folks might think they could go gallivanting around like poor swamp trash if they cared to, Sam and Venus were not of that kind.

It was unfortunate that Joanna was too Yankee-ignorant to appreciate this Negro reasoning. In the end it was worse than unfortunate; it was catastrophic.

The Judge had been away a few days, visiting his cousin James in Walterboro. The evening of his return was the evening the Spiritist Circle had chosen to hold its weekly "flim-

flam" at Indigo Landing, and the dusk out back was chill for old bones with the coming of November.

The moment he came into the yard Percy Legare knew something was wrong by the dismal note in Venus's singing. What chewing gum is to the modern young woman, their "spirituals" were to Carolina servants. These folk hymns Venus was accustomed to roll between her gums with an enthusiasm that robbed them of all their inherent mournfulness. But to-night there was mournfulness in plenty, where the black woman rocked on the sill of the "slave house."

> "By myse'f—by myse'f—
> Sometime my trouble make me trimble—trimble—trimble,
> An' I can't cross Jordan by myse'f——"

The Judge challenged her. "What's wrong, Venus?" A premonition made a hollow around his heart. "Where's *Sam?* Stop that yowling straightaway, and tell me!"

Venus stopped and told him. The pent-up grief and panic of days came pouring out.

The Judge was aghast. "You mean to tell me my daughter-in-law has *turned Sam off?*"

"Yes-suh, gib um he *dis*ch'ge, wha' she say. Tell um he good-foh-nottin', *git.*"

"And he went? But—where?"

"Dat what I say—wheh? Dat poor old ign'unt nigguh, wheh *he* know to go? Mos'-like he got run-obuh in de street, or-so he starve to deat', or drowned in de ribbuh. Oh! Oh!"

"Hush up, you black baboon! Do you want me to give you a caning?"

Venus, comforted, moderated her sobbing. The master was "mixed up in his mind," and that was a step in the right direction. As a matter of fact, the Judge was stunned.

"Now, this," he muttered, "is too much. I've tried to be patient. But *this*——"

Now that he was angry he was so angry that his old knees shook beneath him. He couldn't march into the house, remonstrate, that way, with knocking legs, and decided that a dram or two would do him no harm. So he started in the opposite direction, out back.

Venus's wail was sharp with a new alarm. "Wheh you

gwine? You ain't gwine in dat-yah *smoke house*, wid all dem ha'nt an' hag an' t'ing—*in de dark*—for de Lawd sake!"

"I am not a child," the Judge growled over his shoulder.

It was true that the floor of the abandoned wreck of a smoke house out there was unsafe, and the walls so near collapse that any jar might bring one or more of the great rotten rafters crashing down. But now the fact that it was his daughter-in-law who had taken it upon herself not only to warn him, but substantially to *forbid* him (as if he were a child) to go near that "eyesore and death trap," only set him in his purpose.

He had been there before, by stealth; that was why he was going now. Joanna was not only a Spiritist, but a militant teetotaler as well. The Judge might have continued to argue and quarrel, but essentially he hated haggling. So, instead, he had quietly removed his two-gallon keg of ripe corn whisky from the house-cellar and concealed it, on the day he left for Walterboro, under a heap of rubbish in that last of all places where Joanna might be expected to go snooping, the smoke house.

It was as dark as seven nights inside the rickety shell, but Percy Legare needed no light to guide him as he moved on soles as discreet as ghosts' across the precarious planking. He knew where the rubbish was, and found it with his hands. But then, at the feel of it, not satisfactorily swollen, as by a keg, but all rifled and flat, an involuntary deep groan broke from his lips.

What happened then happened swiftly. A wind and screech, like a bat's flight overhead. A crack of timber. Something falling. A stunning concussion. Momentary stars.

From the instant when Percy Legare picked himself up from the smoke-house floor, everything was queer. He wouldn't have known himself. A kind of cosmic terror; an enormity of panic. Where to go? Joanna? No! Of all human beings, not Joanna. In what seemed to him a perfectly silly way he thought of his nearest of blood kin, Cousin James. What was still sillier, no sooner had he thought of Cousin James than he was over the back wall and bound at a run for Walterboro, fifty miles away. But what was silliest of all, there he was, presently, hardly panting, in Walterboro, on Cousin James's steps.

When he had set his clothing a little straight and smoothed his small but well trimmed imperial, he pulled at the bell rope several times. He had to go in finally, getting no response. Cousin James *was* napping before the fire; but his pretty granddaughter Vi, playing cribbage with her beau at the center table, should have heard the bell.

For all he could do, Percy Legare felt out of place and ill at ease. It showed in the way he rubbed his hands together and chuckled, when he felt so little like chuckling.

"Well, my good friends, you hardly expected to see me so —*James!*" he finished sharply.

The old gentleman in the easy chair twitched out of sleep and blinked around him.

"Here," the Judge directed him. "Right over here I am. Percy. Are you blind?" He appealed to Vi. "Is your grandfather blind, or—or what?"

The girl ignored not only his question but his very existence. "Fifteen-four," she counted on the board; then, to Cousin James, "Cold, Grandfather?"

"I thought I felt a draft," the old gentleman complained, his eyes as blank as a fish's, though they were fixed directly on his cousin where he stood. "I guess, though, it's just one of those—how do they say it?—someone stepping over my grave."

All this queerness was too much for Percy Legare: his mind mixed up and his heart heavy, he left the house and started back home. There was a great to-do there when he arrived; by the sound there must have been more people than were ever in the Spiritist Circle, milling around in the oak avenue out front. Too confused and too depressed to want to face them, he got in by the rear and up the back stairs. His bed was the one thing on earth he needed now.

Of all the bad business, though, the worst was still in store. When he got into his bedroom, his cravat already half untied, he found it crowded with people, many of whom he did not even know. Red with confusion and resentment, he made haste to set his neck gear straight again; then he did the only thing a gentleman can do: he stood and stared at them, his brow knotted with interrogation.

Fiasco. No one paid him any attention. All they were interested in was the bed, his bed, and the figure of some

stranger with a broken pate they had laid there without even asking his permission. Joanna, down on her knees, was shaking with fearful, angular sobs. Dr. Hatton of Calhoun Street, who had been bending over, unbent with an air of lugubrious finality to say, "I'm sorry, there's nothing to be done: the Judge's death must have been quite instantaneous."

Percy Legare felt a sudden hollowness under his midriff as he craned over the encircling shoulders to study the shape on the bed.

"Why—why, darn it!—it's *me*."

He got out of the room. He wanted to be alone; wanted some solitude where he could sit down quietly and think this whole distracting business out at length. There was none to be had in this neighborhood; the crowd out front seemed to have increased rather than lessened, and with its numbers its turbulence. So, slipping out again by the river way, now by the light of a half-moon that had risen in the east, the poor fellow set his course in a bee-line across St. Andrews Parish.

How far he went he had no way of estimating. It was probably in northern Georgia that he stumbled upon exactly the kind of abandoned house he was looking for, set in the midst of weed-grown acres. His satisfaction was not to last long, however, for no sooner had he got himself settled down to cogitation in the great dank hall than footsteps on the stair behind him proved his mistake in imagining himself alone in the old mansion.

Confused to find himself even an innocent trespasser, he was doubly so when he perceived that the woman coming down the stair was a lady. She was good enough to accept his apologies graciously, however, and when he made to mend his mistake by leaving she bade him by a gesture not to go.

"I am lonely here," she said with a smile, half wistful, half preoccupied.

The Judge was troubled. She was far from old and very far from uncomely, and if there was a certain awkwardness about her carriage, it should not have been enough to bother him. But it did. It wouldn't let him be. And when, by edging around, he made the discovery that the slight obliquity of her bearing came from favoring an ugly-looking butcher knife whose handle obtruded from her back just under the left

scapula, he was new enough in such things to be frankly uncomfortable.

The lady had marked the direction of his glance.

"I suppose you are wondering about—that."

"No—that is—no, no."

"I wonder if you would like to know the story of my——"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, I—I—some other time——"

The Judge was out of the front door by that, and hurrying on faster than ever, west.

He had always wanted to travel, but since the war between the States he had never got much farther than Beaufort, because of the expense. Even upset as he was in his mind now, to find himself crossing the Mississippi gave him a thrill. His fight sight of the Rockies gave him another. A veteran of the Tennessee campaign, he had thought he knew mountains, but here were mountains.

In a gulch in southern Colorado, beginning to tire a little, he took refuge in the timbered mouth of an abandoned prospect hole. Here again he found himself an intruder, and he would have apologized and left immediately, had the owner's way of trying to scare him off by groaning from the darker end of the tunnel not brought out an almost forgotten streak of Carolinian obstinacy.

And after all, when the fellow found that that did no good, he turned out to be an almost pathetically sociable sort. He had struck it rich in this hill, it seemed, after a lifetime of indifferent luck, but unfortunately in doing it he had starved to death, and he showed it in his cadaverous cheeks, weedy whiskers, and rags, and possibly in the one bad habit he had, when interested or in absence of mind, of eating off a thumb or one or two of his fingers.

Otherwise, in the weeks the Judge spent with him at the mine, "Nebraska" Hillhouse proved an ideal companion, so far as his guest was concerned, spending most of his time at the far end of the drift, "in the vein," and so giving the Judge all the time he needed for thinking.

The trouble was that he couldn't seem to think. He could reason to a certain point, and there, by the very logic of the thing, he was balked. "There is no such thing in existence as a disembodied spirit, so I am certainly not a disembodied spirit. What, then?"

Nebraska took him up on it one evening, when they were loafing at the mine entrance.

"If you ain't a ghost, then you must be one o' these here second-sighters that can see 'em—spiriters, I guess they call 'em. Otherwise you couldn't see hide nor hair o' *me*."

"*Spiritist! I?*"

"All right, then, Judge, no two ways, ghost you be." Mistaking silence for acceptance, after a moment of rumination in which he consumed all but one of the fingers on his right hand, the prospector went on: "What I can't see, Judge, I can't see what's holding you on earth all this while. With me, with this unregistered claim on my mind, it's one thing. But the way you tell me you've lived, you should've been over the river long ago."

"What river?"

"Why, you know, Judge." Nebraska had been reared in some minor Baptist faith. "Why, across the Jordan, like, to the Promised Land. If you was murdered now, and your murderer not found, that would be a horse of another color. But you wasn't, you say, murdered."

The Judge had to laugh.

"Or if you had a cache of something valuable somewheres about your place, or if there was somebody you should have forgive and didn't, I could understand your hankering to get back there so bad."

The Judge started, the wraith of a flush on his cheek. "What on earth ever put it into your head I'd want to go back *there?*"

"Well, if not exactly want to, feel kind of drawed like. Eh?" The challenge in Nebraska's eyes was touched with sadness. "I been watching you lately, Judge." And though Percy Legare protested "Fiddlesticks!" he had to turn his own eyes away.

It was true, for upward of a week he had been aware of a deepening restlessness to be getting East again. He had tried to put it down to simple nostalgia (even with Joanna there), but it was not nostalgia. Nor mere curiosity. Nebraska had hit it; it was more nearly "feeling drawed like"; and as such, Legare, the rationalist, resented it bitterly.

He was so self-conscious about it that when he capitulated a few nights later, he refrained from awakening Nebraska,

but, leaving a note of good-bye thanks tacked on one of the timbers, stole softly out of the gulch and set his face toward Carolina.

Indigo Landing was all quiet when he came in by the rear way, everybody apparently fast asleep. If this was so, Venus must have had a hair-raising dream, for as the Judge passed the "slave house" there burst out through the shuttered window a shriek so powerful that the mistress in the big house waked and called down to know what the matter was.

Percy Legare had not seen his daughter-in-law for a long while. In the bloodless moonlight up there, in the nightgown with the stiff ruching tight around its throat, all the unpleasant qualities of her character were brought back strongly. He felt a chill up his spine as her scrutiny came to where he stood, and sighed when it passed on unseeing.

"Venus," she repeated, "*will* you open those blinds and tell me *what* is wrong with you?"

Venus did not open the blinds, but her yowlings grew coherent: "I hear um!"

"You hear *what?*"

"De maussa, Maussa Percy, he foot out dah in de yard. Hear um go *tromp, tromp.*"

"Imbecile!" There was in it all the cold scorn of the professional for the amateur.

"You and your haunts, you wicked, superstitious old ninny! You hush now, or I warn you!" Retiring, Joanna left the negress to muffle her wails in her gunny-bag pillow.

The Judge, who had planned to go into the house and have a look around, thought better of it. With that miserable, inexplicable pull of the old home still on him, however, he found he couldn't go away. So, compromising, he shinnied up a drain pipe, got over the eaves, and climbed the slippery slates, intending to sit and rest a while on the ridgepole.

But there in mid-roof he was given a start that nearly dislodged him. He had not expected to find another before him in that peaked solitude between the sleeping chimneys.

"Who are you?" he demanded, "and what the devil are you doing here?"

The figure, jackknifed in silhouette on the ridgepole, stared, gasped, and quavered.

"Do-Lawd-in-hebben! Who dat do speak like my ol' maussa?"

Astonishment, relief, and happiness sang in the Judge's heart, and moisture prickled his lids.

"*Sam*, you black hound! So it's *you!*"

"Yes-suh, yes-suh, yes-suh; but how-come? Maussa—*is you dead too?*"

Percy Legare was too full of joy to go into that now; as he scrabbled on up, all he could say was, "You thieving old no-account! You miserable scoundrel!"

Tears of beatitude rolled down Sam's face. "Glory to Gawd! I *too* sorry you dead, Maussa. Only tell me dat t'ing, Maussa—how-*come* you dead?"

The Judge flushed. He was still touchy on the score of that fiasco of the smoke house.

"Speak when you're spoken to! Now be good enough to tell me what under the sun it was that happened to *you?* Speak up!"

An enigmatical embarrassment whitened the old fellow's eyes. The Judge blew out his cheeks. "What's this? Why don't you answer? Sam, you double-faced baboon, what's that you're so anxious I shan't see—that thing you've got behind you?"

"Oh, Maussa——"

"Out with it!"

"Oh, Maussa!" The fellow's distress was pitiable as he withdrew from its concealment, under his sitting-portion, a length of hempen rope with a noose improvised at its extremity.

"So!" The Judge pursed his lips and gathered his brows. "I've no doubt you deserved it richly. For what *particular* crime, may I ask, did they feel called upon to hang you?"

"I ain't know, suh. Oh, Maussa, beliebe me or not beliebe me, ever I ain't know one t'ing I do, foh git hang foh. One minute de white folks dey graff ol' Sam, an' nudder minute, *bamm*, dey string um on a tree limb. Angel Gab'rul know dat de Gawd-truth, suh."

"A likely one." The frown deepened. "Blockhead, didn't you know enough to tell them you belonged to the Legares? Mmmm. Throw that blasted thing away!" And when the wretched man had done so (only taking pains to mark with

one eye where the rope caught in falling, behind a chimney)—"Now," the Judge said grimly, "let's talk about something else. I've never been up here before. It's astonishing, the view of James Island."

"Yes-suh, Maussa, 'deed-suh."

"The geese are flying late this year."

"'Deed-suh, dey is, berry late dis——" But there the old darky interrupted himself. At sound of cart wheels creaking along the outer road he broke off to harken. Then he stretched out his neck, opened his mouth impulsively, and gave a long, loud groan.

It made Percy Legare jump. He glared at the offender. But when he started to upbraid him, finding that when he opened *his* mouth nothing would seem to come out but a stentorian groaning of its own, he shut it again in dismay, and fell into a cold perspiration. Not till the racket of the frightened teamster's flight had died in the distance did he speak, and then it was in a small voice.

"Why did I do that?"

"Oh, but, Maussa, excusin' me, a ghost bound *obliged* do dat when he *ha'ntin'*."

The Judge never got over it. There was nothing he could have resented more. At times in the long night watches that followed upon that first one it depressed, at times it infuriated him. "Me, Percy Legare, *haunting!*" He tried to fight it. Squaring his shoulders sometimes, stiffening his spine, "I'm through with this puerile idiocy. Never another groan do they get out of me." But then at the very next footfall vagrant in the dark his good resolutions went to pieces and he fell.

He made a study of this wretched spectral impulse. He proved by experiment that it was quite spontaneous and uncontrollable, and that no personal animus against the passer-by need enter into it. One night it was Venus herself who had the ill fortune to venture out of doors at too late an hour.

One was the brother, the other the lifelong master, guide, and friend; neither would have distressed the poor old negress for anything in the world. In fact, both of them were praying she might get back in the house before the last of their self-control was gone. But it was of no use. And when she had screeched to shelter then, half dead with terror of the grizzly salvo unloosed among the chimneys overhead, when the two

up there looked at each other, the one face was drawn with remorse, and down the other poured a rain of tears.

The Judge struck down an angry fist. "Why, if we're bound to make public nuisances of ourselves around here—why in the name of human decency don't we-all clear out?"

"Yes-suh, yes-suh. But wheh-to, suh? You don't mean, Maussa—not across de ribbuh?"

"Across the river or anywhere. What's to hinder us, Sam?"

"Y-y-yes-suh." The air of nervous depression that the Judge had observed growing on his companion of late seemed to deepen. "Yes-suh—de only t'ing, Maussa, I bound obliged be back here to-morrow night by middle night."

"Why?"

"To-morrow night, suh, he de night o' de middle-night moon."

"Yes? What's *that* got to do with it?"

Sam had said too much already. He looked this way, he looked that. When the Judge began to question and berate him, to save himself he retreated down the farther slope of the roof and scissored out to a lonely perch at the tip of the blue-room gable, where the Judge heard him singing to himself for comfort Venus's favorite:

> "... trimble—trimble—trimble,
> And I can't cross Jordan by myse'f——"

Next night the Judge was prepared to give the truant a going-over for that. And then he had to wait. His indignation grew with the hours, until with the rise of the "middle-night moon," and no Sam yet, it gave place, first to anxiety, and then to a sense of his own aloneness and thoughts of despair. What could have happened to that darky? He asked himself if it could be that Sam, hurt by last night's words, had gone away forever.

By the time dawn grayed its warning in the east he was in so craven a state of despondency at the prospect of having to sit there twiddling his thumbs in solitude throughout the rest of eternity that when Sam did turn up again, all sound, the following evening, he was happy enough to let the whole thing go without comment.

The next time it happened, however (four weeks later), the

Judge, being less agitated, was more put out. Between exasperation and curiosity he climbed down from the roof and poked about the grounds, and so it was, shortly after moonrise, that he came on the colored man hanging by his rope from one of the oak trees in the avenue, his limbs dejected, his neck awry, and a look of patient suffering in his swollen eyes. The rice planter was taken sharply aback and showed it in the acidity of his sarcasm.

"So this is where you're always running off to, Sam. It must be fun."

"No-suh." It was hard for Sam to talk, on account of the noose around his windpipe. "I don't like um, suh."

"May I inquire, then, what in the name of all asinine darn-foolishness——"

"Suh?"

"*What are you hanging there for?*"

"I ain't know, suh; dey ain't remembuh to told me. I respect I bound obliged to gwine on doin' dis-a-way on de middle-night moon till my sin forgibben."

"What sin?"

"Gawd, he know, Maussa. I sutten *I* don't."

"Either you're a liar or you're a numskull, Sam; that's all I can say." Washing his hands of the whole ridiculous business, the Judge went back to his haunting on the roof.

It can be cold on winter nights, even as far south as the Carolinas. Both the Judge and Sam were well past their warm-blooded prime, and there were plenty of dark hours that January and February when their bones ached in the winds that ricocheted up the polished slates, and their teeth chattered. Sometimes it seemed to Percy Legare that spring was never to come, and when he let his mind dwell, in that mood, on eternity, he could see nothing but black. Sam was not so bad; in the way of his race he could never stay pessimistic long. "When we-all *is* allowed foh go 'cross de ribbuh, suh," he prefaced so often that the Judge, who had started by squelching him, ended by simply sighing.

Spring did come eventually, of course. And with it, on a warming night in March, came a surprise in the shape of an invasion. Joanna had recommenced her "flim-flamming" of late, and this was one of her evenings, solemn racketings filling the bottom of the house and leaking up the chimneys to add

a salt of mockery to the venom of discomfiture already bitter enough in one old listener's heart.

"Nobody but a darn-Yankee female would be so poison low——" the Judge was in the midst of assuring Sam, when a scuttle in the roof not far from their feet was opened so unexpectedly, and a figure so strange came climbing out, that all they could do was sit and gape.

It was rather a frail-built man of a dark complexion, with a large white turban on, and a robe of flimsy lilac cotton that kept catching on the corners of the uneven slates. Altogether he was so queer that the Judge, to hide the fact that he was startled, took the offensive.

"Who the devil are *you?*"

In place of answering, the other queried, "You are the late father-in-law, are you not?"

"I'm Judge Percy Legare, if that's what you mean. *Who the devil,* I repeat, *are you?*"

The stranger bowed slightly. "My name is Bhundi Ras, at your service, sir. I was the eldest son of a highly placed Brahman family of Cawnpur, and held the post——" But there he broke off and waited with an urbane patience, on account of Sam, whose teeth had gone to chattering. "Oh-my-Gawd! De Indy-man, Maussa, he *him.*"

"*Be* quiet!" The Judge could have thrashed him. "And you," he reverted, his face crimson, "I don't care who or what you *were!* What I want to know is, what are you doing around *here* so free and easy, *now?*"

Bhundi Ras never lost his air of breeding. "The owner of this property, Mrs. Wallace Legare, who happens to be a—ah—client of mine, has asked, if possible, sir, to be put in touch with you. Would you be good enough, I wonder, sir, to step down with me for only a very few moments, so that Mrs. Legare may have the happiness and comfort of hearing——"

"*I will not.*" It was almost a bellow.

"Sorry." The Indian mystic shrugged his slender shoulders and studied the slates. "I'm sure, sir, if you knew how much your daughter-in-law has desired, ever since your death——"

"Death? Bosh!" Now all the obstinate devil in Percy Legare was aroused. "I'm not dead by a darned sight, and you can go straight down there and tell Joanna so. I'm alive, you can tell her, and a great deal aliver than she is. And while you're

at it"—the Judge had got up on his heels on the ridgepole, carried away by his own vindictive violence—"and while you're at it, sir, you can tell her a deal of good I get being alive around my own home. Tell her, for all the respect and sympathy and companionship I get, if it weren't for Sam here—poor ignorant swamp darky that he is——"

But the Brahman, with a slight start, was withdrawing. "Sam!" he echoed. He stared at the hunched-up colored man above him. "Am I mistaken, then, in—— But there must be some mistake. Tell me, Judge Legare, had you perhaps another servant named Sam?"

"I had not. Why?"

Bhundi Ras got halfway down through the scuttle before resuming. Courageous in some ways, he was timid in others.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I am at a loss at finding this—this association of you two. Pardon me if I'm in error, but is this not the same Sam who—ah—in fact—murdered you?"

"Murdered! *Me!* SAM!"

There was something so menacing in that Gargantuan guffaw that the peace-loving Brahman let the scuttle down over him with a bang and was gone.

For moments Percy Legare continued to heave and chuckle. "Did you hear that, Sam, you bloodthirsty ruffian? You jailbird! You *gallows-meat!* You—you—gallows-meat——"

That last was airless. Lost in sudden thought, the Judge fell silent. Little by little, as he stared out unseeing across the starlit reed lands and the farther river, a horrid arithmetic began to busy his brain. The more he grew appalled, the oftener he put his swiftly clarifying two's and two's together, the heavier that silence lay.

Once he hazarded a side glance at his companion, and at sight of Sam's round white eyes glued on him, fascinated, he got his own back quickly.

The most awful part of it was the embarrassment.

They sat and they sat and they sat, side by side. The stars dimmed. The east began to pale before the coming of the "middle-night moon," and for once neither of them knew it and neither cared. It was that embarrassment; that perfectly hideous mortification.

At last Percy Legare could stand it no longer. Self-consciousness made his voice sound cold.

"Sam, what's all this I hear?"

"Whu-whu-what all what you h-h-hear?"

"Sam, where were you on the evening I was—I had the accident—in the smoke house?"

Now that it was said and done, Sam let go.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Maussa, was *dat you* in de smoke house?"

"Stop blubbering. I was—yes—in the smoke house."

"You *wasn't* a ha'nt or hag, den, gib a groan like dat?"

"How often must I tell you, Sam, that there are no such things as——" Coloring a little, the Judge recommenced. "Calm down. Go on. So you too were in the smoke house? What, may I ask, were you doing there?"

"Maussa, Mis' Joanna done tu'n me out, an' I so lonesome I ain't know wheh-to I got foh to go to. I binna walk out in de town, but I ain't easy in my mind. Nigger say, 'Who you?' Buckrah say, 'Moob-along!' So bime-by, Maussa——"

"You came back and hid in the smoke house. Very well. But did that justify you in——"

"Oh, oh, oh, Maussa, foh Hebben sake—I nebbuh respect it am my *maussa*. When I do hear dat foot come creepy in de dark, I respect he a sperrit, or-so a hag or plat-eye, do come foh graff ol' Sam, an' when I hear sucha monst'ous groan do groan, I tek a wood an' I hit um *blamm*, an' I tek my foot in my hand out o' dat place, an' I still do runnin' when de white folks graff me an' pit a rope 'pon-top me an' hang me on de oak tree."

"So!"

There followed a silence.

"*So!*"

Then Sam's sobbing and wailing broke out: "Don't nebbuh forgib me, no-suh, nebbuh-suh. Even ef I bound oblige hang on dat tree ebbuh an' forebbuh now, I wouldn't *aks* you ebbuh forgib me foh such a hebby sin I done. No-suh, no-suh, no-suh, Maussa."

"Hmmmm——"

"Yes-suh, yes-suh, dah come de middle-night moon do raise up now: bettuh I tek my ol' hang-rope an' go out to de oak tree; my sin too hebby foh ebbuh forgib, suh, ebbuh, *ebbuh*."

Percy Legare wet his lips.

"You good-for-nothing!"

The sense of well-being in his throat grew richer.

"You monkey-faced, flea-brained blunderer!" He took his time. Like a *gourmet*, he savored it.

"You crocodile!"

"Oh, Maussa! Oh—Maussa!" Sam began to rise on the ridgepole, teetering, incredulous.

"You poor, ignorant, misbegotten—I don't know what!"

Sam's face was transfigured. He had believed his ears at last.

"Maussa, you *done* forgib me."

"*Good-for-nothing!*"

"Glory! I *nebbuh* aks um, an' my maussa done-*done* forgib me, an' *my soul set free!*"

Percy Legare had no soul; nevertheless, he began to feel very queer. Something like a balloon when the tether lines are being loosened. As for Sam, he was another person. He was actually prancing on the roof peak, between impatience and beatitude.

"Glory, we-all set free, free, free, an' we-all don't oblige ha'nt dis-yuh place no more, Maussa, nebbuh more. Mek-haste, Maussa Percy, mek-haste an' do come."

The master was too mixed up in his mind to do anything but follow the man down. There was a short stay in the back yard, while Sam sneaked into the "slave house," and out again with a roll of something white under his arm.

"What's that?" the Judge demanded, a little crabbedly, but Sam had no time for it. "Glory, Glory!" seemed to be all he could say as he got over the brick wall at the end of the yard and set off across the marsh-land toward the river, excitement heightening his steps. It was all the Judge could do to keep anywhere near up with him.

The moon had risen, and the night grew diamond clear. When Sam got to the river bank he halted and unrolled the thing he had under his arm, and the Judge perceived that it was a best nightshirt, long and clean. The darky put it on and smoothed it down, but then, recollecting something, rehoisted it to unwind from around his waist the dismal rope his shame had led him to wear there, concealed beneath his coat. With a whoop, a grin, and a chuckle he threw it away on the ground.

But then his eyes, falling on his master, clouded.

"Why—why, Maussa—wheh is yoh snow-white gahment? Why you nebbuh fotch um along?"

"Do you mean my nightshirt? Why should I?"

"More-manners hab a white gahment on when you do come foh cross de ribbuh, suh."

"Never heard of such a crazy thing. Wear a nightshirt to cross the Ashley River?"

"Ohhh, *Maussa!*" Sam's eyes were whiter than the shirt. "Ain't you know de Jordan Ribbuh when you *see um?*"

"Jordan my hat! Why, Sam, you driveling idiot!"

There was an emphasis of assurance about it that gave the Negro a momentary catch of doubt. Was he, could he be, wrong? But when he had wheeled and studied the tranquil flood for a wink, he had to shake a sadly puzzled head.

"Sho', Maussa, you only do try foh plague ol' Sam. *Ashley* ain't hab no Hebben City todder-side um, same like dat-yah one obuh dah. Look-a-dah, suh, wheh de wall o' al'baster an' t'ing do h'ist umself up, an' de monst'ous pearly gate, *spang* before yoh own two eye dah yonduh, an' de gold street inside-um, and Peter do shine up he key an' wave he wing. Maussa Percy—you lookin' wheh I lookin'?"

Percy Legare, feeling foolish, stared in the line of Sam's pointing finger.

"Sam, you've been at my liquor again." A crease deepened between his brows. "There's the wood-piece over there on the St. Andrews bank where the big bird coveys used to lay, and then the three water oaks at the end toward Old Town Creek, and the marsh where we kept the duck boat, and there's the chimney of the Plum house——"

"Ohhh, *M a u s s a!*"

The incredulity, the pity and reproach of it were too much for Percy Legare. All he could do was blow out purpling cheeks, clench his fists, and stare about him hopelessly for some rational help. It was so that he discovered that he and Sam were no longer alone on the margin of the stream. There had been a little arrival of colored people, with one scrawny white woman of the swamp-cracker type among them, and now they were excitedly busy in putting on white raiment. To these he appealed.

The nearest darky touched his forelock decently. "Ashley Ribbuh, suh? Sutten I do know Ashley Ribbuh, spang near

Charleston in de State of Ca'lina. No-suh, Maussa, *dis-yuh* ribbuh de *Jordan* Ribbuh; ain't you know dat when you see de Hebben City todduh side?"

There was the white one, the cracker woman, as a last resort. But the Judge was too late; already she was rods out from shore, wading to her knees in the brown current. Now they were all in, with a joyful splashing. All but Sam. Like a leashed old hunting dog he trembled as his gaze followed after them, great tears welling between his lids.

The Judge could have slain him.

"Get along with you; go drown yourself with the kit of them, if that's any pleasure."

"Oh, Maussa, suh—you gwine come too?"

"Thank you, no. Quit squirming and blubbering, and *go*. Do you hear me?"

"But M-M-Maussa, what-fashion you gwine git along widout ol' Sam? If I do *do* cross Jordan by myse'f, what you gwine do foh somebody look out foh you, Maussa Percy?"

"Hmmmph!"

The old African wet one foot, then both, in the flood. Sobbing aloud then between grief and glory, he started floundering after the diminishing waders.

Percy Legare stood and watched him for a moment, a white wraith against the dark pediment of—yes, darn it!—of St. Andrews woods. For a flash he was conscious of being tempted; insidious, seductive doubt. "When ignorance is bliss——" If he could have been so fortunately credulous. . . . No; *ignoble* doubt! Putting it behind him, he turned and strode back, stiff-spined, toward Indigo Landing.

The low moon was behind the house, and its rays, thinly penciling the peaks and chimney edges, gave it a look of infestivity beyond any it had ever worn before. No matter. The Judge stuck his hands deeper in his pockets and began to do something he hadn't done since youth—he began to whistle to himself a sprightly tune.

"No-*sir!*" he broke off to growl, at sound of an appealing "*Maussa!*" trailing after him from the direction of the river. "Never!" He tramped fiercely on.

But then, when nearly to the wall of his property, he *had* to turn around.

"What," he gasped, trying his best to frown, "what are you doing *here?*"

The panting darky stood there, abashed eyes on his toes.

"Dat—uh—dat Ashley Ribbuh watuh, suh, he cold my foot too-much."

"Liar! What's that you've got behind you? Out with it!"

"Do-suh, he nuttin' only dis-yuh old rope I gots a debbil trouble findin' again."

A silence that the Judge tried to make withering. Sam wormed his toes, sucked his lips, and fiddled with the hempen coil.

"You see, suh," he deprecated, "you gots a idea I don't like dis-yuh rope, no-more-so dat-yah tree. But sho'-suh, Maussa Percy, dis nigguh he don' mind um. De more I do ha'nt in dat live-oak tree, suh, de more it seem I don' mind um."

The Judge took out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently, twice.

"You paltry, good-for-nothing, lying black sinner, Sam!"

"Yes-suh, yes-suh!" Contentment rang in the darky's voice. "'Scuse me, Maussa Percy," he cast back as he scrambled first over the garden wall. "But I bound oblige mek-haste dis-yuh night now. De moon stan' high."

There are still ghosts in Charleston. Doubt as you can, you can't doubt some of them. You can't doubt the one that, incorruptibly, at the hour of the rising of the midnight moon each month, hangs by its neck from the Hanging-tree.

ONE HEAD WELL DONE

BY JOHN D. SWAIN

FROM *Top-Notch*

JOHN D. SWAIN

is a New Englander who was educated at Heidelberg, has taught fiction at Boston University, and traveled widely. His stories have appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post," "McClure's," and many of the adventure magazines. He keeps a colossal notebook in which he has jotted down curious facts gleaned from brigands, bishops, bill posters, and all sorts of men and women. It has grown into a huge and fascinating library of veracity.

VISITORS to the city of Kemper usually find something pleasant to say about the estate of Beulah Land, which lies somewhat to the north of the river approach, well beyond the rolling mills and foundries whose smoke wreathes the town in a perpetual and melancholy fog. Beulah Land is the oldest holding in Kemper; its mellow brick manse, colonial Dutch in design, with walls to which ivy two centuries old clings, stands in the midst of ten acres of smooth lawns dowered with picturesque trees.

It is the ancestral estate of the Vedders; and the Reverend Peter Vedder, a retired missionary, the last of his line, save for some nieces and nephews, had for the past four or five years lived here, in company with a great array of solemn-faced, or pink and jolly, ancestral portraits, some unusual early colonial furniture and silver, a few servants, and his memories of strange adventures in many lands.

Often, in steaming jungle or entrancing isle, or on some bleak plateau of a colder clime, he had closed his eyes to rest upon the vision of this, his home until he graduated from college and then from the seminary. For long years it had heartened him in the performance of heroic or fatiguing labors.

In good time, advancing years and the missionary board reprieved him, and he turned his steps toward home and a well earned rest. And with him he had brought many curious slips and roots to plant about the broad acres of the place he had named Beulah Land. Also, from time to time during his labors in tropical fields, he had sent home cuttings to be planted for him, awaiting his return. Thus it was that amid many trees of native growth one might see whole ranks of Japanese pagoda trees, like crippled mendicants raising twisted limbs in supplication; and not far from the house, he had caused to be erected, from designs of his own, a sort of pagoda of masonry, with open sides and many-colored tile roof culminating in a gilded bell. A lazy little brook loafed through the grounds, and in places where it widened out its

surface was covered with gigantic pink water lilies, brought from Egypt.

A good place to look upon, restful, surrounded by a hawthorn hedge not too high to look over, yet almost impenetrable to trespassers. But the wide gates were never closed, and wayfarers were welcome at any time. In summer, the good man always had tea served in the pagoda, with little delicacies to which long years in far countries had accustomed his palate. There were tiny salt fish, dried in the hot sand, known as Bombay duck; queer chutneys, enticing marmalades in fat-bellied earthen pots, pungent tobacco for smokers, and always plenty of very thin slices of toast and unsalted butter. The Reverend Peter Vedder seldom lacked company at tea, representatives of the older families with whom he had grown up, or curious strangers whom he never repulsed, not a few bearing subscription lists to which he nearly always contributed.

More than a few of those who slowed down while passing Beulah Land, to rest their eyes on its placid and tree-shaded vistas, beheld something more startling than might have been looked for in this serene abode. Those beholding it for the first time always supposed it to be an unusually large monkey, or, rather, an ape; but even when familiarity had taught them otherwise, they never failed to pause and smile. For, with inconceivable agility, the figure disported itself in the trees of Beulah Land, swinging by the arms, letting go and seeming to fly through the air, to grasp unerringly a stout limb fifteen or even twenty feet away. The figure was always barefoot, ambidextrous, and unquestionably happy.

It was natural to compare this arboreal gymnast to an ape; but there was this difference, besides that of size. Even a monkey does, now and then, fall from a tree. This figure never did. Indeed, he could spot an ordinary monkey two coconuts, and beat him to the top of the tallest tulip tree in the yard. The performer had been brought home by the clergyman, and was by birthright a citizen of the mysterious island of Borneo. For many years in that country, he had served as Vedder's valet, cook, and bodyguard. So great was his affection for his master that when his master returned to America, the little brown man insisted on coming along; and glad indeed was Vedder to bring him.

The missionary was accustomed to refer to him, not without a certain noble pride, as "one of my converts." And in saying this he was entirely honest. He supposed that his little man had embraced the doctrines which he had taught. He appeared to have done so. He attended church services and sat respectfully through long and incomprehensible sermons and, when questioned by Vedder as to his soul, always tried to answer what he thought was expected of him. He wore, usually, civilized garments; even endured a collar and necktie and shoes; though as a rule he compromised on sandals, and when he relaxed thoroughly, went barefoot.

Despite his long association with white men, he could barely understand simple sentences, and his vocabulary did not cover more than a hundred words. His tribal name was so impossible to Western lips and ears that he had come to be known, even to Vedder, as "H'lo," this representing as well as could be the Borneo gentleman's attempt to utter our national salute.

At frequent intervals he performed his daily dozen, swinging from limb to limb of the trees. Weighing not over a hundred and ten pounds, he was prodigiously strong, as well as quick.

He could not only walk on his hands, but upon his extended finger tips. He could, from a dead stand, leap ten feet forward, backward, sideways, like a great spider. And with the blowpipe, one of which he had brought along with him, he could bring a swift-flying bird to ground, pierced by a feathered dart which, in H'lo's native island, he had known how to impregnate with a poison that meant certain death to man or beast. Also, he could use the native sword-knife of his people neatly and effectively. But these gory exploits he had long since put aside.

His position in Vedder's household was a trifle vague. He was listed as a servant and had quarters in the upper story of the old stable, now used as a garage. He followed Vedder about like a spaniel, but his services were nominal. Usually, he served the tea things, clad in white linen, with a turban at one end and sandals at the other. It always pleased the guests. Otherwise, the housekeeper, or maid, could have done it as well, or better.

Vedder would have been greatly surprised had he been able

to look into H'lo's heart. There he would have learned that the silent, wooden-faced little man heartily pitied the venerable scholar. For H'lo had been, in his youth, apprenticed to a native priest, or medicine man, or miracle worker; had, after serving his time, become the *puri-puri* of a village of head-hunters. With a few mango seeds, a tube of bamboo, some gums and spices and herbs, and a sharp knife, he could have stepped onto the apron of any vaudeville stage and stopped the show. There was no limit to the salary he might have demanded and received; but it never occurred to him to capitalize the secrets he could work but could not himself explain.

He knew, however, that his venerable master, a holy man, was unable to do so much as palm a pebble or practise the simplest ventriloquism or hypnotism. Even the rudiments of magic were unknown to him. And yet, while utterly unable to appease or evoke the spirits of the departed, Vedder gravely proclaimed his knowledge of eternity and the future life.

Little H'lo sadly shook his head. It was beyond his poor brains to reason out! But he loved his master, and Vedder had once risked his own life to save his; had treated him with unfailing kindness, had never poked fun at him. Therefore, it behooved H'lo, as a loyal Bornean, to pretend to believe in the Reverend Peter Vedder's creed and to be a faithful member of his church. Secretly, behind the old stable, H'lo from time to time appeased his own evil spirits and worshiped his gods, in the traditional manner of his race for countless centuries.

It has been said that the old missionary had come home to rest; and yet, he didn't rest. Though well stricken in years, he was still erect and stalwart, and above all he had the missionary zeal. Fifty years of fighting against the devil had rendered him incapable of sitting still and uttering no protest. And the city he returned to was a far different place from the big, sleepy town he had left. It had grown incredibly richer, and it had accumulated slums. In tune with the hectic times, it had jazzed along the highway of fast cars, night clubs, roadhouses, and frantic pleasures. Corruption reigned secure in high places. Politics was wedded to bootlegging, and to worse than that. Protection could be bought. Revenge could be sated, for a price.

The year that young Vedder had sailed away to his first missionary field, in Ceylon, a young girl of Kemper had won renown and favorable comment in the one city newspaper for working the most decorative worsted motto in a Sunday-school competition. The very week he returned, a battered veteran, a young girl of about the same age had just broken the world's record by climbing a tall flagpole, lashed to a bos'n's chair, and remaining aloft, in view of cheering multitudes, for twenty-six days and nights, having her food and drink and cigarettes hoisted to her on a pulley.

When Vedder left home, wine was to be had in prosperous homes, ale in all homes. On New Year's Day, every young man donned his best clothes and called on all the girls he knew, and was served with punch or even champagne, and cakes, and sandwiches, and returned home late at night the worse for dyspepsia or befuddlement. But when Vedder returned, wine and strong drink were officially banished; and high-school children were drinking varnish removers and etching fluid from expensive crystal and silver flasks. While Vedder was still a seminary student, a company of players had been chased from Kemper because two women members of the cast appeared in black tights. He returned to find that revues were popular with the best Kemperites, and that the entire wardrobe of the chorus of eighty might have been packed into a lunch basket.

The crusading blood of Peter Vedder curdled in his ministerial veins when, after some delay in getting settled, he began to look about him and to note with a troubled, and finally with a kindling, eye the sin which seemed to be stalking by day, and especially by night, along the highways of his native town. Most of those he had known as a boy and a young man were dead or had migrated to distant places. Few landmarks were left.

His own estate was the exception: the proudly exhibited historic demesne of Kemper. Of money, he had more than enough. His forbears had been thrifty men; real-estate values had advanced enormously. Had he wished to sell his land and house he could have retired almost a millionaire. But this was furthest from his mind.

The hours he had planned to spend in pleasant reading in the great, dark library, or beneath one of his trees on the lawn,

he devoted to scanning the newspapers, or to frowning consideration of the open corruption that offended him both as a citizen of Kemper, and as a missioner of God. He was born a fighter; and he had fought in countries where life was never too easy and death was often at one's elbow.

He girded up his loins for battle and presently became a thorn in the flesh of certain influential parties. He was too important to be ignored; his reputation was more than local, and great men visited him from time to time. He had what the Kemper bosses termed "pull," but what was really character, recognized by important state and national officials. He could get things done; make investigations function. When one of his fiery articles was too hot for the local press to dare use, he would have it printed at his own expense on dodgers, and circulated where it would do the most damage. He bought whole pages of newspaper advertising for his compaigns for decency. Not afraid to call names out loud, he made a great many furtive gentlemen exceedingly uncomfortable. He became, in short, a nuisance.

Which brings us to the present year, and to the season of late spring, when the trees were putting on their smartest and thickest gowns of green, and the lawns of Beulah Land were dense velvet carpets, and little frogs sang anthems in the crooked brook that traversed the fields surrounded by the hawthorn hedge. And it brings us also to a part of town where the wonders of budding nature are not highly regarded, and where the denizens prefer stuffy rooms, the windows of which look out upon blank walls; rooms with stout chairs and sticky tables and an atmosphere of tobacco and redistilled alcohol. Such a room as that in the back of "Gory" Hammond's near-beer parlor, which was neither a parlor nor stocked with near beer.

In this sanctum the topic under consideration was nothing less than the future of the Reverend Peter Vedder. His accomplishments were aired freely and fluently. It is true that much that was vital to his life history was not so much as touched upon. There was nothing, for instance, concerning his heroic efforts during an Indian famine, when he, almost unaided, saved a whole province from being wiped out. Nothing of that time when, at the risk of his life, he effected a treaty

of peace between wild tribes far up in the mountain border of Tibet. Nor of his arriving at one of the sink holes of the Far East, an island city famous for its vice and squalor and its traffic in drugs, and of his leaving it years afterward, a credit to its island neighbors.

The accomplishments of Vedder since his return to his home city were all that interested the assembled biographers in Gory Hammond's dive. The fact that he had harassed the bootlegging trust until the price of Canadian ale had been forced up by more than two dollars a case; and the other fact that a certain street down beyond the railroad tracks now contained no less than thirty empty tenements. Also, that some half dozen gunmen and dope peddlers were now languishing in cells, instead of speeding in costly roadsters in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness.

It was evident that the united opinion of all present was that Peter Vedder must go. He must be given the works; taken for a ride. Blotted out, in short. So that it was a mere formality when, everybody having exercised his full rights of free speech, Gory spoke, with the half grin, half snarl that characterized him in his moments of lighter humor.

"All those in favor——" he grunted. "Cont'ry minded? *It's a vote!* Le's have another li'l' drink, boys."

A simple meeting, free from malice. If there had been no disposition to glorify the missionary's record, there was likewise none to indulge in any expression of hatred. He was in their way; a nuisance. In a strictly business proposition, he was a matter of useless overhead, and as such, the city of Kemper ought not to have to carry him any longer.

Back home, in his old-fashioned library, Peter Vedder sat reading quietly from Volume 3 of a *History of Civilization During the Middle Ages*. He had no inkling that he had been the topic of a business meeting far downtown, held by men whose faces were not familiar to him, and only one or two of whom he had heard of by name.

The Reverend Peter Vedder was shot on a mild night, about half-past ten o'clock, with a full moon peering redly through a slight haze. It was the sort of evening to bewitch one into prowling across broad stretches of lawn, on which the moon cast the umber shadows of many trees. Deep in the hollow

where the brook ran, the frogs were piping; the scent of lilacs charged the air. Almost perfect solitude reigned, for the street on which Beulah Land fronted was not one of the automobile arteries leading into the city, and after dark there was little traffic. The time and place were well chosen; also, it appeared that the unknown assailant had used a gun with a silencer attached. Nobody could be found who had heard, in the stillness, anything like the sound of a shot; and there were plenty near enough to have heard one.

There had been a sole witness. The little Borneo man, H'lo, as has been said, occupied an upper room in the stable, now used as a garage. Vedder drove his own car and employed no chauffeur, so that H'lo was alone nights.

Even more strongly than his master he had been wheedled by the splendor of the full moon, which had occupied a powerful place in the rites and ceremonies of his youth. He did not any longer bow down to and invoke the lunar goddess, but he loved to steal softly through the glades and copses. He had the faculty for seeing by night almost as well as a cat; on this hazy night he could have read newspaper print, had he been able to read at all. Not in any way intruding upon his master's solitary ramble, nor keeping watch over him, since he had no inkling of danger, he was yet not far away when the shot was fired.

The "Croaker," as the agent of Gory Hammond and those higher up knew him, had returned to the city to report and to build up his alibi. He had slipped away from the little back room, had seemingly been absent but a few minutes; had gone hatless and coatless from a game of stud poker. Outside he had slipped into coat and cap and located his automatic. It was arranged that his companions should, if necessary, swear that the Croaker had been present all the evening and until well toward morning. To that end, the patrolman on beat had been invited in twice and given a drink. Each time, he saw the Croaker apparently absorbed in the game, shirt-sleeved and with a pile of chips before him and a half-empty glass.

Slipping back into the little room, his errand accomplished and his "rod" hidden, Gory Hammond had looked up, searching his veiled eyes.

"See anybody?" he asked.

The Croaker shook his head. "Nope. Only a little black stable-boy quite a ways off. And, bo! *Y'oughta seen that bozo climb a tree!*"

Hammond looked troubled. "How near was he?"

The Croaker spat on the floor. "Too far to make me. And ya can take it from me, he's up in that tree yet!"

Hammond nodded and riffled a fresh pack of cards. The Croaker reached for a bottle and poured himself a stiff drink. About the table a little sigh of relief passed. A good job, well done!

The Croaker was wrong in dismissing the little black stable-boy so easily. It is true that H'lo had climbed a tree with surprising speed. It was instinctive in him to do this in the presence of a danger he could not avert by force or stealth. And he could not avert what had happened to Peter Vedder.

He was at a considerable distance. To the Croaker, a mere vague figure which he was just able to identify as not belonging to the Nordic race. But H'lo was able to tell a great deal more about the assassin. Despite his grief and terror, he did not lose his head at all. Eyes, ears, nose, were all alert. He had caught the flicker of a shadow emerging from a tall syringa bush some paces back of the clergyman; a shadow that moved on a windless night. Instantly thereafter the shadow had taken form as a man: a man who, without attracting the attention of his victim, presented a black, shiny tube, from whose end poured forth a red streak and a bad smell.

There was also a noise; but it was a very small noise. One that would not have attracted the attention of a chance passer on the highway. H'lo knew it for one of the weapons of civilization; a weapon that killed. He himself was unarmed. Dead, he could not avenge his master. He climbed a tree at a rate that would have left a Barbary ape breathless.

With this act, he passed from the notice of the Croaker. But he was far more dangerous aloft than on the ground. He peered through thick branches, saw Vedder reel, and swing about facing his assailant, who poured two more shots into his body ere it collapsed. Then the killer walked swiftly and, as he supposed, silently, away, keeping to the shadows cast by the trees.

His steps were perfectly audible to H'lo, who, swinging soundlessly from limb to limb, overtook him and followed him

at a little distance, until he came to the hedge, over which he vaulted, to be lost to sight down the dark road.

Thus far H'lo followed; then he hurried back to see if he could do anything for his master. But in the meantime, he had got the Croaker's spoor; filed and indexed his peculiar scent in his mind. To H'lo all men smelled as differently as they looked. And all white men smelled badly! Even the Reverend Peter Vedder smelled sickishly of soap and sometimes of bay rum. He had noted the walk of the Croaker; here again, all men differed to H'lo. No two walked alike. He observed the color of his hair as shown under his cap; the eyes he could not tell about. But the slit mouth, with the half lift at one corner, and one ear with a mangled lobe, bitten in some ancient fight and improperly treated, so that it was thickened and scarred—these and other details H'lo would never forget.

Hurrying back, he found Vedder seemingly dead. He was unconscious, and he bled badly. When he saw this, H'lo knew that he was not dead. Dead men do not bleed. Ripping off his coat and tearing aside the shirt, H'lo found all three of the bullet holes. He found Vedder's handkerchief, tore it up into wads, stuffed them into the wounds. This was highly unhygienic, but it served. After which, he picked his master up easily, though his master outweighed him two to one, slung him over a shoulder, and trotted up to the house. Shortly, a hysterical housekeeper was telephoning the police, who arrived with a surgeon. Vedder's own physician arrived shortly thereafter.

The police grilled H'lo. That is what police are for: to grill people. The results were satisfactory as far as they went. Going out to the scene of the shooting they found footprints, faintly visible. These came from a syringa bush and led back to the hedge, where broken twigs showed that somebody had crossed. It was H'lo who pointed out the faint tracks whenever the police with their flashlights failed. The assailant had unfortunately not dropped any of those clues that are always dropped in good fiction. There wasn't so much as a coat button, not even a shred of cloth torn off by a branch of the trees the Croaker had skirted.

It was clear to the police that H'lo was not guilty. His loyalty was attested by the servants. It wasn't believable that he had been in possession of an automatic with a silencer.

And the sergeant in charge, and, later on, his superiors, knowing of necessity something of the conditions prevailing in Kemper, and of the cramp the Reverend Peter Vedder had put in the styles of certain worthies, set forth to look the underworld over. They might be tainted with graft; to some extent, a few of their higher officials might even have secret traffic with the bootlegging barons; but the cold-blooded murder of a famous citizen like Peter Vedder must be punished. It was with entire unanimity that the Kemper police acted. Their plain-clothes men swarmed out like bees from a hive. The hunt was on.

H'lo, handicapped though he was by having a vocabulary of a one-year-old child, might have supplied more details than he chose to supply. He could have drawn so good a picture of the man who had stolen upon his master as he walked under the full moon that the police would have recognized him who was known in the underworld as the Croaker. They might or might not have been able to pin it on him; they certainly would have given him the works, a three- or four-day continuous session of the third degree. Anyway, they would have made the pinch.

But they got no details from H'lo. Why should he tell them? In all fairness, by all the rights of sportsmanship, the man belonged to him, to H'lo. Let the police find out for themselves. He, H'lo, would make his own play. In his own way he would see that the wheels of justice turned, even though they might not twirl in conventional style.

Meanwhile, Peter Vedder, still unconscious, lay as good as dead. His chest had been X-rayed. Two eminent surgeons had joined his physician and the police surgeon in conference. A trained nurse hovered about. In the hall outside, a policeman sat, waiting to take any dying statement that might be forthcoming. And, his grilling by the police at an end, H'lo was back in his garage chamber, kneeling down on the floor, where in a small earthen dish smoldered a strange collection of objects he had kept by him for just such emergencies.

There were the whiskers of a black tomcat, some parings of Vedder's finger nails, a sticky gum he had brought back from the Bornese jungle, on to which he had squeezed one or two drops of his own blood, from a pricked finger. The whole was

mixed with sundry scraps of rag and paper, and smelled very badly, but was, or so H'lo believed, grateful to the nostrils of sundry bloody-minded spirits he was accustomed to invoke in hours of need.

And what greater need could there be, thought the little brown man as he swayed on his knees and muttered queer incantations, than to repay to the full the evil man who had crept upon his master unawares, and shot him first in the back and then twice more in the chest? Later on, H'lo would pray for his recovery. But that demanded an entirely different procedure, directed to different spirits. The first thing to do, as he saw it, was to make sure that his master were avenged. Recovery, desirable as it was, much as he loved him, was secondary.

Beside him, as he knelt alone in the dark room, lay his kris, a heavy sword-knife whose beautifully polished steel glimmered where it caught the faint rays that filtered in through drawn shutters in his one window. Its blade was patterned in a wave, not dissimilar to the humbler bread cutter of our households. Thus, its cutting surface was tripled in effectiveness; and so razor-keen was it that H'lo could toss a straw into the air and sever it as it was drifting downward. And so lightning quick was its wielder that he could cut the straw twice before it fell. This weapon was indeed a part of his religion and was ordinarily kept in a lacquer scabbard bearing mystic symbols.

H'lo's time was his own. His services to his master were perfunctory. He received no actual wages, having little or no use for money; but in a leather bag he had quite a sum tucked away, and he could have had much more by simply asking for it.

He was not a familiar figure on the Kemper streets, although he often accompanied Peter Vedder when the latter drove his car. Inasmuch as Vedder had never learned to speak more than a few short phrases in any Bornese dialect, conversation between master and man was negligible. Their sole tie was a queer sort of affection largely based on misunderstanding. To Vedder, his little man was a converted heathen of slender mentality. To H'lo, Vedder was a noble gentleman of feeble intellect and a priest without power. They got along admirably.

From this hour H'lo began to appear more often on the streets of Kemper. He went out mostly after dark, and frequented the less savory quarters of the town. His knowledge bridged nothing of the local political condition, the organized vice that prevailed in certain places. But his instinct told him where he would be most likely to encounter the man who had shot Vedder; and it was not very long before his patience was rewarded.

He met up with the Croaker lounging in front of a billiard parlor; and, keeping unobtrusively in the shadows, and biding his time with the patience of the savage hunter, he trailed him to Gory Hammond's place. Thereafter, he established the fact that this was the Croaker's regular hangout; and henceforth H'lo made this neighborhood his own ambush.

He found a dark doorway across the street, the doorway of one of the houses Peter Vedder had caused to be vacated; and here he watched night after night, since he could not deal with the Croaker while surrounded by cronies, most or all of whom were armed.

It was not that H'lo feared these, or hesitated to give his own life in order to take that of his enemy; but he feared failure. He had a deep respect for the weapons of the white man. Furthermore, in order to make his revenge complete, it was desirable that the Croaker should die, while H'lo went unscathed.

Meanwhile, in his upper chamber, Peter Vedder was getting better. A rugged constitution, coupled with a powerful will to live, formed just the partnership his skillful physicians needed. They ventured to issue a bulletin stating that the crisis had been passed, and that, barring a relapse or a complication, Vedder would, in time, be as good as new. But meanwhile, he could not be moved.

It was a matter of many nights of fruitless watching before H'lo got his chance. Nights when he blended with the dark shadows of the empty doorway, his kris thrust through his belt and extending down on the inside of his trouser leg, sheathed in its lacquered scabbard.

There came a night when a dark car drew up in the alley beside Gory's place; and toward midnight, the Croaker and two companions emerged and took their places within. The

powerful car moved noiselessly up the alley and on to the street. Its driver piloted, as he believed, three paying fares. Actually, he had an extra fare; for H'lo, slipping like a shadow from his ambush, leaped forward and curled up within the great spare tire lashed to the end of the car. Once there, he was as unobtrusive as a worm in a walnut.

The ride he took was long, fast, and uncomfortable. At first he could identify the streets, because his hunter's sense of any path once taken did not desert him. But presently they swung off into avenues not familiar to him; and in time they came to great stretches of vacant land, dotted here and there with the homes of Kemper's wealthiest citizens.

Just before reaching one of the largest and most imposing of these estates, the car turned aside into a service entrance, where beneath a high brick wall it was practically invisible. The chauffeur sat at his wheel. The three fares stepped out, one of them bearing a small, worn leather bag. Passing farther down the service entrance, and coming to a locked wooden gate, one of them set up a little folding ladder, up which all three climbed, to drop over the other side of the wall, drawing up their ladder behind them.

H'lo, having no ladder, was obliged to use other means. He climbed a tree, swung from it to another, from a limb of this onto the top of the wall. The top was garnished with broken glass; but H'lo wore shoes and was not scratched. Once over the wall, on the smooth lawn, he removed his shoes, leaving them at the foot of the wall. Ahead of him he could dimly see the three men making their way toward the outlines of the great house, closed in the absence of its owner, who was abroad. Only a caretaker remained within. The Croaker and his pals had come to loot the place.

Following slowly and noiselessly, his flat nostrils twitching as he quested for the familiar scent of the Croaker, H'lo noted presently that at a great clump of rhododendrons the three paused. There followed a whispered conference; and then, leaving the Croaker behind with the leather bag, his two companions dropped to the ground and began to crawl toward the darkened mansion. It was their duty to explore, to learn if possible just where the caretaker was, and, if he had gone to bed, to select the right window to force. And then to return to inform their chief.

Had H'lo arranged matters himself he could not have improved on them. Everything was exactly to his liking. He was left alone with the man he wanted. Softly, he drew forth his kris, removing it from its scabbard. Flat on his belly, he began to crawl toward the clump of rhododendrons.

So utterly quiet was his advance, that the watchful Croaker had no inkling that any living being was near him. All his senses were focused ahead, his eyes and ears straining to follow the slow progress of his two pioneers. It was not, indeed, until H'lo reached out a skinny brown hand and touched him on the shoulder with the finger of fate that he uttered a startled oath and rolled over, his eyes staring backward and upward into the gloom.

Whether he knew even then what it was that stood over him, or why, will never be known. There followed a sharp grunt as H'lo whirled his living shaft of wavering steel, estimated to the minute fraction of an inch the precise cervical vertebræ he proposed to sever, and struck. The surprised head of the Croaker rolled to one side; his body for a moment threshed in the dew-heavy grass.

Without touching the body, and scarcely looking at it, H'lo raised the head by its sleek black hair. He held it outright until the blood had drained from it. Then he thrust it into a crude bag he had contrived from an old rubber raincoat, and with only a glance toward where the other two men were still creeping forward toward the house H'lo retraced his footsteps, put on his shoes, scaled the wall in the same way he had before, but a little more awkwardly, because of his burden. He arrived home before dawn and without being seen by anybody. And as he was a trifle tired he fell instantly into a sound sleep.

It was some five minutes after H'lo had dropped over the wall that "Hotfoot" Bill Garry returned to report that all was well; that the snores of the faithful caretaker made music on the midnight air, and that the third man waited under a certain window for the Croaker to fetch the leather satchel with its tools.

Arrived at the rhododendron bush Hotfoot paused and made a slight hissing sound to warn the Croaker, who was a nervous man, likely to shoot first and investigate afterward. Somewhat to his surprise, the Croaker did not reply. Hotfoot

hissed again, then crept forward. He could see the other's figure outstretched on the grass, motionless, apparently vigilant. Hotfoot whispered to him.

"'Sall jake, Croaker! C'm'on."

The Croaker did not move. Surprised, Hotfoot next ventured to poke his chief with a foot; but though the body gave, no reassuring voice came to him in the dark. Then Hotfoot turned on his electric torch, and what he saw—or rather what he failed to see—drew from him a lamentable cry upon his Maker. He dropped the flashlight, and his knees buckled. Frantically, he searched for the light, assuring himself that he had been the victim of some trick of light and shade, or of an overstimulated imagination. Finding his torch, he again bathed the figure of the Croaker in its cold beam. And then he saw that he had not been mistaken.

The Croaker had no head! And no spare head lay anywhere about. It had gone! Vanished utterly. As clean as if removed at leisure by a coroner's physician, the Croaker's headpiece had been sliced from its supporting neck. Nor was there the slightest evidence of any struggle; no torn turf, trodden grass. Aside from his headless condition, the Croaker was resting as easily as if asleep in his bed.

Hotfoot collapsed to the ground, unable to speak aloud. He trembled as if in a fit of St. Vitus's dance. Only after a long, long time were his clumsy fingers able to dig out a card of white powder from his vest pocket; and even then he lost most of the first dose. He tried again, snuffed up a tremendous jolt, and presently recovered enough nerve and strength to scramble to his feet and fly across the grass, making little effort this time to keep to the shadows. And so he presently rejoined his waiting companion, under the library window. Dropping to his knees, he placed his mouth to one of "Heeby-Jeeby's" ears.

"*Gawd*, Heeby! He's dead!"

"*Shut up!* Who's dead?" snarled the other, in a near whisper.

"The Croaker! Somebody's cut off his block. It ain't nowheres around, neither. I looked for it!"

Heeby-Jeeby turned and looked venomously into his terrified pal's staring eyes. He knew that Hotfoot was a hophead, although he had promised to take only one jolt to-night, and

that an hour before they started. *If he had gummed up the works——*

His insistence and evident terror forced Heeby to follow him back, to see for himself. What he saw sent him nearly as limp as it had Hotfoot. Only, not being a hophead, his nerves were under better control. Not too good, however! But it was he who insisted upon making a more thorough search. Guardedly using their torch, they covered every inch of ground within many yards of the body; but without effect. Nor could they make out the slightest trace of footsteps other than their own. The bare feet of H'lo had left no marks on the dank grass.

Heeby was almost as unnerved as the other; but he did have sense enough to frisk the headless torso of their late leader, and to remove therefrom all the money, his rod, and one or two papers. Then both men, all appetite for their evening's exploit gone, hastened to the wall where they had parked the ladder, and rejoined the waiting chauffeur, whose hair rose as he listened to what had taken place back there. In two minutes more, the great car was speeding back to Kemper with its amazing news.

Not until past noon the next day did the caretaker come in for his own private shock. Upon discovering the headless intruder, he made only a very cursory examination before hurrying to the telephone. The police arrived in less than twenty minutes. The reporters were not much behind them. Never before had Kemper had such a magnificent front-page story!

The underworld reeks with superstition. Generally speaking, the less religion a man has, the more he believes in hunches and mascots, in evil spirits and jinxes. The news of the Croaker's horrible end flashed through the underworld long before the first newspaper extra was on the streets. And the identity of the slain man was not fully determined until next morning's edition appeared.

In any ordinary circumstance, the Croaker would have been given a swell funeral. The underworld delights in such; in the displaying of huge and tasteless and very expensive floral wreaths and emblems, a band, all the taxicabs in town and, if possible, stores closed, schools dismissed, and flags at half mast. In the case of a man as useful and as prominent as

the Croaker, the body would lie in state for a day at least. But it was awkward to be saddled with a body lacking any head! And so, the lying in state was omitted. Also, a sort of chill seizing the underworld in its grip, the floral gifts were rather meager, the attendance decidedly light. The Croaker's funeral was the drabbest Kemper had seen in years, save when an inmate of the Town Farm died.

The police made diligent search for the missing head. They didn't especially care because the Croaker had been beheaded, but they did dislike to have anybody make away with the remains, or any part thereof. It was necessary to accuse somebody, make an arrest, and have another grilling of the suspect. And without the head, and in the absence of any witness who would admit knowing anything about the movements of the Croaker on the fatal night, there could be no suspect.

In many furtive backrooms and cellars, whispered speculation went on as to who had bisected their famous gunman and what had happened to his head. Many a bold killer refused to emerge alone after nightfall. There was a marked decrease in stick-ups and banditry of all sorts. Even the police preferred to patrol the night routes in pairs! And no boy in all Kemper could have been hired to pass the cemetery after dark, wherein reposed the Croaker; or all of him that had been found.

Unaware and uninterested in the tremors that throbbed in the less savory parts of the town, H'lo worked happily in his room over the old stable. He had all the time there was, and nobody ever visited him. And how good it seemed to him, an ex-head-hunter of parts, to be engaged once more at his artistic tasks!

The proper curing of the severed head of an enemy need not be described, for two good reasons. The details are not, by Caucasian standards, pleasant ones; and everything except the more secret parts of the complicated process may be learned from books of travel in any public library. H'lo had first of all to remove the brains of the Croaker; not too difficult, this, because there were so few of them. He had to gather the proper roots and barks to tan the flesh with. Some of these he had brought from Borneo, others he gathered from the trees of Beulah Land. It is a long process, and was made longer because of the little man's desire to make of this his

masterpiece. No telling when he'd have another head to operate on!

When the cruder portions of his labors had been accomplished thoroughly, the workman gave place to the artist. For it is in recreating from the tanned, leathery features the precise look of the original, as he was in life, that the true head-hunter excels. And H'lo was a true artist. He overlooked nothing. The black hair he slicked back with oil. He gave to the lips that sinister lift at one corner, characteristic of the Croaker. The lines in his face were correctly incised.

His hardest task concerned itself with the eyes. But here, luck helped him out. Happening to glance within the windows of an optician, on one of the rare days when he walked on Main Street, he beheld a tray of artificial eyes, beautifully and realistically made. They were of all colors and assorted sizes. One set were nearly the duplicate of the sullen "lamps" of the late Croaker. H'lo went within, and largely by making signs, bargained for them.

The price surprised him but did not deter him. And to the young clerk, a newcomer who knew not who H'lo was, the incident of selling a pair of artificial eyes to a "funny little darkey" who had perfectly good ones of his own, was all in the day's work and swelled his sales' commission.

There arrived a day when H'lo was permitted to make his first visit to the sick-room, and to feast his eyes on his beloved master. He bore with him a gift, incased in a pillow case. And when, after sinking to one knee beside the bed, and kissing his master's hand, he rose and snatched off the pillow case, there was revealed the miraculously lifelike head of the Croaker!

An ordinary invalid would have received a severe shock; but the Reverend Peter Vedder was not an ordinary man. Most of his life had been spent among primitive peoples, and he had become hardened to strange and even revolting customs. Thus, he suspected that his faithful H'lo had been, ere becoming Christianized, a head-hunter. And he himself had brought home, among a truckload of souvenirs of all climes, two or three dried heads he had purchased in bazaars. But not one of them could compare with the one H'lo had brought him to-day!

He didn't relish the gift; but to him it was clear that H'lo

had given him what must have been his very choicest possession. It was probable that the little brown man had taken this head himself; Vedder did not care to inquire into that. He was anxious to show that he appreciated the spirit that actuated him; and he managed a faint smile as he patted H'lo's brow and thanked him.

H'lo himself did not doubt that his master understood that he was gazing upon the head of his would-be assassin. And never before had he admired him more! He was dignified, and restrained; did not gloat, neither did he shudder. His poise, the murmured thanks, and the pat on the head indicated to H'lo that his gift was understood and appreciated. He retired with joy singing in his heart.

Some weeks elapsed before Vedder could be taken outdoors for a walk of a few steps. Other weeks passed before he was able to drive his own car as formerly. To celebrate the occasion, he put into execution a design he had long formed. He was dissatisfied with the gift of H'lo. To be sure, he had other heads in his trophy room, but these did not seem like anything that ever had been human; they were impersonal as well as moth-eaten. But the head H'lo had given him was different. It always seemed to be sneering at him; and there was a sinister gleam in its too lifelike eyes that followed him wherever he went. Even when he had locked it up in a closet, he couldn't help thinking about it, smirking away alone in the dark!

Kemper had a very good, though incomplete, Museum of Fine Arts. There were some excellent paintings and sculpture, antiques of all sorts, tapestries, pottery and bronzes, and an Anthropological Department with a miscellaneous assortment of stuff, mostly donated by traveling citizens. To this museum the Reverend Vedder determined to present his best and most gruesome head. And the day he first drove his own car he placed the head, carefully packed in an old hat box, in H'lo's hands.

To H'lo a museum meant nothing whatever. The important looking building before which Vedder stopped his car, with its white marble front and rank of austere Doric columns, was, in H'lo's belief, a temple of one of the white men's gods. It could be nothing else.

Within, Vedder was granted an interview with the head curator, and to him he presented his strange gift. The curator called in the head of the department of anthropology and his assistant; and all three rhapsodized over the splendid addition to their collection. When all had admired it to their fill, silently observed by the small gentleman from Borneo, they filed out into the hall and wended their way through many passages, and the Egyptian Room, the Chamber of Coins and Medals, the Chinese Room and finally into an imposing chamber in which H'lo instantly recognized two or three ugly little stone gods, deities of his own country! And there were spears, and blowpipes, and a few good examples of the kris. But until now no embalmed head had adorned the place. This, thought H'lo, his beady eyes missing nothing, was that holy inner chamber of the temple, devoted to his own gods. And it delighted him to believe that his master himself reverenced these! If not, why was such a splendid room provided for them?

With due ceremony the head of the late Croaker was placed in a conspicuous position, displacing a former basket. And then the party broke up, and Vedder drove home. Neither he nor H'lo uttered any comment on the memorable ceremony of this morning.

In its next bulletin, the Museum of Fine Arts mentioned Vedder's gift. But the circulation of these bulletins was limited. There were a great many citizens of Kemper who not only never read them, but who did not even know they were printed; who, indeed, never set foot within their museum. It was chance that brought to the attention of the underworld the latest addition to the civic collection.

Rumors gleaned from newspaper columns had informed the group, of which the Croaker had once been a shining light, that the museum sheltered some priceless antiques of a portable nature. Sundry jade rings and figurines, a certain ancient tapestry presented by the widow of a manufacturer of speedometers, some Phœnician glasses, were mentioned. Loot that would go easily into a handbag, or even an overcoat pocket. And the weather was getting cool enough for overcoats, now. Presently, one "Three-finger" Peters was instructed to visit the museum, which was free to the public every weekday from ten until four. He was to get the lay of the land, and to

spot the most portable and accessible valuables, observe the number and the disposition of the attendants, and so forth.

It was while making this preliminary inspection that Three-finger was stricken to come face to face with the missing head of the man he had known well in life! He barely restrained himself from crying aloud in his surprise and terror as he looked into the mocking eyes; and it seemed as if the snarling lips must have whispered to him something his ears had just failed to catch.

Without pursuing his investigations, he fled back to Gory Hammond's, there to tell his incredible tale. He was jeered at, insulted; but he stuck to his story. Finally, two others went to see for themselves. They too returned badly shaken, tremulous, and needing, the one a drink, the other a shot in the arm.

The news spread. All the men, and many of the women who had known the Croaker, took a long or a short look, according to their nerves. There could be no doubt whatever; the same lift of the mouth, the same look in the eyes, the scarred lobe of one ear; to be sure, the head was much darker than the Croaker had been, and looked as if it had been varnished. Probably it had been, to preserve it! The underworld shuddered. But because it is secretive, and hates to ask questions, let alone answer them, it was a long time before any one of them ventured to make the slightest inquiry.

One day Gory Hammond, a man far more intelligent than most of the others, but almost equally disturbed by the mystery, spoke to the attendant who was in charge of this room and the Chinese one.

"What's that?" he asked abruptly.

The attendant, a doddering old man, shuffled forward.

"That? It's a head. *Yeah*, a real one."

"Where'd ya get it?" pursued Mr. Hammond, determined to make an end of the mystery that was upsetting the morale of his followers.

"Eh? Oh, the Reverend Vedder, he give it to the museum. He's got a fine collection of heads to his home. Lived in strange parts, the missionary has, and learned strange doings."

Hammond blinked, swallowed hard, and remarked: "*I'll say he has!*"

His report, if it solved the mystery, did not stop the talk. It seemed incredible, yet it must be true! That a missionary, a

man of God, and active in all righteous causes, should coldly steal upon his enemy, behead him, and then embalm the head and present it to the museum, to be publicly displayed as a trophy of his bloody revenge! And the attendant had admitted that this was not the only head: there were more! A "fine collection" of them; those were the very words. No telling how many would-be killers of the good clergyman had been tracked down by him, beheaded, and desecrated! A good man to let alone, for all his pious pretenses, was the Reverend Peter Vedder.

In the midst of the underworld arguments, another bulletin of the Museum of Fine Arts appeared. It stated, among other things:

> An encouraging fact has been the increased attendance during the past month. Our turnstile has registered more than two hundred above the average at this time of year. The officials and attendants state that the principal increase has been among what might be termed those in the humbler walks of life. Also, that their interests have seemed to be largely drawn by the more serious exhibits. Kemper may congratulate itself that at last the common people are beginning to take more advantage of our splendid municipal opportunities.

THE FIVE-MINUTE GIRL

BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

FROM *Saturday Evening Post*

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

spends her time between winters of "breathless sociability" in Chicago and summers of free-and-easy joy in Wisconsin, with big-game hunting trips to Africa sandwiched in between. "Caravans and Cannibals," "On the Gorilla Trail," and "Trailing the Tiger" are reminiscent of these trips; also two books about the adventures of her small daughter, "Alice in Elephantland" and "Alice in Jungleland."

SHE stood fronting the girl in the glass in tense, passionate appraisal. Every line of her young face, from lifted brows to parted lips, was a desperate demand for judgment, but judgment fluctuated like a sea. One minute she was high as an oncoming wave; the next the wave broke, and she was shattered with helpless rage at the banality of that image.

Oh, why hadn't she heartbreaking beauty like Lois Long—Spanish eyes in a camellia face, with smooth-banking hair like black velvet? Or the pixy-fair enchantment of June Hollister? She was nothing—nothing! Just an everyday girl with gray eyes and brown hair and a healthy, unnecessary color. A dumb bunny of a girl with no mystery or subtle allure. Just a girl in a white lace frock whose shimmering, dancing flounces looked as tremblingly expectant as her silly face.

No, she was pretty! She was slim and supple, with shining eyes and wayward hair. And her dress was a dream. Mother had been a lamb to manage another new one for her. The beastly expense of all this coming out! But it was a sweet dress. That tricky little blue ribbon banding the narrow waist—— Surely she'd have a marvelous time in that frock. She'd get off on the right foot now. She hadn't known the ropes before; she'd been too shy or too self-conscious, or something. And it had been rotten luck coming out with such beauties as Lois and June and such an heiress as Isabel Grant.

"Alibi, alibi!" she hurled mockingly into that defense. Beauty wasn't so much. Look at Sally Twigg, her gamin face and crooked mouth; Sally was right there every time—in things—the life of the party.

It was the thing that counted—allure, attraction, charm. And didn't she have that? Something of that? She'd always had a good time on her visits to friends; she'd always taken her future success cheerfully for granted. Her lips twisted now as she thought of how she had looked forward——

Of course, she hadn't had a good start. She knew that now. She hadn't been home enough to get into the crowd and

be part of it; she seemed always to have been away at school, at camp or traveling. She was really an outsider to these sons and daughters of her parents' friends. All right for her fond parents to think that all they had to do was to introduce her.

Poor dears, they didn't know what she was up against. But she'd made a beginning. She hadn't made a hit. She'd been too scared or too stiff. Lost in the crowd. But she was there, in the crowd; she belonged there, and to-night might make all the difference. It was the biggest dance of the season —Isabel Grant's ball. And she had this new frock; she was looking her best. She'd be on her tiptoes, gay and jolly, ready with a line. But what line? For a moment her big eyes, like scared gray beggars, sought the answer of the girl in the glass, then reanimating courage flashed back into her. She'd be herself—gay and natural. She'd chatter and laugh.

The car was waiting, Nettie reminded her. Nettie was holding out her white bunny coat. "You look grand, Judy; you do." No "Miss Judith" for Nettie. She had washed Judy's knees and bandaged her cuts and smuggled her up trays of goodies when the grown-ups were giving a dinner. "Your mother's waiting to see you."

Mother was just starting up the stairs. She drew back as the girl ran down, and Father came out from the library, his cigar in his hand.

"Gloating over their débutante," flashed Judy's ironic thought. Aloud she said casually, "Hello, darlings."

They were nice, young-looking parents, prosperous, contented. And they did look a little gloating. This slim, pretty, young thing, in her white flounces and white fur, so bright-eyed for the good times ahead.

But the mother's face fell. "Judy, you've got on your coat, and I wanted to see you in your dress."

"Well——" The girl shrugged the coat off and spun about. "I'm late," she said defensively, and with ungracious speed she got into her coat again. Their eyes made her feel like a fool. A sham success. She ducked from their kisses. "Hi, look out for my make-up!"

She couldn't look at them. She wanted to catch at them and hide her head on their shoulders and beg them not to make her go through with it. Gayly she waved her hand, with her pearl

bag in it, and hurried through the door, to where Martin waited to shut her in the car.

"Be home with the milk," she called back.

In the car she leaned back and told herself how lucky she was to be going to the Longs' dinner first. They'd all go on to the ball together, and that would give her a start. Then the other men at the dinner ought to cut in. That might start things. You had to catch on like wildfire or you got stuck. If the men didn't give you a rush, grabbing you from one partner to another, you were sunk.

If a man got caught with you, you had to dance on and on in an inferno of togetherness. She'd only been at a couple of balls, but already she was initiated to suspense and racking apprehension. That last time had been pretty bad—dragging about with Walter Ullman. But that nice Englishman had happened along, and that Swedish consul, and then the Englishman had cut back. She seemed to get along all right with the older men; it was only with the boys nearer her own age that she felt so shy and tongue-tied.

But to-night would be different. She believed it, almost. Her eyes were brightly strained on new horizons. The Grants had asked nearly a hundred extra stags. There would be seas of men. She'd meet all kinds. There wouldn't be nearly enough girls; every deb ought to get a rush.

The world was suddenly glamorous, full of enchanting hope. Perhaps she'd meet someone who would go quite mad about her. Someone preferably like tall, quiet, dark-eyed Dick McPherson. A girl certainly needed all the helpful devotion she could get.

Look at the way June Hollister egged them on! She had that Ullman boy sunk, and Bob Reading, and that jolly old Hoyt Brown who'd been such a beau for years and sampled débutantes as critics did plays. Her mother had said in the old days that Hoyt's approval could make a girl. Well, nothing made a girl now but a rush. Getting cut in on, being a two-minute girl—that was the stuff. She didn't dare to hope that for herself—only a few pulled that off—but she longed, with all her frantic, passionate young heart, to be a five-minute girl—a girl that a man could be sure of getting rid of in a decently short time. Then they'd ask her again. Just let her get a five-minute reputation and she'd be all right.

"Sure. She's a five-minute girl, isn't she?" she'd heard a man answer when someone asked him to dance with a friend. And girls described themselves like that to men. Sally Twigg was always using it. "That's my epitaph—just a five-minute girl," she said in a mock-forlorn voice, with her funny crooked smile, and always got a laugh. And she'd say, "Pete, my lad, if you don't help make me a four-minute girl——"

That's the way she got them. Like that. Judy didn't suppose she'd ever manage that. She hadn't the nerve. Yet she had nerve and vivacity when things went her way. It was having them go against you that flattened you out. You needed a break.

She wasn't instantaneous. People liked her when they got to know her and the shyness had rubbed off, but you never got to know anyone this way. People didn't bring other people up any more, the way Mother was always talking about when she was a girl—when they had cards, and your escort filled yours at the beginning of a dance and saw that you had a good time. Now you were just supposed to know everybody, and they were supposed to remember you and cut in. Of course, if you sat by enough of them at dinners——

She wondered whom she'd get to-night. She'd play up hard, she promised herself, her brows drawn together tensely. Then she leaned back with a sudden laugh. The car had stopped at a light, and a girl, crossing the street, had looked in on her with something of envy and antagonism on her pretty, painted face.

It was funny, her lolling there in her white furs and flounces, looking like a pampered pet with the world at her feet, when in reality that girl was probably going to have a darned sight better time that night than she was. Probably she was going some place to dance with a boy friend who was wild about her.

Her laugh caught in her throat. Steady; she mustn't let this get her nerve. She'd need all she had to put her across: to-night was crisis. Why, to-night might do anything for her—make her a five-minute girl—— If she had luck!

Her luck wasn't so much to start with, she thought anxiously. Tommy Dent on one side, and, as the saying was, you couldn't make a dent in Tommy. He was a jolly, impervious, good-looking boy, with crisp blond curls cut short on his fore-

head, a ready laugh and a wandering eye, always gathering a larger audience. And on the other side was Roger Atkinson, who was so in love with Lois Long that no one else existed for him. He only came to life when she talked about Lois.

But the dinner would have been fun, Judy thought, if she could have enjoyed it for itself, from its first noisy cocktails to the last chatter over the coffee; enjoyed it with gay inconsequence and casualness—the way Sally Twigg did. Only for her the thought of the ball ahead was like a finger pressing on her inmost apprehension; her heart never stopped its queer, muffled thumping, like a jungle drum, deep down within her.

She took five of them down in her car—Tommy and two other couples. Those men, she thought, might remember and cut in on her! At the hotel she did as the others did—told the chauffeur not to return. At the dance's end some partner would bring her home in a taxi. You couldn't ask a chauffeur to keep coming back at three or four for you.

As she mounted in the elevator, as she moved with the gayly clad throng in and out the crowded dressing rooms, in the moving current surging toward the receiving line, the contagion of light and music, of high-pitched, happy-sounding voices raised against one another, quickened her to excitement. Her cheeks burned; her eyes shone. She laughed happily when Tommy Dent swung her away from the last Grant handclasp and propelled her impatiently toward the ballroom.

The place was fairyland. It swam before her in pale-blue-and-silver radiance. Silver hangings on the walls, like shimmering arras in some enchanted palace. Lights of moonshine, flooding with soft brilliance the white arms and shoulders, the gay tulle and chiffon, the sleek, gleaming black, of the dancers. And all about the walls were little formal trees, each leaf and stem glinting with silver, so that the dancers seemed merrymaking in some fairy wood of fantastic beauty.

For a moment the sheer magic of it caught at Judy's heart. It was like something she had dreamed as a child. Ecstasy ran like quicksilver in her veins. The amazement of it! All this glamour, this enchantment, created for this one night only, for those breathless hours of young pleasure and delight.

"It's enchanted, as if someone waved a wand," Judy laughed to Tommy Dent.

"Someone waved something a darned sight more substantial than a wand," retorted Tommy. "Gosh, what this must have set him back!"

Judy looked up at the silver hangings, at the little loges in the gallery where, between branches of silvered trees, the groups of the older set were looking down upon the young.

"I feel like a queen in Camelot!"

"How do you get that way?" Tommy wanted to know. "Camelot—camisole—eh, what? Oh, did you hear that one about the fellow who said to a girl, 'What a floor; what music; what a peach of a combination!' and she said, 'Does that thing show?'"

"As if she had one on!" scoffed Judy, abandoning Camelot and herself and trying for a hard-boiled line. She was rewarded by his laughter, but already his roving eyes were darting among the swirling crowd, eager to try the story on another. Desperately she groped for a return story, but nothing came. She was dumb, she thought furiously.

The swift oblivion of the moment of beauty had fled, and fear caught at her again. Only she must not show it. Her face tensed in a mask of rapture. Only her wide gray eyes, catching sight of now this couple and now that, began to darken with foreboding.

Why had she thought her flounced frock such a knockout? It was simple—just a mother's dream for a débutante. Look at Lois there in her gleaming white satin, daring and sophisticated; and Isabel Grant, making her entrance, now the receiving line had thinned, looking like a million dollars in that glittering turquoise. She hated the ineffectiveness of her own appearance. Of course, no eyes would dart to her; no one on earth would have a sudden seizure to rush and know who the marvelous girl was. She'd never launch a thousand ships. She was about as devastating as a squash!

All about her other girls were being cut in on. Roger Atkinson nearly ran her down in his capturing rush toward Lois. She saw their former partners, released, retreating into the herd of stags that occupied the center of the floor. Tommy was dancing nearer the stags now. A herd of buffalo they looked, hulking there, fifty or sixty of them; a great, compact

mass of black, the center jostling toward the outer edge, eyes turned outward watchfully, like the eyes of animals in a herd, menaced, wary, watchful. Every few moments some one of them would dart out on the floor when some particular girl was sighted, thrusting through the dancers to wrest his prey from her partner; sometimes it was a race between several men leaving the pack. The disappointed ones did not solace themselves with any of the other hundred opportunities but shoved their way back into the mob, to surge out again when another popular girl came by. Some five-minute girl! Some two-minute girl!

The men dancing with girls like these did not go too near the center of the floor, but guided their partners about the outskirts in an effort to keep them to themselves. They kept them revolving in the shadows under the balcony; so it happened that the flooding light of the ballroom centered, not on dancing girls and men, but on that dark, massed crowd of stags, enthroned in the middle of the stage.

Judy was doing now what other girls about her, in like case, were doing; between pretenses of absorption in their partners they darted little winged glances to the all-powerful stags, nodding recognitions, flashing smiles like beckoning fingers, trying to stir some man to rush out after them. Old stuff. Experienced young men avoided the glances of girls dancing by. Their own eyes were avid with the eagerness of some particular chase; they marked their own quarry. The rest were nuisances; dangerous impedimenta.

Round and round she went with Tommy—round and round. If no one intervened they'd go dancing round like that all evening. No respite for him, for her. Suddenly a man, thrusting through the dancers, collided with them, said, "Hello!" surprisedly, turned and offered his arms.

She knew it was a mistake; he had started for some other girl. But she turned on him the face of delight that girls turn on an approaching man, while contriving a glance of regret at the departing Tommy—a Janus-faced expediency essential to the success of every débutante.

The new man was Ned Boles. She had sat by him at a theater; had danced with him at a tea dance. She had seen him play football at Princeton. There was enough small talk to last animatedly for a time. If only the time was limited, the

way it used to be in the days of programs! Then you might get a little acquainted with a lot of men and find which ones clicked.

Ned was flushed with gin and champagne, the champagne that was served in such obscure retreat that after a man had battled his way to it he felt obliged to consume enough to reward him for his labors. He held her close, but she dared not draw away; she tilted back her head and smiled out over his shoulder with paraded joy. She had made a beginning. Ned had come; others would. And if he weren't caught too long with her he might come again. She told him the story of the combination. She chattered about the marvelous party. She told him how she'd adored his football. Something far off and defiant in her listened cynically.

Over his shoulder she was watching the others. A few girls were having an intense rush. Isabel Grant slipped from one pair of arms to another. Sometimes she hardly finished two steps. But it was her ball, and she was Isabel Grant, anyway. Lois Long was almost in as much demand, her big, Spanish-black eyes in her lovely, pale face enchanting first one man and then another. And Sally Twigg was always in a jolly riot of "Darling, must I leave you?" and "Sweet thing, to come back so soon!"

These were the most popular girls. But there were others in steady demand—the five-minute girls. Not very many of these, but a pleasant number, changing hands with gratifying regularity. The others—the majority of the others—were more or less stuck. All about her Judy saw girls' faces set in little masks of delight but with shafts of anxiety darting out the eyeholes of the masks—shafts of entreaty, of appeal, of fierce affronted pride.

Oh, if they'd only go back to cards, the old-fashioned way, where you filled your dances for the evening and everybody danced with everybody. All the girls, she surmised, save a lucky few, were passionately eager for that return, yet each would have been drawn and quartered rather than admit it and so reveal her inadequacies. Bluffers all. Liars, with panic in their hearts. In this way nobody had a chance to know anybody, save the popular few. No, they, too, could not really know or be known at a dance; they were snatched away too soon.

Her own eyes were growing terrified. No one was cutting in. Ned and she went round and round. Their talk languished. Round and round. Longer than she had been with Tommy. On and on. She was stuck. The realization of it sent such a pang through her that she felt sinking with shame and misery. Her hands were icy; her lips felt numb. Her pain was so acute that she felt it like a physical sickness. But her head was tilted back, her lips dauntlessly smiling, while the bitterness of defeat was in her heart.

It was no comfort to her that other girls—some the belles of past seasons—were in much the same boat with her now. This was her year. If she was not made now she would never be. Never know carefree joy or careless triumph. Never know even comfort. Never an hour of it. On and on. Closer and closer to the stags. She felt Ned was ready to bump her against them. She did not blame him. She was horribly sorry for him. This was rotten for the men too. No wonder they dared not risk themselves on an unpopular girl. Once they went and fought their way to the champagne, consuming as much time over it as possible, and loitering near the groups in the hall; then back, perforce, into the dance again.

It was like a nightmare. The radiant blue-and-silver ballroom was like some savage orgy of sacrifice. That herd of men in the center, by their number and privilege, were the gods—the gods they all placated. . . . On and on. It was disaster. Every fiber of her was alive to the hideous significance of it. She was being one of those terrible girls that become legend—"the girl So-and-So was stuck with at the Grants' ball. All the evening. Positively!" Like the girl who finally told her partner she'd go and stay in the dressing room a while, so he could dance with someone else. Like Betty Scales, who stolidly took a book to parties and read downstairs so her parents would never know her failure. Like numberless other girls who suddenly perceive the beauties of Bermuda and winter cruises.

This could not be real. It could not be happening. Not to her. But it was. She remembered torturing stories of men who had held out five-dollar bills behind them to tempt the stags to intervene. She went hot and cold all over. If anything like that happened to her she'd die, that was all. She'd drive the car over a bank and end everything.

On and on. And then—— They were in a tangle, a jam of couples and thrusting stags. She saw a face beaming rather vacantly at her; a hand reaching to Ned's arm. George Kellog —George Kellog cutting in. Her relief was so acute that it dazed her. Like an anæsthetic to the frantic pain. She clung to George, and they began to dance rather badly together.

The truth was, George was wabbly. Too many libations had impaired his steadiness. His bloodshot eyes were a trifle glazed and his always florid face was a bit more than splotchy. But Judith literally clung to him, thankful as a drowning kitten to the hand that lifted it from extinction.

"Hello! How's the girl?" was his jovial greeting. "Having the time of your young life, eh?"

"I'm beginning to," Judy tossed back in simulated gayety.

"That's the girl." George's arm pressed her closer. His dampish hand squeezed her own. A fastidious little shudder went up and down her spine as his encircling hand shifted till it came in contact with her bare back, but Judy had no time to attend to squeamish distaste. Enchantment was the business of the night. Desperately she flung herself into it.

Kellog was not one of the younger crowd. He had been married; his wife had divorced him to permit herself to marry a man of rather fabulous fortune, and for years now George had played about with some of the younger girls, but more of the beautiful and less serious actresses. He had rather a reputation for fast living and no thinking. The fortune which had been insufficient for his wife's ambition was enough to give him a very jolly bachelor freedom, with a little yachting and shooting.

Judy was inexpert in degrees of drunkenness, but she soon judged he was not at least half sober. It was impossible for him to keep in any kind of rhythm. And when he proposed to get out of that "hell of a crowd and have a little chat," she agreed gratefully, anxious to release her back from his moist fingers. She had a pitifully mistaken notion that there would be more distance about a little chat.

He kept tight hold of her arm as they steered their way across the room, and she pressed her arm close to her side. Instinctively she felt that his geniality, so unrooted and erratic, could turn swiftly elsewhere, and that his state of exhilaration was not burdened with any responsibilities. So

she gave him no chance to forget her, keeping right at hand, laughing brightly when the champagne splashed down her white flounces, giving to the onlookers the best show of gayety she could.

Then George caught her by the arm. "I don't want to dance any more. Do you?"

"Rather talk," she gave back obediently.

He knew his way around. He knew a little room with a deep-backed divan in a shadowy corner. "Now let's have a little talk," he said with owlish solemnness.

"All right. What do you like to talk about?"

"What do you?"

"Horses," said Judith hopefully. If he would let her rattle away on her favorite theme, she could do pretty well, she thought.

But George wagged his head. "Lost too much money on the things. Makes me feel poor to think of 'em. . . . Look here, Judy—that's your name, isn't it?"

"Judith," she murmured.

"No, I like Judy. You're Judy and I'm Punch." He laughed. Then he leaned back, relaxing. "You're a sweet little girl. Know when a man's had enough. Too much exercise to these balls. Not enough talk. You don't hear good talk on this side of the water. . . . You're sweet, Judy." He caught her arm and pulled her toward him. "You're sweet," he repeated in his thickened voice, holding her close.

She wanted to jump to her feet and leave him. But she dared not. She sat rigidly erect. "Aren't you thirsty? Let's go get some water."

"No water. Got better than that here. Wait a minute."

He got up and went to the door; she half followed, terrified. But he was only giving orders to some waiter; in a moment he was back. And in a few moments more the waiter came in with tall glasses in which ice clinked. "I'm sorry, sir; the ginger ale is finished."

George waved him away, first thrusting something from his pocket upon him. Then, from another pocket, he took out a silver flask and poured a dark stream into both glasses. He took up his own.

"Well, here's luck!"

"Here's luck!" said Judy brightly. She did not drink much

of her stuff. The champagne was making her head swim a little, and she was afraid. But perhaps it was a mistake, for George drained her own after his. Then he sank back again and drew her close.

"You're a sweet little girl. Why haven't I known you before?"

"Well, you know me now," was all Judy could muster. She had the feeling of playing through some awful scene where she did not know her lines. To be sitting here, his arm about her, his hand wandering over her shoulder and throat. But it was better than back in the pillory of the ballroom. Anything was better. She would do anything, anything, rather than face that again.

Perhaps this was what the girls did who were so popular—let the men pet them. It was stupid to be a débutante and be so ignorant of the business of it, but her sheltered life, at home, at school, at camp and abroad, had kept her strangely innocent of experience. She knew, of course, that Isabel or Lois or June would not tolerate this for an instant. Sally would get herself neatly out of it, laughing impishly at whatever resentment George might feel. But not she! Every other feeling in her was numb except the frantic, desperate resolve to keep this man by her at all cost. To shelter her flayed pride behind the appearance of his attraction to her.

What did his hands matter? What did anything matter? He was turning her chin up to him now. Would she have to let him kiss her? He was kissing her. Through her shattered mind flashed a memory of her mother's dismissing a houseman, once when she was a child, because he had liquor on his breath. Well, she wasn't going to dismiss George Kellog!

She shut her eyes under his kisses, feeling sick in every nerve. Now he was turned toward her, one arm around, one gathering her closer. Nervously she tried to draw away. "Someone might come," she whispered.

"What's the harm? Little flirtation. Sweet little Judy. Punch and Judy." Evidently it did not matter to him what he was saying. Words were only something he was paying out to still her childish protests. His preoccupation was with her soft young body, her fresh lips. One hand was resting on her hip; then it moved slowly in automatic caresses. Judy reached and captured the hand. She had not known such protective

ways were in her. He laughed, but made up for it in another determined kiss. Then he leaned back, holding her. "Sweet little Judy."

She had a panic-stricken terror that he might now fall asleep. And yet she would welcome the release. If he took a little nap, that would take a lot of time; no one would know, and she would wake him when anyone approached. But he did not sleep; only loafed there, smiling vacantly.

People were at supper now. She thought of dragging George out to supper. But everyone would see now that he was drunk. Perhaps someone would rescue her. But she dared not risk that. No one would intervene; she was the girl Ned had been stuck with "for hours and hours." She could hear him telling it.

But if she stayed here with George—if people thought him taken with her—perhaps her stock might go up. They would think there must be something to her. George Kellog was a connoisseur. Any girl George thought worth looking at attracted attention.

Now he began a long, rambling story about the time the Prince of Wales was in the city. She was laughing rapturously at that when another couple came to find the divan, gave them a long hard look, and retreated. Judy did not know who they were. She was grateful they had come when they had. George had begun to fondle her again. She tried to keep his hands in her own.

"Shy little Judy," he laughed. "I like a girl shy." But he was growing restless. "Well, what about another little drink?"

"Oh, you promised to tell me about your yacht!"

"Damned expense," George grumbled. "I tell you. We'll take a little trip on it sometime. Like that?"

"It would be sweet!"

"Sweet little Judy."

Now he was for kissing again. Despairingly, her eyes a blurred agony of loathing and acceptance, she let him draw her to him. And this time she did not see the advancing couple till they were upon them.

It was Dick McPherson and a girl she did not know. A tall, cool, queenly looking girl, with eyes that slanted toward her in aloof distaste. She had not known that there was more

capacity for suffering in her, but now she plumbed a deeper hell. Something in her was weeping like a child, but her gray eyes were dry. Only her face was twisted in the contortion of her misery. Kissing in a corner with George Kellog! Sitting out, petting with a rake that had no love for her to dignify his feeling; just a silly, amorous, drink-fuddled, loose-moraled fellow.

Then her wry lips stiffened into the caricature of a smile. "Tell me more about the yacht."

After all, George did not take her home. When she came out of the dressing room among the tired-eyed, yawning, chattering girls (were they looking askance at her? Or was that only imagination?) she found George had forgotten the tryst at the door, and she hurried out to a cab alone. Fortunately her white-pearled bag had the money for it.

She was still in the blessed oblivion of sleep when her mother was entering her father's office. "Phil, I've just come from a luncheon. I felt I had to see you before I saw her." Then, a little raggedly, she explained: "It's all over town, Phil. Genevieve Pond and young McPherson saw her, and Genevieve told her married sister on the way home. And she told me this noon under the guise of warning me about Kellog. Phil, she was sitting out with that fellow—with Kellog—almost all the evening. Kissing and—and petting in a room by themselves."

Her husband stared. "Who was?"

"Judy—our Judy; our own girl. And after all we've done; the way we brought her up. With Kellog." She added, "If it had been some boy, some nice boy her own age she could be fond of—but an infatuation for Kellog! No wonder she was so eager to be off—could hardly show me her dress! Oh, Phil——"

"Kellog." There was feeling enough now in his voice. But the bewilderment persisted in his eyes. "That isn't like Judy."

"How do we know what she's like? We always thought—— But leaving such a ball—Mrs. Jaines said it was ravishing, the loveliest thing you can imagine—to carry on with George Kellog. That man about town."

Her words trailed into silence. And in the silence they sat looking at each other in the simplicity of a genuine despair.

Then the mother roused to fresh energy. "If you think I'm going to stay here and let this go on—— We'll have to take a trip, Phil. We must get her away at once."

"But she's only just out."

"I know. I know. The expense and all. And all we had planned for her and hoped. She had everything, everything! But we can't see her making a fool of herself. We can't. We'll have to get her away as if we didn't know anything about it. We'll have to see her through. She's our only child."

Heavily he agreed. "I guess we will, Mattie. If you think a trip's the only way—— But Judy."

And something lost and forlorn came into the father's face.

HAUNTED GROUND

BY OLIVER LA FARGE

FROM *Ladies' Home Journal*

OLIVER LA FARGE

is a son of Grant La Farge, the architect, and a grandson of John La Farge, the painter. He is an anthropologist first and a writer second, and has not been lured from his scientific studies by the fact that at the age of twenty-five he won the Pulitzer Prize for his first novel, "Laughing Boy."

GEORGE WATERSON stood up uncertainly. He was shaky and bitterly cold; the nor'wester blew clear through him; by the last faint daylight he could see sparse dry snowflakes driven under the leaden sky. Well, that had failed, too, and the immediate business was, apparently, to continue living. He looked around. By God, with the whole bay to choose from, he had to go ashore on the beach of the Hales' place—Haunted Ground, the country people's by-name for it, said itself in his mind. Under his dominant consciousness of cold and misery was a conviction that his luck had irrevocably turned, that now every least chance was viciously leveled against him.

For the moment, at least, he must continue living. This was too cold. There was nothing for it but to go up to the Hales', to Haunted Ground. Wouldn't you know something like that would happen? He climbed the familiar path up the steep bluff behind the beach, and at the top, where locust trees broke the wind, stopped to look back. The *Lucy* was just bits of wood and spars twisting on the rocks, mouthed by the breakers; there was no longer even the shape of a boat. He didn't want to look. He faced inland.

He heard his heart beating clearly, almost thunderously, and very slow. Exhaustion, he thought. There was a good half mile of ascending road before him, leading up to the crest of the hill topped by the big, high-shouldered old Hale house against the last gray of the western sky, with the elms on one side that always bent away from it, shaped by sea winds. It never did make a cheerful picture. But there were lighted windows.

He supposed Sue would be laid out in one of those rooms—Sue, Sue! Each fresh recollection of her death struck him with the force of the first impact. That damned old house so packed with death! Old Jasper Summers with a mouth full of broken teeth eagerly and bluntly telling him, "Did ye hear abaout Susan Hale? A burglar come into their haouse, first one's ben in the taownship in twenty years, last night and shot her

dead." He saw again the triumphant gossip's face in a mist of horror, and heard the calm voice continuing about Mrs. Hale being sick from the shock, and so on, and on, and on.

Sue and John and himself having a snowball fight with hydrangeas. Mrs. Hale would probably have her in the sitting room. In a coffin—oh! Sue riding his pony while he led and John envied. That must have been one of the few times when his money gave him an advantage over the country boy. A still picture and a remembered pain when Sue told him that she was engaged to John. Sue sobbing and clinging to him when John was lost with his boat off Brenton's reef. He had been shocked and ashamed then at a fierce joy that mingled with his sorrow for his friend and for her sorrow. She had said, "Anyway, living in Haunted Ground, I'll see him again when I'm old, the way Granny used to do."

That quiet assumption had made him feel chilly.

He heard his heartbeats again, clear and slow. Vaguely he thought that he had left something of great importance on the beach. It was terribly cold. The high wind had blown his clothes dry.

It hit him again. Sue was dead—dead—dead. He would have won her in time, and she was dead. The first burglar in Quonochaug in twenty years had shot her through the heart. An unknown man casually in the course of his trade blotted out the sun and disappeared. A hole over her heart, spreading red. Sue, Sue! Oh, God!

The house loomed gaunt and dark above the two lighted windows; the wind swooped around it, and the bare trees, twisting away, complained. He knocked and waited, shivering, then knocked again. His heartbeats sounded very loud, and he resisted an almost overwhelming impulse to turn and race back to the beach. He had left something vital there. Still no one answered him.

He turned the knob and entered. The sitting-room door was open, letting grateful warmth into the hall. Just as he had thought, the coffin was in the center of the sitting room, Mrs. Hale sat in a rocker opposite. It was unusual to see her with idle hands, not knitting or sewing.

"Please excuse me for coming in like this, Mrs. Hale——"

"That's all right, George; if I'd known what you were I'd have let you in. Sit down."

Odd way of putting it. She looked pale and weak, and her speech, for all its New England precision, had a quality of vagueness. George moved toward the coffin.

"Don't disturb her."

What on earth did she think he was going to do?

"I figured she was tired, and she's laid out so pretty I'm just letting her rest awhile. She's to be buried Thursday."

An unpleasant feeling came over George that the shock had unbalanced the old lady. He gazed at the girl's uncovered face, the rich golden-brown hair, long lashes making shadows on the cheeks, delicate, warm mouth. He thought in trite adjectives, chiefly repeating "lovely." He was glad for the macabre skill of an undertaker who had touched her mouth with lipstick. She had never been a pale person, Sue. The plants of winter were about her, bittersweet, pine branches, even thorny barberry that she loved.

He stood looking for some minutes, not really thinking. His heartbeats seemed yet slower, and again he was troubled about something forgotten on the beach. At length he sat down.

"How did you come here?" Mrs. Hale emphasized the "you."

"When I heard, I—I didn't want to live any longer. I took the *Lucy* out and cracked on sail till she went. We were driven aground here, I was cast up on the beach, and—and here I am." He said the last words dully. "I hated it when I saw I was on your shore, but I'm glad I came now."

"It's hard for you, George. She'll be seeing John after church on Thursday."

"I know." Curious way she had of talking about it.

"It'd 'a' been better . . ." Her voice became inaudible, although her mouth continued in the motions of speech.

The shock had undoubtedly harmed her. He was in none too good shape himself. Those couldn't be heartbeats he heard, they were too slow, and they seemed to come from outside, or from something in his ears from being knocked around so. They were both of them unwell.

Mrs. Hale became audible again. "I don't know what will come of the house when we're all gone. People won't buy it. I tried to sell it before, just after Mr. Hale died. It's got a bad name. The Hales 've always been too friendly with their dead.

And this—this holocaust it is, really—all centered round the house will make it worse. My cousins will get it, the Warwick Hales, you know. They'll subdivide, I guess. I thought you . . ." Her voice died again.

Decidedly, she needed rest and distraction. So did he. He was being positively haunted.

"Mrs. Hale, please don't think me officious, but I'm sure you need rest; we both do. I'm nervous, and I feel badly, and I'm sure you're overtired."

"I'm not tired. I feel spryer than in a long time, now it's over."

"Well, you know, at moments when you're talking your voice fades into actual silence, although you go on speaking."

"What?"

"Don't be offended. You become inaudible. I'm sure it's fatigue. I know I'm hearing things, so many that I'm frightened. I can hear something like very, very slow heartbeats, and just now I've started hearing footsteps, and I have a strange idea that someone is pulling at my shoulder."

The old lady was sitting bolt upright, staring at him. "My Lord! Then you aren't . . ." Her voice died out again; he could see that she was doing her utmost to tell him something, to make herself heard. She became clear. "Get back to the beach, get back to the beach, you still have time!"

It made his hair rise. And his shoulder *was* being shaken. The beats were very slow. "I don't understand."

She made another desperate attempt to penetrate the silence that shut down between them. At last, with a tremendous effort, she rose and flung open the door to her bedroom. "Look."

"Oh, God!"

Mrs. Hale's body lay, serene and pale, on the bed.

Now very faintly he heard her voice.

"They've found you on the beach, that's what you hear, what's shaking your shoulder. Your heart's still beating. You've got time to go back, to live, to find someone else than Sue. Sue's meeting John on Thursday. Go back to the beach."

Now he knew what he had left behind on the shore, half in and half out of the water. Panic and black horror seized him. He turned blindly toward the outer door, and found himself

against Sue's coffin. He could see her sleeping face, clear, through a surrounding darkness.

"Hurry! You'll live and forget and find someone to take her place. Hurry!"

"She's in there?" He pointed to Sue's body.

"Yes, but don't stop to wake her. Hurry."

He stared at the dead girl. He stared into an infinite future. Someone to take her place.

"You know, Mrs. Hale, John was my best friend." He sat down. "Those heartbeats are very slow; they'll be over in a minute."

LEAF UNFOLDING

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

FROM *Harper's*

GRIFFITH BEEMS

came by way of Harvard Law School from Iowa to New York City, where he is now practising law. "Leaf Unfolding," his first published short story, has won high recognition.

THE first person Paul Aldrich met in Bear Harbor that summer was Jenny Vernay. He had come down to the beach, wearing sun glasses and carrying his watch in his hand, planning to expose himself to the sun for twelve minutes the first day. The irregular, sandy triangle bared among the rocks at the head of the harbor was deserted. Off to the right gulls were feeding and screaming where a brook filtered through pebbles into the ocean. Paul noted that it was seventeen minutes past three and lay down, with his robe under his head, and closed his eyes.

After a time he heard feet lifting in the sand and, turning his head, saw two girls in bathing suits walking toward him. They were about seventeen years old. The prettier one lagged and hesitated, but the foremost girl, short, dumpish, and beaming in a red suit, sank down not ten feet from Paul and said:

"Hello!"

"Hello."

"You're Mr. Aldrich from New York, aren't you?"

"Yes." Paul sat up and removed his sun glasses.

"Do you think you'll like it here?"

"I expect to enjoy myself."

"It's awfully quiet. Isn't it, Ruth?" Without stopping for the answer, she went on, "Everyone says Bear Harbor is the deadest place in Maine."

"I shan't mind that."

"You simply don't know what you're in for." She sighed. "No movies, nothing."

"How did you know my name?"

"Mr. Sones at the hotel desk told me. You see, I happened to be at the dock when you came this morning."

"Really."

"Mr. Aldrich, this is Ruth Skelton. I'm Genevieve Vernay."

Paul acknowledged the introductions. The double dimple in Jenny's face became fixed.

"What do you do, Mr. Aldrich?"

"I am enjoying my vacation."

"I know, but what do you work at when you're not on vacation?"

"I am secretary to the President of the United States."

"Oh! How wonderful! Tell me about it. What sort of things do you do?"

"I double for him."

"Double for him?"

"Yes, I put on one of the President's collars and a wig and shake hands for him. People take me for the President when I am disguised. And I always take his place at battleship christenings and assassinations."

"Oh, you go jump in the lake," Jenny exclaimed indignantly. "Come on, Ruth."

Paul had overstayed three minutes. Outside his hotel window, while he dressed, robins were disturbing the wild cherry branches, and beyond the tree tops rested the round granite summits of two of the near-by Penobscot mountains. He went down to the desk to ask, for the second time that day, for mail, hoping unreasonably for a letter from Marjorie in New York. He was engaged to marry Marjorie in November. The box was empty, and he went out onto the veranda.

Distant blue islands barred the harbor from the open Atlantic, their pebbly beaches shining glassily in the afternoon sun. Within the cove, like a desultory flock of birds, a flotilla of sloops and knockabouts, launches and varnished speedboats, all drifted parallel by the tide, veered at their moorings. The fish wharf, a yacht club, and the steamboat landing encumbered the shore. On the wooded hillsides surrounding the harbor, the gables and chimneys of the summer homes were interspersed with the pine tops.

Paul walked into the village. The forest came down upon it like a green glacier. The single street, strung for a mile with incongruous houses, forked when it came to the harbor. At this intersection lay the village green and a stone watering trough surmounted by a bronze bear head. A man in unpressed white flannels sitting on the stoop in front of the barber shop spoke to Paul; four girls had left their roadster in the street and were having sundaes in Badger's drugstore. He heard the ring of metal, and behind the garage and filling

station came upon a set of chauffeurs, coats off and vests unbuttoned, playing horseshoes. The post office and general store were in the same building, with coleus and fuchsias filling one front window. "How delightful, how delightful!" Paul kept whispering to himself.

When he went down to the beach the next afternoon to tan for twenty minutes, Jenny withdrew from a group of girls and walked over to him.

"You mustn't tease me," she said dignifiedly, collapsing beside him and putting on a ragged straw hat. "Dr. Skelton—that's Ruth's father—says I have a fleshy heart and must always live placidly."

"I am very sorry about your heart. Where is Ruth this afternoon?"

"She doesn't always come down. She doesn't like the water and only comes to tan herself. The ocean's really frightfully cold. My teeth chatter and chatter for hours afterwards. The water's simply frigid." Jenny hunched her plump shoulders and shivered.

"Doesn't Ruth swim?"

"Not a stroke. She's a dear, isn't she?" Jenny moved her shoulders engagingly and leaned nearer. "Don't you think she's pretty?"

"Very," Paul said noncommittally.

"She's very pretty. She has the loveliest hair, and she's a perfect dear. But do you know, just between ourselves—confidentially—she isn't popular. I can't make out why. I've done simply everything to bring her out and talked about her to different boys for hours. They say she's stuck up. Jimmy McCrae hates her. Ruth would be furious if she heard me talking about her—she's dreadfully proud—but I do so want to see her popular. Are you going to be here long? Perhaps you could take her out. There are dances at Neighborhood Hall every Wednesday night, and there is something going on all the time over at Nipisiguit and Deerport. It might make the other boys jealous, and then they'd come running. I wish you would, Mr. Aldrich."

"I had hoped to spend the summer very quietly."

"Ruth is very quiet. I just know you two will enjoy each other. By the way, you aren't married, are you?"

"Isn't any kindness shown to married men?"

"Of course not. Married men are too free. Please tell me."

"I have to go back to the hotel, or I shall get sunburned."

"All right for you if you won't tell me. I know, anyway. Somebody happened to see the letter you mailed this morning, and it wasn't to any 'Mrs.' either. Besides, I knew because you haven't any manners." She stalked back to the other girls.

The next morning when Paul went to the post office to mail another letter he encountered Ruth, who, with some thirty others, was waiting for the mail to be distributed. They walked back down the street together. "This is the way I have to go," she said. "Would you like to come and meet my father?" The Skeltons owned a small summer cottage set back in the woods, and on the screened-in porch a burly man in house slippers was waiting, smoking a briar pipe. He had an evenly cropped mustache and sandy, tufted eyebrows.

"Here's your paper, Daddy. This is Mr. Aldrich. Daddy is so concerned with what may be happening back in Dedham, Massachusetts, that he can't rest in the mornings until he has his paper."

Dr. Skelton stood up slowly, put his pipe down, and shook hands with Paul.

"You must have a care, sir, for my daughter. When she discovers your failing she will surely publish it." The doctor's eyelids flickered slyly. Ruth looked back at him, her eyes mocking his. "How do you like Bear Harbor?"

"I like it. The air and sunlight are unbelievable after New York. I have six weeks here, and I mean to do a great deal of walking. I understand the mountain trails are splendid."

"Perhaps you're a bit of a natural scientist?" The doctor sat down, resumed his pipe, and began tearing the wrapper from the newspaper.

"Hardly a natural scientist. I had several courses in biology at Harvard."

Mrs. Skelton, plump and complacent, came out and was introduced. "So you went to Harvard," she said. "If Ruth were a boy, we'd send her there, wouldn't we, Father?"

"Probably," Dr. Skelton answered. "Personally, I'm glad she's a girl. She may be spoiled, but she won't tell a lie or smoke cigarettes; and a girl who doesn't do those things

nowadays won't ever go far wrong." Ruth kissed him on the forehead.

"Come on, Mr. Aldrich, I'll show you my house."

Ruth and Paul went into the forest by a path and came, in a glade, to a magnificent white birch, walled about with conifers, rank upon rank back into gloom. Between each cordate leaf the sunlight intertwined like the reticulations of a golden net. The fallen leaves had been neatly raked into a pile at one side. Ruth sat down on a boulder with another rock as a back rest, while Paul found a place among the birch roots.

"This is my house. I often come out here and sit for hours. When that spot reaches that stone, it will be noon. Sometimes I read, and sometimes I just sit quietly and think. Daddy says it isn't thinking—he says I sit and grow, like a vegetable. Anyway, I like to do it. Sometimes I clean house. I have a kitchen, too," pointing to several raspberry bushes, "but the cupboard is bare. I've eaten them all. Oh, I must show you my child!" She knocked two stones together and called, and a small red squirrel came, peeked into her empty hand, and then skimmed away. "I call him Rudolph. I chose that name because he's so little that he needs an imposing name. How do you like my house?"

"I like it very much. I'm very glad that you invited me."

"I'm extremely fond of it. I've named it Birchvale Manor. Every house around here has to have a name, you know. It's too bad that I haven't any nuts for Rudolph. He puts them in his mouth and looks as though he had the mumps. I've been neglecting him, poor child."

The sunlight, sifting through the birch leaves, dappled Ruth's light-green dress and pale blond hair, colored like honey, and, where the sunlight fell, yellow as pollen. Two natural love-locks curled beside her ears, but otherwise she wore it simply, drawn into a knot, where the more golden strands twisted with the ashen ones like Spanish jeweler's work. Her face was small, the fair, soft skin evenly tanned to the shade of faintly scorched bond paper; the eyes were wide apart and small and blue; the forehead childishly straight; nose retroussé; and her lips, although ever too slightly thin, parted and upturned to let out laughter like a carillon of tiny bells. All the while she talked, and at every word she smiled

or swayed with laughter; the mischievous eyelids dropped; over her face animation fleeted like a wave curling about a sunny rock.

"Some days I'm very quiet. I hardly say a word. Other days I'm like this" (laughing through her fingers spread before her eyes) "and just talk and talk. Daddy says my tongue runs on greased hinges. One day I'm this way. Another day I'm so quiet you'd never recognize me. I don't know why it is. You must have thought the cat had my tongue that day that we met first."

Paul was charmed. Under this guileless, gay volubility, behind the unafraid and unwithholding eyes, he was aware of a quality—for him a new quality—a serene innocence that attracted him even when he scarcely attended to her words. When she was talking he listened, but after a time vaguely dreamed, picking up small thoughts like scarlet ravelings scattered in his mind. He wished for sexless creatures, who had the grace and loveliness of women without their necessities, who to every pursuit might add the uncertainty of an incorruptible object. Perceiving Ruth, bending on the rock amid the still restlessness of the forest, he almost believed in such a miracle.

They went that evening after supper for a walk by Orchard Pond. A light mist, exhaling from the water, vague as a breath, outlined the meandering lake and drifted up the hollows of the hills. Invisible minnows leaped with a tiny plash; the rings of widening ripples interlaced and passed among the reeds. Paul and Ruth followed by a road that ran beside the pond. Barbed and fleet, swallows flicked the surface with their breasts and skimmed off twittering. Off to the south toward Nipisiguit a bell buoy continuously tolled.

"It moos like a cow!" Ruth exclaimed.

Before turning back, they sat down on a bench nailed between two trees. "This is the place, one night, that Jimmy McCrae tried to kiss me. He didn't seem to know whether he should or not, and he was so awkward that I couldn't resist. I bit his lower lip. Oh, but he was angry!" Ruth laughed until she swayed against him.

The sun went behind the bald mountains, leaving along the ridge a pale yellow band. Evening descended like a drifting leaf. Silently they watched the birches on the margin

of the lake fade to elongated ghosts. Ruth suddenly stood up.

"What is your name?"

"My first name?"

"Yes, of course."

"Paul."

"You can't catch me, Paul!" She ran down the road laughing and not looking back. When he caught up to her, she stopped, gasping. She stood opposite him in the road with her legs apart, her bosom upthrust and panting, and her head back, laughing and gasping. The trembling of her flesh sent a fierceness through him.

"Paul," she said, "I'm sorry—I couldn't help it. The pond and the sky back there were too solemn for me. They would have squelched me in another moment. You don't mind, do you?"

He answered heavily, "You are more terrible to bear than the sky."

"Yes, it was terrible of me, wasn't it?" she said gayly. "Mercy, I'm all out of breath!"

A delightful intimacy began. They went walking almost every day along the sea cliffs and picked blueberries for Mrs. Skelton or, lying among the trailing yew, stared at the sea, curded lavender and green, while regattas of sailboats put out from behind the islands. Twice a day the steamer passed, in opposite directions, and they played a game in which whoever saw it first scored. They scrambled among the rocks, searching for jasper stone and gathering harebells, or basked in the sun, while Ruth let down her hair. Once she smoked a cigarette, admitting it was her third. "I like to see the smoke." She laid the cigarette upon a rock and tangled the blue ascending thread with her fingers.

Paul never uttered love to her, as though the elision of the word saved him faithful to Marjorie, but he knew his gentleness and patience were those of a lover. He could not resist saying the little extravagant compliments that his head concocted. He had known only women more experienced, or pretending to be more experienced, than himself; he thought of Ruth's innocence as a fixed, secret quality. It tantalized him, like the bouquet of a strong, slowly sipped liqueur, as though, in every thoughtless word she spoke, in the un-

restraint of her loquacity, he might isolate and analyze a mystery as the senses dissever aromatics from their base. Just why she liked their walks he could not tell. Her mind never formulated descriptions of what they saw, but floated, impressionable as air, among the smells and colors, warmth and light, of the island. She liked him, Paul thought, just as a child does, for a listener who does not interrupt and intrude curt adult values.

One afternoon they went to Great Point, where the island thrust a massive granite fist, hairy with fir trees, into the Atlantic. They clambered down the foremost cliff until they were shut off by abrupt yellow granite, stained with purple oxides, straight to the sky. At their feet the ocean fumed and seethed, inundating and spraying on the rocks, then ebbing and cascading downwards until the ledge seemed to totter, and Ruth shouted that they would slide into the sea. They crept back and lay upon a flattish rock. At their side the ocean pounded out its broken rhythms. Lying on their backs, they watched the clouds drift from behind the cliff walls.

"I wish that blueberries were as blue as the sky," Ruth said. "Just think how they would taste then."

"I like them now."

"So do I, but then they would taste as though the cream were in them when you picked them. The sky is just like blueberries and cream all mushed together."

There was a silence. Paul watched the gulls, wheeling, as did the clouds, over the cliff wall, and drifting down upon him until he saw the rachis of each feather in the spread pinions. They sailed in profile past, hooked bill, blunt body, and flapping cambered wings. A fish hawk scanned the sea; the gulls were specks against the clouds above him.

Paul glanced at Ruth. She was asleep, her arm over her eyes, one knee updrawn, the other arm outflung; the nails on the half-bent fingers gleamed gemmiferously. Her body, conforming to the rocks, was flat, save for her breasts, like two halved apples underneath her dress; at her side, a straight blue shadow slept.

A scratch repeated itself on the rocks, and a brown wood-rat scampered along a crevice down to high-water mark and began to eat barnacles, crunching the shells and picking out the meat. Paul threw a stone. Ruth took down her arm.

"You've been asleep," Paul said severely.

"No, I haven't," she answered, squinting and laughing, "I was just pretending. Heavens, my complexion will be a sight. Look—look!" as a gull passed overhead. "It goes on and on. Do you believe in reincarnation?" she added suddenly.

"No, not very much."

"Mama does. She believes that in another incarnation she was a Pilgrim. When she first went to Plymouth, before she believed in reincarnation, she says that all at once she remembered Plymouth exactly as it was hundreds of years ago. The burying ground was in exactly the same place. She thought that the meeting house was at a particular spot, and when she looked it up on the old map, she was right. That made her believe in reincarnation, but Daddy just laughs at her. He says she must have remembered her history lessons about the Pilgrims better than she remembers most history."

"Do you believe in reincarnation?"

"Sometimes," she answered, with the abrupt, capricious intonation that dismissed a subject. "Hadn't we better go? It's five o'clock."

The weeks went by. The purple thistles changed to draggled fuzz; the crimson sumac panicles turned brown; wild roses fell and left their hardening seeds; the young speckled robins came to have red breasts.

Paul frequently walked alone, but in dreamy abstraction, remembering now a gesture, examining an aversion, fitting remarks, uttered days apart, together, in order to fix Ruth's quality in imperishable lucidity. Often he thought her a silly little thing, for all her grace. Her mind, though quick, was erratic and undisciplined. It spent itself joyously as does light confined within a prism. She kept a diary, and although she would not let him touch it, one morning in her house she read him from it. It told where they had gone and said the day was fine. She even read him shyly, "'Paul said that I am pretty.'" He remembered what he had said: "You're very pretty, Ruth. Your head is like a giant yellow chrysanthemum, whose petals have been combed back into a knot, and caught a bumblebee, buzzing inside, who's drunk with honey that he finds there." When he reminded her, somewhat piqued, she said, "I

couldn't remember all of it. You don't mind, do you? Please write it down here on the page." He admitted her inferiority to Marjorie's intelligent maturity, but still he thought of Ruth.

She had, he found, created for herself an image as a madcap—gay, eccentric, irresponsible—by which she lived and justified her whims, her irrelevant conversations and disjointed moods. It made her drive an automobile recklessly, with knees crossed over the gears, and buy wooden jewelry and odd porcelain toys and lock them in a box. This deliberately uncontrolled impulsiveness bewitched him; it promised what he was unwilling to define and, instead of endeavoring to define it, he trusted in her incorruptibility.

At times he denied her any secret element. The slender oval face, her narrow, pale, straight forehead, exquisitely beveled at the line of the hair, the wide-apart blue eyes under the shallow brows, the nose and mouth delicately underproportioned, these were the physical characteristics attributed to innocence by an arbitrary convention created by Lancret and Fragonard. Her girlish, high voice and ring of laughter, the bright rivulet of her speech, were the incidents of adolescence. But at other times he sensed a quality, almost tangible, whose quintessence was innocence as that of the brain was thought.

He conceived her as an enigma, whose contradictions, however clearly he set them in opposition one against another, never comprehended the whole of her disturbing tranquillity. She knew that a boundary line had been drawn between men and women, but yet she did not choose, she was not compelled, to participate in the antagonism over it. By not admitting the antagonism, she did not undergo the necessity of any surrender. Her innocence was a strange, sweet, unbelievable neutrality, which, although he condemned himself, subtly and ardently he tried to intimidate or excite.

"You mustn't let boys kiss you," he said. "Kisses make freckles."

"How many are there?" she asked, presenting her forehead.

"Seven."

"That's not enough," she declared. "Your theory is wrong," and proffered him her mouth, her body tiptoe as though for flight.

"I shall give you a very large freckle before I go away," he said, asking himself if it were fear that had restrained him.

He loved to look at her, at her diminutive profile, the small mazed ear, the shadows under the chin and eyebrow, and to draw out slowly, one by one, the five hairpins that fastened her hair and feel the weight of it uncoiling through his fingers. One day, when she had laid her hand upon a spruce trunk and stuck the gum between her fingers, he licked them with gnawing kisses. "Don't!" she had said, laughing. "You tickle!" Her tanned, long-legged body, with golden down along the arms, was so warmly, actively, and substantially a woman's that he wanted to strike her, to seize her, to set defiance in her eyes, or fear. Then he reproached himself for being rakish and old that innocence could so arouse him.

One morning on the beach Jenny and Ruth and Paul were talking of Ruth and Boaz, David and Solomon. Paul declared that these people, for all the Bible said, lived barbarously.

"How would you like to be just one among Solomon's seven hundred wives?" he asked.

"And concubines," Ruth added seriously. Jenny's cheeks flattened; she was shocked.

"A concubine is only a Hebrew name for wife," Paul said, glancing at Jenny, who was glancing at him. Ruth stamped her naked foot on the sand.

"I don't see why you always treat me like a child. I know what a concubine is just as well as either of you. Whenever we're alone Paul treats me like an equal, but when we're before you, Jenny, he treats me as though I were a baby. I don't like it, and I don't like Paul for doing it."

"When we're alone we have our own secrets to talk about," Paul said soothingly. "If I speak differently before Jenny, it's because I like to tease her, and I never tease you." Later he startled himself by reflecting that Ruth's outburst might have come from jealousy.

That same afternoon Jenny sought Ruth out in her house. "I want to have a serious talk with you," she said, settling herself on the stone and coming at once to the point. "Is Paul in love with you?"

"Yes," said Ruth, so simply that Jenny was annoyed.

"Are you in love with him?"

"No—I don't think so. No, I'm sure I'm not. Nothing has changed. Everything for me is just the same as it has always been."

"When is he leaving?"

"In—in twelve days."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"No." Ruth was surprised.

"Then he isn't in love with you," Jenny declared firmly. "If a man really loves you he asks you to marry him."

"I don't want to marry him. I don't want to marry anybody."

"That's neither here nor there. Has he said he was in love with you?" Jenny was exciting herself with her questions.

"No."

"Then how do you know?"

"I just know."

"But how?"

"I know."

"Well, I'll bet he's not in love with you. He's in love with that girl he writes to in New York. He's too old, anyway."

"He's not too old—he's only thirty, and he is in love with me."

"Well, if he is, why doesn't he ask you to marry him? That's the test."

"It is not."

"It is."

"It is not!"

"What is this secret he talks about?"

"There isn't any secret. He was just talking."

"'Just talking,'" sniffed Jenny. "I think that's all he has been doing. He's taken you in very nicely."

These questions, to which Ruth had never before been obliged to give an answer, began to trouble her. Such of the novels as she had read supported Jenny, but all her intuition assured her that she had rightly understood Paul's attitude. "I hope he does tell me," she decided, "so I will know definitely after he's gone."

There came three days of fog and rain, when Paul stayed in his room and read. On the fourth morning the sun shone and the harbor flashed through the trees. Already several sails were being unreefed, and in Badger's drugstore newspapers

had been laid in the front window over the cosmetic display as a protection from the sun. Paul met Ruth in the post office, and they were overjoyed to see each other again. "Let's climb a mountain," Paul proposed.

The path wound through the deep, sunflecked forest. Under the slender dogberry stems, bending with brilliant blue berries, the leaves were waxy. No one had passed that morning, and the barred spiders had hung cobwebs, still luminous with raindrops, across the path. Following single file, Ruth and Paul had to stoop so as not to sever them. Over the cool, damp, rooty earth, scarlet bunchberries grew, scattered like beads from a broken necklace. Bog mosses verdured molding logs and granite. The dead, pendulous branches of the firs, hoary with old man's beard, were humid black.

Ruth walked first, and Paul was fascinated by her little, evenly carried head, with a pale-blue scarf tied over it. She walked with a lithe step, her hips as controlled as a man's. Toadstools, wide as a hand, crumpled and black as ink-soaked paper, exuded from the mould. "I hate them," Ruth explained, kicking at them.

They crossed by a bridge over a brook, where fern and jewelweed grew, and saw the watergigs circling below the riffle, their four legs and thorax magnified ten times by shadow on the sandy bottom. After a while the path began to climb, by rocks and roots for stairs, up Desert Mountain. Ruth climbed well and without assistance. Her slender legs seemed to extend endlessly from under the yellow linen skirt; a patch of perspiration came upon her dress between her shoulders. The forest grew sparser, the ledges of granite longer. Under the plumy spruce boughs still clung tatters of the night. The black, gnarled branches of the mountain pine were piled with balls of splintered emerald. At last the trees stopped, and they followed the granite ridge, mottled with scales and lichen, while in the sockets of the rock, in the pulverized granite dust, beds of blueberries grew, and sage, and creeping yew and alder bushes. Stone cairns marked the trail. At every step the panorama opened wider and wider—the shoulder by which they had ascended, the bank of pointing tree tops in the valley, and then the horizon-rimmed Atlantic on which headlands and islands lay like coarse green lace.

"This is Mount Ararat," Ruth cried, "and that's the flood

receding, looking baby blue, as though it hadn't rained for forty days and nights."

"Mount Ararat has neighbors," Paul replied, pointing out the range of granite massifs parallel with Desert Mountain, and to the lake down in the gorge below them. "Those mountains are dinosaurs, with fat, scaly backs and green parasites between the joints, and their long necks run down there to the sea, and all those little islands are their heads."

"Don't talk about scaly, slimy things," Ruth said, shivering.

They descended the mountain by a precipitous trail that crossed and recrossed the tumbled bed of a brook, dry save for brown, stagnant pools, powdered with midges. They climbed carefully, watching their feet. Suddenly, sharply, Ruth screamed and darted backwards. Lying sluggishly in the path, head raised, was a small brownish snake, its throat bulging with a half-swallowed toad. The poor stiff hind legs projected from the corners of the yellow mouth. The snake did not stir, but waited in rigid curves. Quicker than Paul could act, Ruth dropped a good-sized stone across its back. It writhed and frothed, disgorging the pulped toad, and Paul killed it.

Ruth stared, white splotches in her cheeks, then trembled visibly and huddled into Paul's arms in a paroxysm of tears. He stroked the little head comfortingly, and the scarf slipped off. When the warmth of their bodies had commingled she ceased to cry. Tilting up her face, he kissed away the tears along both sides of her nose. She sniffed and laughed; the soft lips closed, about to speak, and full upon the lax, surprised mouth he kissed her. Her lips gathered; their strength came back, and while her body drooped, slowly she gave back the kiss. Then, even more slowly, her shoulders turned, and she pushed herself away, laughing uncertainly.

"Look," she said, eyeing the snake. "They say its tail won't die before sundown." Then, a moment later, when he dropped his arm, gravely she said, "We shouldn't have done that."

"No," he admitted, too much perturbed to be gallant. All the silent way back he heard a rattlesnake in every grasshopper's whirr. He was irritated that Ruth should go swinging her scarf and humming quietly.

In the evening they met and strolled down to the fish wharf.

It was littered with empty oil barrels and a crated mast. Underneath, fish offal shone phosphorescently in the water. A carpenter's shed ran out onto the wharf, with a settle backed against it where in the daytime fishermen loafed, and there they sat down. They watched a lopsided and bloody moon advance from behind the islands and flux toward them. A lobster cage hammered against a float.

The night was cold, and Ruth wrapped her tweed coat tightly and snuggled into Paul's lap, drawing her feet up under her coat, while Paul placed his arm for a pillow. The moonlight threw crooked shadows from her nose and blanched her hair frost white. She lay so colorless without the sun that Paul was chilled. Lying warm against him, Ruth felt a small possessive ecstasy. She saw Paul's face bent over her, and suddenly she yearned for certitude.

"Are you," she asked, confident and sure, "are you in love with me?"

In the intonation of her voice he heard the same tender mocking that Marjorie gave the question when she made him feel most like a boy, incapable of overcoming her. He started, hesitated, and before he could choose a word to answer, he sensed Ruth's softness go taut and her mouth sharpen.

"What a strange question!"

"Strange?" Ruth's voice had an ironic dryness.

"It's strange that you should ask," he said gently. "You know the answer to that question very well."

"Then why haven't you said so?" Ruth sat up, away from him.

"Does everything have to be said?"

"If you don't want it to be misunderstood, it does." She stung with shame. "I'm cold. I'm going home." She walked swiftly, her head fixed straight before her. "Good-night," she said on her steps, without turning.

Paul went to the drugstore, bought a pack of cigarettes, and walked back to the fish wharf, lopping the evening primroses and yellow mullein stalks with a stick as he passed. "Damn it!" he said, flinging away the stick.

While he smoked, two couples, one after the other, came down the stairs to the wharf, but, finding Paul there, turned away. He drew himself into a corner of the settle and shivered, oppressed. His plans had been overturned. No longer could

he recite the equivocally tender farewell to a summer of innocent gayety whose phrases had been unraveling in his mind. He felt wounded and offended at the impact of the prosaic word "love." That tightening resentment which had gone through Ruth's body, burning it like the touch of ice, frightened him. He was afraid of Ruth. He was afraid of that net of adult formulæ by which immediately he conceived her to be entangling him. She did not understand the meanings that underlay, both supporting and contradicting, the formulæ. Love should grow like a tree in an open field, through time and earth, without the clank of words whenever a leaf unfolded. Suddenly, almost in consternation, he thought, perhaps she does love me. Perhaps the anarchy in which we have been enjoying each other is over.

An unknown man came onto the wharf and climbed down the ladder at the end into a dinghy and rowed away into the impenetrableness of the harbor dark. Measurably, stroke by stroke, he diminished, the oars showing fainter and fainter, dipping and dripping into the far-off, melancholy sea. Perhaps, Paul thought, that unknown is Ruth, unconscious of the night, unconscious that she has parted from the earth upon an unstable element, bent, with the simplicity of an errand, bent upon me. He shook, and walked up and down, cringing at the sound of his own hollow footfalls, slowly penetrated with anger at his helplessness. He did not love her. He was without the urgency to respond to her. His curiosity over her young loveliness and incorruptibility was not love. If he loved anyone, he loved Marjorie. He would not harm Ruth, he would not make her unhappy, and yet clearly he knew that he had and would continue to do both. To pretend to her, to receive young love with a beguiling face and a dry heart, even for a few days, disgusted him. Whatever he did, he would injure her. He was helpless.

He threw his cigarette over the railing; it hissed minutely in the ocean, and with the gesture he decided to do nothing. Innocence was a hardy thing and not stricken by a kiss and a word. He had been exaggerating and complicating an incident as capriciously unintegrated as her other moods, and he was rather tired. Perhaps even yet they might resume serenity and laughter.

The next morning he did not happen upon Ruth, but in the

afternoon they met as she was returning from the post office. She smiled; her eyes were candid blue. Yesterday dissolved like an irrecallable dream. They delivered the mail to the doctor and sauntered to Ruth's house, where they surprised Rudolph nibbling at birch catkins. This excited them, and they tried to coax Rudolph back, but he retreated chittering from tree to tree. After he had gone Ruth went on shredding the catkins between her fingers, and they fell silent. Paul tried to arouse her by talking; he asked questions about Jenny; he mimicked the face with which Mr. Badger in the drugstore turned on the carbonated-water spigot. The conversation failed.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," Ruth admitted. "The cat has got my tongue for sure." A palpable constraint came between them. When Paul understood that he could not enliven her he went away.

In the days that followed, although they often saw each other and at times quickened and joyed in their old intimacy, always after a while Ruth became silent, and the constraint returned. Ruth felt the division, too, but the babbling charm of her speech was spontaneous, and she could not order it.

In these moments, inert with brittle silence, Paul studied her. When she was not talking, animating each word with the movements of her lips, interposing parentheses and commas of laughter, half of her loveliness was gone. The eyes were too small; the face, soft as unimpressed wax, too placid; the body lank and immature. She put on a yellow chiffon dress overlaid with large roses, and French heels. She did not know how to walk on French heels; her ankles stiffened and occasionally turned, while her arms contracted awkwardly. Ruth was conscious that she did not please him. Every word that came into her head seemed to her insignificant before she spoke. When embarrassed she assumed a set of manners, a raised intonation of the voice, a stilted motion. "What has got into me?" she repeated anxiously to herself.

On the morning when she appeared with green-glass earrings, Paul lost patience and scolded her. He did not refer to the earrings.

"You have been listening to Jenny Vernay," he said, severely. "She has been putting ideas into your head."

"Jenny is my best friend."

"Please remember this. It will be true for you always. Anything that Jenny or people like Jenny advise you to do will be wrong for you. What she proposes might be wise for Jenny, but for you it will always be inappropriate."

These accusations confused Ruth.

"Jenny is a nice girl."

"Jenny is a vulgar blatherskite."

They quarreled restrainedly, and Paul left. Huddled on the stone, Ruth wept quietly, without even wondering, as the slow tears started, why she was crying. The morning was overcast with clouds. When Rudolph jayed and chattered, running back and forth along a bough, she did not lift her head. After a while, daintily between the trees, came wisps of fog, blowing and dispersing inland before the wind, cooling her face as though a handkerchief had touched it. The fog thickened; it drifted and unwound and misted all the gloom beneath the evergreens until Ruth sat in an imponderable white pocket, where now and then and slowly the heart-shaped yellow leaves were falling, seeking out their winter place upon the earth. Ruth unscrewed the earrings and flung them among the trees.

Paul began to go for long walks alone among the mountains, starting immediately after breakfast and carrying his lunch. In the evenings he read in his room or slipped down to the fish wharf and smoked on the settle. After one or two couples descended the stairs and retreated, vexed at discovering him, he came back to the hotel. Several times during the day, when he returned from his walks, he encountered Ruth, waiting as by accident on the path, and they walked back side by side through a diminishing conversation. Paul suspected the men loitering before the post office of making unpleasant comments on her devotion. Then one afternoon he met Ruth on the street; she snubbed him, the soft chin stiffened and the eyebrows absurdly raised. He whistled gently with relief.

That evening after supper he wandered down toward the fish wharf. He met Jenny on the way.

"I know where you're going," she said. "You go down to the wharf and smoke cigarettes. I'd think you'd freeze."

"The moon, sweet Genevieve, doth keep me warm."

The moon had not risen, but the wharf projected its rectangular black hollowness over the sea. Everywhere, against the rocks, around the piles, the sound of creeping, lapping water awed and saddened him. He became an old man remembering an episode of his youth. How very young, he mused, to complicate a summer's flirtation, to interrogate the meaningless confidences of a garrulous child, the brief accidental flowering of young flesh! In his mind, at the memory of her, he saw a portion of a green linen dress, rumpled by the body beneath it. Was this meaningless fragment her residual image? One by one, concentrating, he recalled other fragments. With a rush of exquisite pleasure, the sense of a moment embalmed in crystal, he saw in entirety Ruth sleeping on the flat rock beside the sea, with the straight shadow beside her. He enchanted himself with memories in tantalizing succession. He let the images hover, transfuse, waver, and attenuate into the strange, inexplicable essence that exhaled from her, penetrating his body like a cool perfume.

Into his reverie interrupted conversation. A man and a woman came down the steps to the wharf. Paul involuntarily hid his cigarette in his hand; then he recognized the quick-breathed laughter. It was Ruth. The couple walked down the wharf, arm in arm, whispering, and Paul saw that Jimmy McCrae was with her. Almost in front of him, but near the railing, they stopped; Ruth stood close to McCrae and drew his arm around her. For a moment they faced, kindling with low laughter, then McCrae kissed her, and she leaned into his arms. Paul sensed one of Jenny's tricks, but anger stung him as though he were seeing Ruth debauched.

"Stop it, you little fool!" He confronted her. For a long moment they stared fiercely at each other. Ruth suddenly whimpered as though she had been struck and, turning abruptly from them, ran along the wharf, and leaped, ten black feet down, into the ocean. The splash freed McCrae and Paul. They ran after her. McCrae dived, while Paul climbed down the ladder. Together they dragged her up. She lay face downward on the floor of the wharf, sodden and choking, and sobbed inconsolably. When Paul tried to get her to stand she shook off his hand.

"Oh, go away," she cried, "please go away! Please go away, and never, never come back!"

Paul cut his vacation two days short, and the next afternoon, despite the fog, he left on the boat for Rockland. Jenny Vernay saw him off. The fog, dispersing inland before the wind, misting all the gloom beneath the evergreens, enfolded the steamer in an imponderable white pocket, melted and illumined by the sheeted sunlight on a gray, smooth sea, where now and again and evenly the engines stroked like an unperplexed heart.

GOOD WEDNESDAY

BY KATHARINE BRUSH

FROM *Harper's*

KATHARINE BRUSH

is the daughter of the headmaster of Dummer Academy. She served her apprenticeship on the staff of the "Boston Herald" and became a successful short-story writer while still in the early twenties. The short story, "Night Club," which gave the title to her book of stories, will long be remembered, and her novel, "Young Man of Manhattan," was a best seller of 1930.

IT WAS a Wednesday. Weekdays in Miss Annie Baxter's life were all pretty much alike; and it might as well have been a Tuesday, or a Thursday, or even a Saturday. But it wasn't—it was a Wednesday. I feel that I should stress this, because Miss Baxter would have. She was herself a story-teller, and the name of the day upon which a thing happened was of tremendous, of vital importance to her. Indeed, her mind sometimes mislaid the anecdote altogether, in the heat of a let-me-see-was-it-a-Thursday-or-was-it-a-Friday debate.

This, then, was a Wednesday. Miss Baxter awoke punctually at six-fifty-nine, and shut off her alarm clock, set for seven. She always beat the clock thus. Only once in a year or more had it roused her. It had been fast. The shock to her nerves had ruined Miss Baxter's whole day.

She got out of bed. She wore a white cotton nightgown with sleeves and a round neck, threaded through and puckered at the throat with blue baby ribbon. She was tall and gaunt in the nightgown, and her bare feet were long and very flat on the floor—they formed capital letter L's with her thin ankles. You were surprised to see that she had slept all night, and apparently perfectly well, with ten or a dozen water-wave combs, bound round with a veil, on her head.

She was not a young woman. She admitted that herself. She said, "I'm forty-three, and I don't make any bones about it"—a proud boast, but inaccurate. She was fifty-one. The hair under the combs was gray and sparse, and Miss Baxter's skin was grayish, and her forehead was deep-grooved from lifting her eyebrows about things. She had sharp, small gray-green eyes, before which she now put shell-rimmed glasses. The rims of the glasses were very light—"champagne-colored" the optician had called them. "Or pale lemon," he had amended hastily, seeing Miss Baxter frown.

Through the glasses she could discern her bedroom slippers —black leather slippers with pompons, although the pompon was off one. A client of Miss Baxter's, one Mrs. Dr. Means, had given her the slippers a year ago Christmas. Putting them

on, Miss Baxter thought of Mrs. Dr. Means. She was due to shampoo Mrs. Means to-day at three-thirty, and to cut her, and maybe to dye her. Then again, maybe not. Mrs. Means yearned to be dyed, but was scared of the doctor.

"As if he'd notice!" Miss Baxter scoffed to herself. "He's so begigged with that dish-faced nurse of his, he don't notice *any*thing! I could tell her that." And, indeed, Miss Baxter had all but told Mrs. Means that on several occasions. A hint, she had felt, was the duty of a friend.

This was a cool morning for June. Miss Baxter closed the window—but in much more time than it takes to tell it. She had neighbors, near ones; the windows of the house next door were but a few feet away. Miss Baxter approached her window sideways, along the wall—she sneaked up on it, and flashing out an arm, jerked down the shade. This done, she advanced, reached up underneath with both arms, and lowered the window. It was a breathless moment. She would never forget the day when the shade had suddenly rolled back up of itself, all the way to the top, and left her framed for the world to see in her nightgown.

To-day she had caught an oblique glimpse of something on a window sill next door, and when her own window was shut she applied one eye to a little hole that happened to be in the shade, just about at eye level. She was able to discover that the thing on the opposite sill was a square white florist's box. For some reason this appeared to anger Miss Baxter. She sniffed. It was plain that the sight of the box conveyed more to her than it would have to you or to me, and that she disapproved strongly of the whole business.

While she was dressing the telephone rang. Miss Baxter, over her neat white camisole and petticoat, donned a dressing gown of blue cotton crêpe embroidered with storks—another Christmas present from another customer—and hurried downstairs. The telephone stood on a table in the hall, with an appointment book beside it, and a gayly painted flat wooden doll hiding all but the mouthpiece, which protruded from the doll's green bodice.

Miss Baxter seated herself on the chair beside the telephone. She lifted the receiver delicately and held it to her ear, but she did not say "Hello." She did not say anything. It was not her number that had rung, but the Henry Biddles' num-

ber—one long ring and two short. Miss Baxter listened attentively to a conversation between Mrs. Henry Biddle and the milk company. It seemed that the milk company had no whipping cream, but expected to have some later in the day. Mrs. Biddle wanted it by noon. She was promised it by noon, and she and Miss Baxter, in the order named, rang off. Miss Baxter went back upstairs and finished dressing.

She came down again presently, wearing a dark-blue dress with dots in it. A crêpe de Chine dress. It was a matter of pride with her to work in crêpe de Chine dresses. She was no uniformed hairdresser—she was a lady who took care of other ladies' hair. She was as good as anybody in town, and better than most. She wanted this understood, and it was understood and always had been. She was the departed Deacon Baxter's daughter Annie—Miss Baxter to you.

She owned this house she lived in, and she owned a bouncing little car, in which she drove herself from appointment to appointment. She had no "shoppe," no professional parlor, here or anywhere. She carried her implements in a battered leather dressing case, and did her work in her various clients' homes. Sometimes she was asked to stay for a cup of coffee or a bite to eat, or for a meal, if the man of the house was absent. Her clients' husbands were accustomed to avoid Miss Baxter. Miss Baxter said they daren't face her—she knew too much about them.

Arriving for the second time that morning in her lower hall, she unlocked, unchained, and unbolted the front door and opened it. Her copy of the *Daily Herald* lay on the porch, rolled tight and twisted and tossed up there from the sidewalk. She emitted a sound of impatience when she saw it. How many times, she wondered, had she told that little Mooney boy not to roll her paper, and not to twist it, and not to throw it, but to bring it up the steps and lay it down flat like a little man?

She unrolled the paper standing in her doorway, looking up and down the street meanwhile. The street was called Green Street. It was an ordinary thoroughfare lined with unpretentious houses, and with timid maple trees in wire cages, which apparently gave it its name. Miss Baxter, however, found the scenery fascinating. There were the new awnings on the house directly across—those in particular. Miss Baxter

had not known that the O'Neills contemplated new awnings, and she had somehow failed to note them when she came home last evening.

They were quite a shock. Miss Baxter's hands on the newspaper stopped, arrested. She stared at the awnings. She counted those she could see. How many awnings were there in all, and what did awnings cost? Whatever they cost, they cost more than Frank O'Neill ought to be spending—owing everybody the way he did. On behalf of Mr. O'Neill's creditors, of whom Miss Baxter was not one, she resented the awnings bitterly.

"Stripes!" she snorted under her breath. She would have been pained to know how like profanity it sounded.

She went in and prepared her breakfast—an orange, some oatmeal, two soft-boiled eggs, toast, marmalade, caffeineless coffee. She set the dining-room table very nicely for herself. You would never catch Miss Annie Baxter eating in the kitchen. She had an electric percolator and an electric toaster from which at intervals the slices of tanned bread sprang forth, making a loud noise about it. Miss Baxter, though she had had this toaster for two years now, always jumped at the noise—though her hand no longer flew to her breast in terror.

She munched, and read the *Herald*, beginning with the society page. This she found unusually meaty and engrossing. Sometimes there wasn't so much, except, of course, the club meetings, and the column called "Brief Mention," in which, in individual two-line paragraphs, were listed all the ladies who had been to Cleveland shopping. Miss Baxter herself, in the past, had twice appeared under "Brief Mention." She had both clippings in an envelope somewhere. One of them said, "Miss Annie Baxter of Green Street was a Cleveland shopper Saturday." The other, of a later date, said, "Among those shopping in Cleveland yesterday was Miss Annie Baxter of Green Street"—only her name was misspelled. It was "Baxten," through some regrettable error.

To-day there was much news. There were shoppers galore, and there were travelers off on trips, and there were convalescent invalids doing well, and there were house guests. Mrs. Archie Weller had entertained a few friends yesterday in honor of her house guest Mrs. S. K. Speare of East Clinton:

auction bridge had been enjoyed. The Busy Bees had met with Mrs. Homer Matthews at the latter's beautiful residence on Fairview Boulevard, which was tastefully decorated with daisies and asters. Miss Elsie Corelli of West End, whose marriage to William Sleeper would be celebrated on June 26, had been surprised by her many friends with a tin shower Monday evening. This afternoon Mrs. Henry Biddle would entertain the Hearts and Spades at her pleasant home on Green Street——

"Ah!" thought Miss Baxter. That explained the whipping cream.

Finally, there was a wedding announcement. It was not prominently displayed—it was what the newspaper people call "buried," and what Miss Baxter called "tucked away off down in one corner." She did not see it at all until she had almost finished her breakfast, and her first thought was the appalling one that she might have missed it entirely. This thought came and went. Miss Baxter, tense, was concentrating. She was sitting on the edge of her chair, her face was close to the paper, and both her hands were flattening the page, holding it smooth on the table, so that no slightest wrinkle should come between Miss Baxter and the enlightenment now dawning on her.

What she read was brief. Mrs. Sarah Micou of High Street announced the marriage of her daughter, Annabelle, to James Kendall of Fairview Heights. Unbeknownst to their families or friends, the popular young couple had eloped and been married in Columbus last March——

"I don't believe it!" Miss Baxter cried aloud excitedly.

Since there was no one to hear her, she seemed to feel it unnecessary to explain exactly what it was that she did not believe. She said nothing more aloud, for several minutes. She reread the item many times. An expression almost beatific settled over her countenance—to be supplanted in turn by a crafty, a calculating expression. Miss Baxter raised her eyes from the paper and fixed them, unseeing, on the opposite wall. Her fingers drummed on the table's edge. Or perhaps they counted. Abruptly, triumphantly, Miss Baxter laughed.

"December, eh," she said.

She threw the newspaper aside, took a hasty final gulp of coffee, and got up from the table, patting her mouth with her

napkin as she rose. At a brisk clip, almost at a canter, she made her way to the telephone, where in the ensuing quarter of an hour she called up half a dozen ladies to ask if they had seen about Annabelle and what they thought.

Four of them had found the item, two by chance and two by direction; and they thought just what Miss Baxter thought. They agreed that it was as plain as the nose on your face. There was no doubt about it. One of them said, indeed, that her sister Isabel had said that Cora Frazee, who worked in the Big Store, in the hat department, had told somebody that one of the customers—Cora wouldn't say who—knew a man who was a clerk at the county courthouse, and that this man, who knew both of them by sight, had with his own two eyes beheld Annabelle and young James Kendall getting a marriage license only last Friday.

Miss Baxter may perhaps be pardoned for her failure to remember quite all the links in this chain of evidence. When she repeated it to Mrs. Dr. Means three minutes later—"I had to call you up, I knew you wouldn't want to wait till this afternoon to hear about it"—Miss Baxter's version was a simplified one. She had the truth, she said, direct from a clerk at the county courthouse, who knew both Annabelle and the Kendall boy very, very well.

"In fact, he used to go with Annabelle himself," Miss Baxter added on a sudden inspiration. "So it looks as if there can't have been any mistake."

An attempt to telephone Cora Frazee was vain. Miss Baxter tried not once, but three or four times. The line was busy. "She's just buzzing about it," Miss Baxter thought acidly.

She forgot Cora Frazee. She made a bold, a dramatic decision. She would call up Mrs. Sarah Micou, the mother of the bride. After all, why not? What could be more natural? Miss Baxter and Mrs. Micou were bosom friends.

"I'll just congratulate her," Miss Baxter thought with a gleam in her eye, "and see what she says."

But there was no answer at the Micous'. Miss Baxter waited a long time, and twice asked if the operator was surely ringing the right number. "Yeah—Micous'," the operator said knowingly, the second time. "I'm ringing 'em all right, but they don't answer."

Thus to the things Miss Baxter could tell you about the Micou-Kendall nuptials was added the fact that Sarah Micou was crushed by the shame and disgrace. She had locked herself into her house. She didn't want to see anybody. She couldn't even bring herself to answer the telephone.

The day had begun well, and it continued better. Mrs. Ed Bletzer of Walnut Street, whose iron-gray boyish bob Miss Baxter treated with oil and washed and "set" from nine until ten-thirty, was most satisfactory. In the first place, she had not heard the news. She hadn't heard a thing. Miss Baxter, still short of breath from mounting the stairs, had to sit right down and give the agog Mrs. Bletzer every last detail before Mrs. Bletzer would suffer her hair to be touched.

"No, no—wait," this client directed, when Miss Baxter tentatively opened her implement case. "Go on. You say they were married yesterday. When? Morning or afternoon?"

"Afternoon," said Miss Baxter, with the conviction of an eyewitness. And indeed, she was rapidly becoming one in her mind.

By the time they got around to the oil treatment, Mrs. Bletzer not only possessed full knowledge of the Micou case—she was able to throw new light on it. Miss Baxter was enthralled to learn that at a recent party Mrs. Bletzer's niece, Ellen, had given, Annabelle Micou had burst into tears for no reason at all. Also, according to Mrs. Bletzer, James Kendall had been trying to borrow money of late. In other words—the unanimous other words of both the ladies—he had been trying, manlike, to skip out of town.

Armed with these colorful additional revelations, Miss Baxter started for Miss Nellie Coe's. Miss Coe, aged fifty, lived with her invalid mother, aged seventy-nine, in half a house on Ohio Avenue. Miss Coe was awaiting Miss Baxter on the porch. "Well, I thought you'd never come!" she called, as Miss Baxter was parking her car. And from old Mrs. Coe's open windows on the second floor issued a hopeful voice, "Is that Annie, Nellie? Tell her to bring her things up here."

"Momma wants me to have the wave in her room," Miss Coe explained. "She wants to hear all about it, too."

Miss Baxter was quite a tease at times. "All about what?" she asked roguishly.

Miss Coe, however, declined to be teased at a time like this. "You know perfectly well about what," she retorted, and hustled Miss Baxter upstairs.

It was at the Coes' that Mrs. Ed Bletzer, all unwitting, was added to the day's feature story, as a humorous touch. "I was at Mrs. Bletzer's before I came here," Miss Baxter related, "and, well, you would have died! Remember her daughter Gertrude, when she was married? That was the summer of twenty-two. No—no, I'm wrong. I beg your pardon. The summer of twenty-three, it was. I remember now. It was the same summer I had my appendix. Anyway. Where was I? Oh. Well. So here was Mrs. Bletzer asking all about Annabelle, and saying 'Tch! Tch!' and carrying on, pretending to be so shocked—when everybody knows the same thing happened to her own daughter! Well! *Laugh?* I declare, I had all I could do to keep my face straight!"

The Coes snickered appreciatively, and Miss Nellie, who was fond of flapper phraseology, said, "Oh, I *love* that!" Mrs. Coe from her pillows said that that was a good one all right. Miss Baxter, nodding modestly, stood twirling her marceling iron. "It was a scream," she said, to sum it up.

There was a short pause, while their smiles faded. Then Miss Nellie Coe observed thoughtfully, "That was never proved—or proven, I should say—was it? About Gertrude, I mean. I mean she didn't have the baby after all."

"Oh, well, my *dear!*" Miss Baxter said, scornful of this naïveté. "If you want the truth of the matter——"

She lowered her voice and spoke hissingly for some moments.

"I know it for a fact," she said at last aloud.

So that was settled.

Miss Baxter spent so much time upon Miss Coe's marcel, what with letting the irons get too hot while she talked and then cooling them till they were cold, that she was obliged to telephone young Mrs. Billy Lansing and cancel her appointment for quarter of twelve. "Something important has come up," Miss Baxter said. "I can't get there to-day."

She was just as well pleased. Young Mrs. Billy Lansing was uncommunicative. Miss Baxter found this a tiresome characteristic of the young in general. They said "Yes" and

"No." They said, "Don't ask me, Miss Baxter, I don't know a thing about it"—when you knew they did. Young Mrs. Billy Lansing, moreover, wasn't even attentive, and what she did listen to she didn't believe. She said, "Oh, that's all bird-seed!" Miss Baxter always made short work of her.

Miss Baxter had dinner with Miss Coe. Dinner was at noon in their town. Miss Baxter and Miss Coe dined leisurely from twelve to one-thirty, conversing meanwhile. They had by this time thoroughly covered the chief current topic, but there were sundry secondary topics, and they dealt in these.

It was give and take. Miss Baxter gave this morning's box of flowers on the next-door window sill, which she declared were sent to the youngest Pettingill girl by a married man; and Miss Coe came back with a moonlight swimming party, very scandalous, said to have taken place last Sunday night in Adèle Brierly's pool. Miss Baxter presented a rumor to the effect that Nelson Lansing, who sang in the choir, had had his hair permanent-waved; and Miss Coe supplied a list of the names of those seen petting in parked cars during a recent private dance at the Country Club.

Late developments in the affairs of Dr. Means and the dish-faced nurse were traded by Miss Baxter for a baby Miss Coe predicted and a divorce she practically promised—a fair exchange. Miss Baxter then offered the O'Neills' new awnings, and Miss Coe, much exercised, revealed the fact that the sum of thirty dollars was owed by Frank O'Neill to her brother, Charlie Coe, and had been ever since a poker game last January.

This was more than a fair exchange. Miss Baxter had not known that Charlie Coe played poker. At Mrs. Herbert Jameson's, whither she hastened at quarter of two, she said to Mrs. Jameson that Charlie Coe had taken to gambling "—and carousing," she added smoothly, for the two verbs went together.

"Nellie told me herself," Miss Baxter said, that that might be that. "Just now. I just came from there."

The effect of these tidings upon Mrs. Jameson was unforeseen, and unfortunate. Mrs. Jameson was interested, to be sure; but she was much more. She was anxious, alarmed, upset. It occurred to Miss Baxter belatedly that Charlie Coe was a dentist. He was Mrs. Jameson's dentist, it appeared.

"'Carousing'?" Mrs. Jameson repeated shrilly. "You mean he *drinks?*"

This was annoying.

"Well, he plays poker," said Miss Baxter. "He gambles. It was the gambling I was thinking of specially."

But it was not the gambling Mrs. Jameson was thinking of specially. "I don't mind that—that doesn't affect his work," she pointed out, and persisted heatedly, "but he ought not to drink! He ought not to drink a drop! A dentist ought to be sober as a judge!"

"That's true," said Miss Baxter, "but——"

"Of course it's true! Why, it's only safe and sane! How can he have a steady hand in the morning if he guzzles liquor all night? Oh, dear," wailed Mrs. Jameson, "now I'm going to worry myself sick! I'm supposed to go to him first thing to-morrow morning—and what if he's been drunk to-night? I just know he'll pull the wrong tooth or something!"

Miss Baxter during this outburst had twice cleared her throat. She now spoke quickly. "Oh, well, really, I don't know as he drinks as much as all that," she said, and laughed. "He gambles, I know. But maybe he doesn't drink, exactly. Most likely he doesn't drink at all to speak of. I——"

"But you said he carouses!" Mrs. Jameson had heard Miss Baxter the first time. She had no patience with amendments and revisions. "You're just trying to stick up for him!" she cried accusingly. "You know it's true. Nellie told you herself, didn't she? His own sister——"

"Well, but maybe she was exaggerating," Miss Baxter suggested. "You know Nellie, how she imagines things."

Mrs. Jameson, however, ignored this.

"His eyes are puffy," she said darkly, "now that I think of it. They're puffy." She thought of another thing, and emitted a triumphant squeak. "And do you know what he did to Mrs. Ives one time? He broke a needle right in her tooth! He said —" Mrs. Jameson put the emphasis where she felt it belonged, "—he *said* it was a defective needle. Hmph! I guess so! A defective dentist is more like it!"

Mrs. Jameson was convinced. Her conviction, though new, was absolute, it was unshakable; and it began to communicate itself to Miss Baxter. The more Mrs. Jameson said—and Mrs. Jameson was voluble—the more clearly Miss Baxter

perceived that, after all, she had been right. Intuitively right. It often happened.

She felt much better. Not for anything in the world would Miss Baxter have wronged Charlie Coe, done him professional injury, if he had not deserved it. But a dentist whose dissipations were such that on the mornings-after he broke needles in people's molars, and peered at them with puffy eyes, and tried his best to fit goodness-only-knew-whose gold inlay into Mrs. Jameson's wisdom tooth, as Mrs. Jameson now insisted Charlie once had—that dentist not only deserved, but demanded, exposure. If his practice suffered, it was his own fault. Miss Baxter's conscience troubled her no more.

"After all," she said comfortably, "they all drink like fishes when they play poker. It's part of it."

Mrs. Jameson exclaimed that she guessed you didn't have to tell *her* that! As instance, in passing, she enjoined Miss Baxter to take her neighbor Mr. Anderson: "He plays four and five nights a week somewhere, and comes home late—and I just wish you'd hear him try to get his car in his garage!"

"Wait!" said Miss Baxter tensely. "Let me get this straight. Is it Harry Anderson you're speaking of? Or Arthur?"

"Arthur," grunted Mrs. Jameson.

"Arthur!" exulted Miss Baxter, and thus a new conversational vein was tapped. What Miss Baxter knew about Arthur lasted them until she left.

It was then three-thirty. En route from Mrs. Jameson's to Mrs. Dr. Means's, Miss Baxter thought again of the moral decline of Charlie Coe. She thought, among other things, that she wouldn't have believed it of him—he was such a quiet little man, so meek-appearing. "It just goes to show you, though," Miss Baxter mused. "'Murder will out,' as I've always—— Oh, good heavens!" she protested abruptly aloud. "Have I got a flat tire?"

She had. She had the flattest possible right rear tire. She would have to telephone the garage. For a moment Miss Baxter considered telephoning from her cousin Emily Mason's house, which luckily was very near. On second thought, however, she decided not to bother Emily. She climbed back into the car, and upon the flat tire drove resolutely, though slowly, for perhaps a quarter of a mile—stopping again finally, with an effect of complete breakdown, before a low white house with

a green thatched roof. This was the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, from Chicago. Miss Baxter had always wondered what it was like inside.

Mrs. Warburton was not in, but the local maidservant who opened the door thought it would be all right for Miss Baxter to use the telephone. Miss Baxter called the garage and asked them to come and change the tire. She was a little vague with them, being so preoccupied. Once she absent-mindedly said, "Chinese rug" for "inner tube."

"Bring a new Chinese rug with you," said Miss Baxter.

She proceeded on foot to Mrs. Means's house. The coupé would presently follow. Miss Baxter had lingered long enough to see the garage mechanic arrive, to show him which tire was flat, and to extort from him a promise that, when he had repaired it, he would drive the car along and leave it under Mrs. Means's porte-cochère.

Miss Baxter hurried now. Her implement case banged her speeding knee—though it must be confessed that she did not appear to know it. Her thoughts were elsewhere. To be exact, they were still at the Warburtons'. Miss Baxter was memorizing for future reference a list of items of interest—notable among them a cigarette stub with lipstick at the tip, lying in an ash tray; Mrs. Warburton's bank statement for May, open on a desk; and a black and white crayon drawing, hanging right there on the wall in a frame, of a woman without a stitch on her.

"And children in the house!" Miss Baxter thought, striding along. "Little children! There ought to be a *law*."

So, in fine fettle, she at last reached Mrs. Means, who all day long had been looking forward to her. Mrs. Means wore a changeable pink-and-lavender taffeta dressing gown, quite new. She would not be shampooed in it, but she wanted Miss Baxter to see it on and to tell her frankly whether it suited her. Mrs. Means was short and squat, and had a little hair, mostly gray. She had gray brows, shaped weekly by Miss Baxter with the tweezers and blackened by Mrs. Means when she was going to a bridge party.

Mrs. Means had large and very prominent front teeth, that when she smiled looked somewhat too carnivorous for your comfort. She had eager eyes and was a spellbound listener. She was also an expert finisher of other people's sentences—

it did not do to pause for breath when addressing Mrs. Means. She knew, and said, what you were going to say. This irritated some people. It irritated Miss Baxter. "Look here, Harriet!" she would exclaim, "who's telling this?"

They were great cronies. The truth was that Miss Baxter always had more to tell Mrs. Means than there was time for—hence her peevishness at interpolations, however helpfully meant. To-day was no exception. Miss Baxter had so much to tell Mrs. Means that, as she said herself, "I could talk on and on——"

"All night!" Mrs. Means concluded for her automatically. She emitted an ecstatic chuckle. "Well, *start!*" she commanded, settling herself. "Start with Annabelle Micou."

So Miss Baxter started with Annabelle Micou. . . .

This was at four o'clock. At quarter of six Miss Baxter, still speaking, and Mrs. Means, still listening raptly, emerged together from Mrs. Means's bedroom and descended the staircase to the front door. Miss Baxter was on her way home. "And not only that!" she was saying. "He takes laughing gas in the daytime. Every time he feels the craving coming on him, and he hasn't got a drink around any place, he goes back into that little back office and takes a whiff of laughing gas, and then of course he's drunk as a lord again."

Miss Baxter, then Mrs. Means, passed onto the porch and there halted. It was to be seen that Mrs. Means's eyebrows had been tweezered, for the skin around them looked raw, and that her hair had been shampooed, for obviously you couldn't do a thing with it. It had not been dyed. Again Mrs. Means had lost her courage. She was still afraid of the doctor, she had explained apologetically. She didn't know what on earth the doctor would say.

Miss Baxter had held her temper and her tongue. It was difficult, for Mrs. Means had been vacillating thus for months and months, in a manner to try the patience of a saint. Not only that: to-day was to have been The Day, and Miss Baxter accordingly had promised all previous clients that a treat was in store for them, a spectacle of spectacles—they were to see poor old Harriet Means with her hair dyed black, if they could imagine such a thing.

"Now they'll think I was lying," had been Miss Baxter's aggrieved thought. Her integrity was very precious to her.

Nevertheless, she had controlled herself, she had refrained from giving Mrs. Means the piece of her mind she longed to give her; and no doubt she would have continued to refrain, for the nonce at least, if Mrs. Means, in parting, had not brought it all up again. Mrs. Means was now saying that maybe the next time Miss Baxter came, they would dye the hair. She was once more explaining her timidity heretofore.

"You don't know husbands," she informed Miss Baxter. "You don't know how they are about things."

Miss Baxter's temper snapped quite suddenly.

Mrs. Means continued, "He'd probably kill me——"

"Nonsense!" Miss Baxter exploded furiously. "For goodness' sake, Harriet, stop being so simple! He *likes* black hair!"

She paused to allow Mrs. Means to remember that the dish-faced nurse's hair was black. Mrs. Means, however, if she remembered, made nothing of it. Her expression was meek and wondering and even hopeful. She seemed on the point of saying, "Do you really think he does?"

Miss Baxter's rage increased. "He wouldn't 'kill' you!" she cried scathingly. "Don't flatter yourself! The chances are he wouldn't even notice your hair was different!" She glowered at Mrs. Means. "Listen!" she commanded, and took a quick breath: "He's got *other things* to think about—I'll tell you *that!*"

The nod with which Miss Baxter punctuated this declaration was impressive. It was a single jerk that must have rattled the teeth in her head. She wheeled then and tramped down the four porch steps. "I may not know husbands," she shot back over her shoulder at the blinking Mrs. Means, "but I know *that!*"

The coupé stood at the foot of the steps, under the porte-cochère. It quivered and creaked with Miss Baxter's climbing in. She slammed the door and rattled the keys that hung on a chain from the switch. She looked through the window. Mrs. Means at the top of the steps was still staring at her.

"Well, good-bye," Miss Baxter said sardonically.

She started the engine. She had her hand on the brake, releasing it, when Mrs. Means abruptly called out, "Wait! Wait just a minute!"

Miss Baxter waited. Mrs. Means hurried down the steps

and confronted the window. She seized the frame with her hands. She was troubled now, Miss Baxter saw. Her eyes were uneasy, fearful, under the reddened, slightly swollen brows.

"Annie," she said. "What do you mean? What 'other things'?"

Miss Baxter regarded her thoughtfully.

"You mean his practice, don't you?" Mrs. Means said, on a pleading note. "His work. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

Miss Baxter's wrath had abated, evidently. She smiled, and her answering voice was gentle. "Why, of course, Harriet," she said. "What else would I mean? His work at the hospital, and his office hours, and his outside patients—and all the time he spends with his nurse. . . . Those things keep him busy," Miss Baxter finished blandly. "He's a busy man. That's all I meant."

She put her car in gear. "I've got to run along now, dear," she said. "It's almost supper time."

She left Mrs. Means to think it over.

Miss Baxter was tired when she got home. It had been a busy day. All days were busy days except the Sabbath, and she was always tired at supper time. She did not mind. This was a good, a peaceful weariness. It was contentment. "Something accomplished, something done."

She prepared a casual meal of tea and salad and sardines, and bread and butter, and ate it slowly, restfully, in the quiet dining room. She sat there long, in pleasant reverie.

The clock on the dining-room mantel, striking, roused her. Seven o'clock. "Here!" Miss Baxter said aloud. She jumped up briskly. "I'd better get a move on. I'll be late."

She folded her napkin and rolled it and slipped it into the silver ring marked "Annie" that she had had since she was five. She cleared the table hurriedly and crumbed it with her hands, bearing the crumbs in one palm to the window sill. "There, little birds," she said. She put the butter in the icebox, and the napkin and the sugar bowl on the sideboard. She did not wash the dishes. What few there were could wait.

All this took but a moment. Miss Baxter rinsed her hands and dried them and left the kitchen, passing through the dining room to the parlor. Here there was an immense black desk that had been her father's, wide as the opposite sofa, high as the windows.

Miss Baxter opened the desk, revealing pigeonholes neat with papers. She pulled up a straight chair and sat on the edge of it. There was not much time, but she had a little note to write. A note to Annabelle Micou, the bride.

She addressed the envelope first. She did not write the address, but printed it, in black ink on a plain stamped envelope. "Mrs. James Kendall, care Mrs. Sarah Micou, High Street, City." She looked at it carefully. It looked all right. Wouldn't it be better, though, to misspell "Micou" somehow—say, to put a "k" after the "c"?

She believed it would be better. She destroyed the first attempt, tearing it to atoms, and took out another plain stamped envelope and tried again. This time she was satisfied. They would never guess now. She put the envelope aside to dry.

She printed the note as well. Miss Baxter was an experienced printer. She could make the letters straight and schooled, or crude and sprawling. These were sprawling. There were three short lines, that, for all their brevity, almost covered a piece of blue-ruled composition paper. There were two words to the first line, two to the second, two to the third. "THE WAGES—OF SIN—IS DEATH!" the note read, and the final word was huge and black and underscored heavily to the foot of the page.

Miss Baxter added more exclamation points, and a signature. The signature gave her some trouble. "One Who Knows" would not quite do. She nibbled the end of her pen for a moment, and then printed simply "A Friend."

On the whole, she was pleased with the note. The message was one she had sent sometimes before to people who needed it, but never before to Annabelle Micou. "'The wages of sin is death,'" Miss Baxter repeated sonorously, folding the letter. Her voice had gusto, but her eyebrows drew together in a frown. Why "is"? Why not, "The wages *are*"? That always worried her.

She sealed the letter and closed the desk again. It was quarter-past seven now by the clock in the hall. Miss Baxter rushed up the staircase, leaving the letter on the newel post where she would not fail to see it and take it along with her to mail. Annabelle should have it first thing in the morning.

She was upstairs but a very short time, during which her

rapid footsteps circulated overhead. She reappeared wearing a ladylike lavender hat and a white silk dress, and clutching a small black book with gilt-edged leaves and a cross on the cover, and a sealed manila envelope containing a contribution. To this handful she added the letter from the newel post as she passed. Her free hand wrenched the knob of the front door. . . .

Miss Baxter was bound for prayer meeting, for this was Wednesday evening. Tired as she was from her strenuous day, she could not have remained at home. Miss Baxter was very devout. She always had been. "Other people," she often said, "can stay away from divine worship. But I don't know *how* they can! *I* couldn't—and feel right with God."

SALESMANSHIP

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

FROM *Pictorial Review*

MARY ELLEN CHASE

is professor of English Literature at Smith College and also the author of many memorable short stories and essays. Among her books are "Mary Christmas," "Uplands," and "The Golden Asse and Other Essays."

MR. HENRY STAPLES felt a new spring in his knees as he descended the apartment-house steps and started downtown. Something of the sprightliness of his dreams the preceding night seemed to have gotten into his feet as well as into his mind. Funny how things worked out, he told himself, if you just gave yourself a chance. And fifteen dollars was little enough to pay for such a chance as he had given himself.

To be sure, the full prophecy of his new course on salesmanship had yet to be realized. He had still to be called within the glass doors of the manager's office, to be met with a firm handclasp and the genial proffer of a doubled salary. But with his Saturday's advance from boys' underwear and stockings to suits things were well on their way.

He took a new and delighted interest in the sounds that issued from nearly every opened window. In their tight little living room Nora was at last listening to the morning's radio talk on housekeeping hints and recipes for the day. Extremely satisfying to him was the knowledge that she might enjoy this outward and visible sign of his new discovery of powers latent within himself!

He smiled as he recalled Charley's hurried and unwilling exit to school, his earlier participation with his father in the morning exercises which were to make them both "more manly, more fit for this game of living and of life."

Once in the store, his benevolence diffused itself among his fellow employees. He beamed upon floorwalkers, floor polishers, and stenographers. He commented on the weather to Mr. Nesbit, still in the underwear; to Mr. Sims, who had sold belts and suspenders for years. It seemed impossible, now that he was so gloriously ready, to wait for his first customers.

These he saw before the white coverings were fully removed from the counters, and with that peculiar divination which his course had promised, he marked them as his own. They stood without the entrance doors waiting for nine o'clock. There was a difference in their attitudes which Mr. Staples,

now that such telling things had been called to his attention, noted at once.

The woman, small and inconspicuously dressed, stood close to the window, staring with a rapt expression upon the boys' apparel displayed there, summer things—blazers, flannels, gay shirts—interspersed with tennis rackets and golf sticks. The man stood nearer the outer doorway, his hands in his pockets, and stared, sulkily, Mr. Staples declared to himself, into the street.

Obviously the woman was to be the purchaser, a conclusion immensely reassuring to Mr. Staples, since from the careful analysis of temperament provided by his course the truth had been borne in upon him that he had been expressly fashioned to deal with women rather than with men.

He was not at all surprised when five minutes later they came down the aisle, the man several paces behind.

And Mr. Staples's cordiality knew no reserves. He gave it full swing, partly because he felt cordial, partly because he sensed an air of determination in the somewhat set face of his customer, a determination which he must combat with all the forces of persuasion and gallantry at his command.

"In selling there is no asset like extreme politeness," he quoted to himself. "Keep your reservoir filled to the brim."

Seemingly unimpressed by his welcome, the woman came to the point at once.

"I am looking for a blue suit—for a boy—twelve years old."

"Certainly," said Mr. Staples. "Our stock, I may say, is excellent. Were you thinking of serge or cheviot?"

"I hadn't thought very much of—the material."

"I see. It's color you want. But material's important; take my word for that. There's a lot to be said for both. Serge may be dressier, but cheviot won't take a shine or show spots like serge. And it's newer. It's sure to be worn now by boys and men for two seasons straight."

"I see," said the woman.

Mr. Staples felt vaguely troubled as he turned toward the cases. He always liked interest in his customers. It made things go better even if they were fussy and hard to suit. He groped about in his mind for something to liven up things a bit.

"You said twelve years old? Now, that's an age to keep you

guessing, isn't it? I've a boy twelve myself. They're alive to everything at twelve."

The woman did not answer. Mr. Staples did not resent her neglect of his allusion to Charley, but he had thought his last remark original. Queer how some folks expected the salesman to do it all, and yet he had been forewarned by his course of just such an attitude. Undaunted, he started on another and more direct course.

"How big a boy is he? Large for his age or small?"

"I think you'd say average," said the woman.

"It's always more satisfactory," said Mr. Staples, "to bring them along. But, of course, there's school."

"Yes," replied the woman.

Funny, thought Mr. Staples, as he spread out four suits for her inspection, funny how little help her husband offered. He stood at the extreme end of the counter, fumbling with the buckles and straps of some knickers piled there. Perhaps he was a professor from the college on the hill. They always behaved in that absent-minded fashion, their heads deep in some crazy notion or another.

"You wouldn't want me to lay these aside now, and bring him in, say, at four to try them on?"

"No," she said. "I think not. I'll choose myself."

"I know just how 'tis," remarked Mr. Staples genially. "Try to catch a twelve-year-old after school, and there's something doing. Funny how, when they get older——"

"This looks about right to me," interrupted the woman, "this cheviot one."

"You can't go wrong on that," assured Mr. Staples, "no matter what. That's genuine Scotch cheviot, all wool to a thread. My word on it, madam, and the store's guarantee. That suit'll wear the toughest youngster in this town a good two years—one year for Sunday school and the like of that, and one for common. And being cheviot, it's not going to show every spot on earth or take the shine that serge is bound to."

He lifted the suit from the counter, hoping thereby to attract the attention of the man; but he still fumbled at the buckles and straps. The woman fingered the cloth, and then, with a sudden, impulsive gesture, put her hand in one of the pockets of the coat.

Mr. Staples laughed aloud.

"I see," he said knowingly. "A boy does always raise Ned with pockets. But these are tough ones and lined with the best. He won't sag these, no matter what he fills 'em with!"

For a long time, it seemed to Mr. Staples, she kept her hand in that pocket. He began to feel foolish standing there holding the suit up on its hanger.

"It's good and roomy, too," he said at last, a little loudly, so that she withdrew her hand. "But there's one drawback. There's only one pair of pants to this suit. Most have knickers and longs, but this has only the longs. Most of the kids now, though, wear longs. You see in a sort of dressy suit like this they don't——"

He stopped, surprised at the sudden movement of the man, who walked quickly from the knickers toward the door. But he paused after a moment and, to Mr. Staples's relief, came nearer his wife. She put her arm in his and drew him closer.

"I believe," she said to Mr. Staples, and as she raised her eyes he was surprised again by the brightness of them, "I believe I'll take this very suit. He's always wanted long trousers, but I've thought them rather silly for small boys."

"They're all the rage, madam," said Mr. Staples, relieved alike by her decision and by her increased interest, though withal puzzled a bit in that she did not seem to be speaking to him at all. "And once he wears them through, you can just combine the coat with sports knickers or flannels, and, presto! he's fixed as good as new."

He was not prepared for the silence which greeted his words. A customer might at least acquiesce, he thought, in such an economical suggestion. For just the fraction of a minute he envied men of lesser estate, Mr. Nesbit in the underwear and Mr. Sims in belts and suspenders, the sale of whose wares required less tact.

"Successful salesmen," he quoted to himself, "learn to create the atmosphere in which their customers move."

Vaguely conscious though he was that he himself was moving, however blindly, in an atmosphere not of his own creating, he strove to readjust himself, to be "master of the situation."

"He'll be some surprised this noon when he comes home

and finds his longs," he said with what his book would have termed an attractive chuckle.

"We're in somewhat of a hurry," said the man brusquely, startling Mr. Staples by the first and unexpected sound of his voice. "If you'll do the suit up, please."

"Certainly."

Again he made an attempt at livening matters, at disseminating that quality called "homelike" by his course book.

"Well, we sure must trust each other. Here, I entirely forgot to tell you the price or you to ask!"

"It doesn't matter," said the man, taking out his purse.

"Cash or charge?" asked Mr. Staples, seemingly unconscious of the pocketbook.

"I'll pay for it," said the man.

Mr. Staples consulted the price tag.

"Twenty-nine fifty," he announced. "And I know that seems a bit steep for a growing boy. But I'll guarantee your money's worth, and if he outgrows it quick, send him in. Alterations free. And here's my card."

From his inner pocket he secured and extended a bit of new, fresh pasteboard. The man ignored it, but the woman took it.

"Thank you," she said, and smiled suddenly at him, a strange smile which Mr. Staples was at a loss to interpret. "You've been very kind, I'm sure."

"Not at all," said Mr. Staples, now secure in her thanks and in the consciousness of a good sale. "Not at all. We aim to please. I'll tell you what, madam. With a sale like this we like to throw in a bit of a gift. This spring it's a baseball, a good league number, none of your twine-and-sawdust balls. If you'll just show your slip in the sports and my card they'll give you one. Present it to the young man with my compliments."

He felt magnanimous as he began to secure the box with stout twine and wrap it in brown paper.

For a moment only the crackling of the paper broke the silence.

"We're late, Margaret," the man said then, his voice high and tense, his hand pulling at her arm. "Come, darling."

Mr. Staples stared. The word of endearment seemed to

him so at variance with the tone and gesture. Little as he was given to calling Nora such loving names, he rarely spoke to her in that tone or treated her to such roughness.

Perhaps the woman had not heard his offer of the baseball. He started to repeat it and then decided not to. If these queer customers did not want something for nothing—why, the store was but the gainer.

He looked after them as they walked hurriedly arm in arm toward the door. It had been a good enough sale, but a queer one, one hard to dominate by his own personality.

Then he suddenly recalled an omission which must be rectified, and he hurried after them, book in hand. As he reached them the man was speaking, still in a tense, almost angry voice.

"I told you, Margaret, 'twas crazy to do it yourself."

"Don't worry, dear," said the woman. "I wanted to. And I'm pleased about the long trousers. He's always wanted them."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Staples to her as he intercepted them at the door. "Even with cash sales like this the store asks for names and addresses so we can keep track of our patrons. I hope I may have the pleasure of fitting out that youngster again."

He colored a bit under the resentful gaze of the man, but recovered himself when the woman smiled again at him. The course book was right. His temperament was made for dealing with women.

"Of course," she said, laying her hand upon her husband's arm quite as though she were curbing a restless child. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seymour, 100 Forest Avenue. And thank you again."

That evening Mr. Staples stretched out luxuriously upon the green davenport with his paper under the bridge lamp. He had had a good day, had earned his relaxation.

Charley was fussing with the dial of the radio. Nora was washing the dishes in the kitchenette. Mr. Staples was a thorough reader of his paper. Immersed in sports, in the society columns, where he often found the names of his patrons, he was oblivious of Charley's impatience.

"Say, Dad, I wish you'd help a fellow. I keep gettin' this

correct-English stuff when I want baseball. Don't I get enough English in school? I'll say I do!"

"Henry!" called Nora from the sink. "Henry! What's the use of the new radio if you can't help Charley get what he wants?"

But Mr. Staples's eyes were all at once concentrated on one spot, in the last column, on the next to the last page.

SEYMOUR—On Sunday, Charles, aged twelve, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seymour, 100 Forest Avenue. Funeral Tuesday at two o'clock.

"Dad," called Charley again. "This thing's funny. I can't do nothin' with it."

"Henry!" supplemented Nora, appearing now from the kitchenette and snatching the paper from his hands. "My word! You're reading even the deaths. Don't you hear Charley?"

"Yes," said Mr. Staples.

He got up from the davenport and began fussing with the dial of the radio. Queer, he thought, how you couldn't tell some folks some things even after you'd lived years with them. Funny!

"You don't seem to be doin' much better, Dad," complained Charley. "It's funny how we can't get what we want, ain't it?"

"Yes, Charley," said Mr. Staples, passing his left hand in a dazed fashion across his forehead.

He glanced about the room, at its tight security, at the fat pink sofa cushions, at Nora in her beflowered rubber apron, at Charley in his blue suit, at his course book on the center table, awaiting his half-hour of study.

"Yes," he repeated, neither to Nora nor to Charley, "yes, 'tis funny. Most things are kind of—funny, I guess."

THE FALSE TALISMAN

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

FROM *Harper's*

CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

is familiar to all readers of American short stories. His tales have appeared frequently in previous O. Henry Memorial volumes. In fact, he is one of San Francisco's best reasons for claiming contemporary literary distinction.

EVERY morning on San Francisco Bay a fleet of ferry boats deposits fifty thousand workers in San Francisco. And every evening the same ferry boats carry these fifty thousand workers home again. Eddie Schott was one of the fifty thousand. He had a linen-collar job in an insurance office on California Street, and he lived with his mother and two sisters in a two-story house in East Oakland. The elder sister, Lena, worked in a notion store just around the corner from the ancestral home, but Elsie, the younger, stayed home and helped Mama with the housework.

Eddie Schott was the pride and envy of his neighbors. His genteel occupation, for one thing, set him apart in a neighborhood of males who went to work in overalls, and, secondly, he had a mysterious entrée into exalted circles. On Friday nights, particularly, when they saw him hurrying back to town with a huge bass horn under his arm they used to say either pridefully or sneeringly, according to their mood, "Well, there goes Eddie to his club. . . . Pretty soft for some guys!" If they were feeling genial they thought, "Nice boy, Eddie!" If they were in a bitter frame of mind they muttered, "I wonder how he gets that way!" But in either case they speculated on how Eddie had made the grade.

Eddie Schott used to wonder himself. He knew as well as anyone that he had got into the Gaiety Club more or less on a fluke. It was a distinction to belong to the Gaiety Club. You had either to be a man of talent in the arts or a millionaire. If you were in one of the arts you made yourself entertaining. If you were a millionaire you paid the assessments. It was a capital arrangement. Three or four times during the winter the Gaiety Club put on a show for its members and in the summer they went to their camp in a forest and held high carnival for a week. All this required a large membership of men who could provide entertainment. There were a club chorus, a club orchestra, actors, dancers, even a club band. Eddie Schott played the bass horn in the band. It was so

large that when he fitted it around his narrow shoulders it completely swamped his personality.

This horn was a legacy from his father. Anton Schott had driven a brewer's wagon—a mountain of a man with a wide chest and an even wider girth. He had belonged in his day to a Schützenverein. Every Sunday this shooting club dressed up in Bavarian huntsman garb and went down to a private park for target practice. An amateur band, recruited from the ranks of the members, always walked at the head of these excursions. And in that band was Anton Schott, puffing lustily on his bass horn. Eddie's spine used to tingle every time he thought of his father swinging down the street with a flame of brass slung over his shoulders. The elder Schott towered above every other man in the organization. He was like one of the giants in *Rheingold*.

Eddie's first remembrance was sitting in a little summer-house in the back yard at twilight, listening to his father running up and down the scales on his horn. He had held his breath in taut wonder at a father who could shake the sound out of anything so monstrous and gleaming. Night after night he used to sit thus beside his father, listening, until his mother would come and lead him away to bed. At that moment Anton Schott would cease his puffing for an instant. He would cease his puffing and put a caressing hand on his son's head and say:

"When you grow up big, like Poppa—you play a horn, too! Yes?"

It was a daring prophecy, and Eddie thrilled to it. He thought about it as he climbed the stairs to his bedroom; he thought about it as he said his prayers; he was still thinking about it as he dropped off to sleep, the sound of his father's horn floating in through the open window.

As soon as Eddie was big enough his father held the horn to his son's lips, laughing at the feeble notes, like the faintly raucous chirp of a raven's fledgling, that it emitted.

"See, Mama, how he makes a sound!" Anton would call to his wife.

But Mrs. Schott would shake her head and say: "He is too little yet."

"Now, maybe, he is too little. But wait until he grows up big like Poppa!"

Eddie grew up, but not "big like Poppa." The forebears of Mrs. Schott, who had been tailors, had had a hand in shaping the destiny of Anton Schott's son. But Anton never for a moment acknowledged it. He insisted on pretending that some day his son would come into a deferred physical heritage. He never for a moment admitted that the blood of tailors could thwart a long line of brewers and produce a Schott who would be anything short of six feet, with appropriate girth and chest. He saw his son taking his place on the brewery wagon, in the ranks of sharp-shooters marching to weekly practice; and, not only marching to practice, but, like himself, overtopping everybody by virtue of height and bulk and a gigantic horn. It was to this end that he at first held the horn to Eddie's lips and later let the weight of it almost crush the narrow shoulders, until Mrs. Schott would protest and say:

"Poppa! for shame! He is too little yet!"

Anton Schott's reply was always the same. "Now, maybe! . . . But wait until he grows up big like Poppa!"

Anton Schott died when Eddie was nineteen. Even in the face of his son's scant hundred and twenty-five pounds and a job in an insurance office, the head of the Schott family went to his reward in the hope that some day Eddie would grow up big. His only legacy to Eddie was his horn. The ranks of the sharpshooters were dwindling. They sent a delegation to see Eddie. Would he take his father's place in the band? There could be only one answer to such a question. A family with a tradition to maintain must strain every nerve to keep its pennant flying. Eddie accepted. He managed, somehow, to stagger under the weight of his father's horn to the weekly shooting fests; he managed, somehow, to make the horn heard above the blare of trumpets and the clashing of cymbals. But he knew in his heart that he was a feeble artist. There was nothing grand about his performance. Then, one day, a surprise came. A business associate for whom Eddie had done a rare turn said to him one day over a plate of shrimps in the California Market, "I hear you play the bass horn. Would you like to join the Gaiety Club's band?" The Gaiety Club's band! The Gaiety Club that had dinners for John Barrymore and luncheons for President Hoover and suppers for Maurice

Chevalier! The Gaiety Club that in its day had entertained Rudyard Kipling and Sir Henry Irving and Li Hung Chang! Would he join the Gaiety Club's band? *Would* he! . . . His heart pounded until he thought the nonchalant friend sitting across the table would hear it.

That night, when he told the family, his voice shook a little. Mama said:

"The Gaiety Club . . . no, I have never heard of it!"

But Lena, the elder sister, knew. "Of course you know about the Gaiety Club, Mama. Don't you remember, where Tillie Edelman's husband used to wait on table?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Schott, "but that is a grand place! Only millionaires belong to that club."

Eddie explained: if you were an artist it cost you little or nothing. It cost you even less than it did to belong to the Schützenverein. An artist? Mama thought only in terms of paint brush and palette in connection with that word. Eddie explained again: if you played a horn you were likewise an artist.

"So!" said Mrs. Schott, still pondering the matter in her heart. And would he continue to play the horn for the Schützenverein?

"Mama, don't be silly!" cried Lena.

Later he heard Lena and Elsie talking it over in the kitchen as they washed the dishes.

"They'll have ladies' nights," said Lena.

"How do you know?" asked Elsie.

"Because clubs like that always do."

"You mean *we* can go?"

"Why not? We're ladies, I hope!"

"They'll be a lot of swell fellows there," said Elsie.

"Sure!" replied Lena.

There was a note of confidence, of hope in their voices. Eddie smiled to himself.

It was some time before Eddie Schott became a member of the Gaiety Club. There were tiresome preliminaries: his name to be proposed, sponsors to be rounded up, the intent posted on the club bulletin board. Eddie continued to walk in his father's footsteps to target practice and when the Verein gave dances he dutifully took his sisters. But he had lost interest, and he could see they had, too. Assuming a bored

air, Lena and Elsie sat out most of the dances. "There's an awful common crowd getting in here," Lena used to say scornfully. Eddie knew better. He knew that it wasn't the crowd that had changed.

He had moments of fear during these weeks of waiting. Suppose somebody at the Gaiety Club blackballed him? Suppose they found somebody more prominent who could play the horn? He dreamed one night that this had happened. He dreamed that the man chosen in his stead to play the bass horn was Lindbergh. The dream was so ridiculous that it reassured him. But he was still nervous. Not so much on his own account, but because he could see what store his sisters were setting on the hope of an enlarged horizon. As a matter of fact, he was not far behind them in this. He used to find himself building up a bright and shining new world on his prospects. He pictured himself meeting men of affairs, making valuable connections, rising materially, artistically, socially. But these moments of elation were often succeeded by a blue funk. Meanwhile the business associate who had proposed his name moved to New York. Eddie Schott was in despair. But he said nothing of this to his sisters. And then one day a letter came telling him that he had been elected to the Gaiety Club and would he report the next Friday evening for band practice? Without waiting another moment he sat down and wrote his resignation to the Schützenverein.

There began now for Eddie Schott a life of swaggering deception. Outwardly he clothed his humor in a scarlet cloak, but his heart was leaden.

Every Friday night he went diligently to rehearsal, bearing his slight shoulders erect as he passed the front porches of his neighbors. "There goes Eddie to the Gaiety Club!" he knew they were saying as he went by. The thought of his importance in their eyes thrilled him past the boundary line of the neighborhood. Once on the train and headed for the ferry he slumped. For only he knew what an empty honor this membership in the Gaiety Club had proved to be. What he hated most was to encounter a friend going citywards who would say:

"The big night, eh, Eddie? . . . Gee, I'll bet you have a swell time. Gee, I'll bet there's a swell bunch belong to that club!

. . . Were you there the night they had Charlie Chaplin up from Hollywood?"

Sure, he had a swell time. Sure, there was a swell bunch belonged. Sure, he had been there the night they had had Charlie Chaplin up from Hollywood. Hadn't the band played that night? Whenever the band played Eddie was all right. He could hide under his flaming horn. But when rehearsal or the band's part in a program was over his agony began. He would stand watching the company break up into groups, drifting toward the smoking room, into the bar, clustering around the supper table. "Hello, Schott," they would call at him as they passed. Not "Hello, old scout!" Not "Hello, you big stiff!" Not "Hello, Eddie!" but just "Hello, Schott," leaving him staring wistfully after them. He would stand in the reception hall watching them, until the last group had settled upon their diversion. Then he would turn away, hesitating between a quick departure or a forlorn extension of his torment. At this point the hat boy usually settled the issue for him by saying, "Going out, Mr. Schott?" bustling toward his hat without even waiting for a reply. The hat boy knew! And that was an added humiliation.

One night he found himself blurting out to the hat boy, "Sure I'm going! Nothing to do around this dump if you don't know the bunch."

"Oh, well, Mr. Schott, it takes time!" the boy had said soothingly. "Wait till you go up to the summer encampment. That's where you make friends."

This prophecy revived his hope. Naturally, he'd get to know the bunch better then, sleeping and eating and drinking with them. He hadn't thought much about the summer encampment before. Now his mind was filled with it. As the time drew near items began to appear in the daily papers. A Chief Justice was coming way from Washington to camp out with the Gaiety Club; Paderewski would be among those present; there was a rumor that Commander Byrd might attend. Lena and Elsie read these accounts aloud to Mama.

"Just think," said Mama, "all those swell people! My, but Eddie is lucky!"

"*He's* lucky, sure! But what about us? We haven't been to a dance since Eddie resigned from the Schützenverein," said Lena.

"Yes, how about that, Eddie?" asked Elsie. "Ain't they ever going to have a ladies' night?"

"Sure . . . some day."

"They had one last week," said Lena. "I read about it in the paper."

"That wasn't much," replied Eddie. "It was just a string quartet. You wouldn't have liked it."

"You might have asked us!" snapped Lena.

"I guess Eddie's ashamed of his sisters. I guess we're not swell enough," threw out Elsie.

"For shame!" cried Mama. "Is that nice?"

"Can't you wait?" bellowed Eddie. "Don't you understand? You can't rush things like that. . . . I ain't been inviting anybody to a ladies' night until I get better acquainted."

"You've belonged for six months now!" observed Lena.

"Six months! *Six months!*" repeated Eddie with biting sarcasm. "What of it? Do you think a fellow gets to know over a thousand members in six months? Besides, it ain't a place where you kick in overnight. You have to go slow. . . . I've just been making myself solid. I've just been attending to my business. It ain't a place for fresh guys!"

"Sure," soothed Mama. "Eddie's right!"

The girls shamefacedly dropped their glances. "I know what I'm about," went on Eddie, following up his advantage. "I'm waiting until I go up to the encampment. That's where you get to know the members. After I get back from that I'll invite you over to every ladies' night on the calendar. You'll get sick of 'em!"

"Do you suppose," asked Elsie humbly, "that you'll meet Paderewski or Byrd up there?"

"I don't know why not!" Eddie tossed back valiantly.

"My! My!" said Mama. "Your father was right, Eddie. Many a time when you were little I used to say, 'Eddie ain't for the horn, Poppa. He ain't big enough!' But Poppa knew. . . . Where would you have been, now, if it hadn't been for that horn? See what it did for you? Poppa was always right, Eddie."

"Will you invite us to the first ladies' night after the encampment?" demanded Lena.

"Sure!"

"Now, remember, that's a promise!"

"I won't forget," said Eddie.

But already he felt a misgiving.

A week before the encampment the females of the Schott household were in a flutter, getting Eddie's things together. Lena skillfully mended a hole in his white sweater and knitted him some socks to wear with his hiking boots. Elsie made a new case out of bright green flannel for the horn. Mama washed out two pairs of blankets with her own hands.

"Mama, you're a card!" said Eddie. "Washing blankets to go camping with!"

"Well, ain't you in a tent with somebody?" countered Mama. "What kind of a home would they think you came from with dirty blankets?"

"Who do you think you'll be with?" asked Lena.

Eddie shrugged his shoulders.

"Wouldn't it be swell if you were in the same tent with Lindbergh?"

"Lindbergh ain't going. It's Byrd."

"Well, an aviator—it's all the same."

"I'd rather be in the tent with Paderewski!" said Elsie.

Even Mama laughed at this. Elsie blushed. "I don't care, I would!"

Eddie let the subject drop. It wasn't necessary to tell these women of his modest hopes for tent companions. He gathered that the band had an enclosure of its own at the camping grounds. This meant that his tent mates would be members of the band. Sometimes he speculated vaguely just who they would be. But, for the most part, he was content in the mere thought of close companionship with any of them. You couldn't be a week in a tent with three or four fellows, borrowing their shaving cream, lending them your roll of adhesive tape, throwing a pillow at them when they snored, without achieving friendship.

It was this hope that buoyed him up past even the chill of the morning of departure. At the train the usual groups were forming when he arrived upon the scene, his horn done up in its new green case. "Hello, Schott." They nodded at him and passed on. He swung aboard the first coach and seated himself, holding his horn awkwardly between his knees. Perhaps

if there were a crowd he'd have a companion sharing the vacant seat beside him. But there was no such luck. Ah, well, it wouldn't be long now!

Laughter, conviviality, wisecracking. Cries of "Hello, Bill!" "Hello, Charlie!" "Look who's here!" "How about a little game?"

The differentiation among males, especially en masse, is slight: if Eddie had closed his eyes he might have fancied himself at a Schützenfest. The wall that separated him from the men about him was as thin as the tissue panels of a Japanese house. With one bold gesture he might have smashed through to them. But Eddie Schott had no bold gestures.

He put the horn, finally, on the seat beside him. It towered magnificently in its bright green flannel case like a green dragon guarding its prey. The engine started up, the crackle of explosive conversation fell to the level of the train's rhythmic hum. Eddie Schott looked out the window. Brown hills flecked with the green of canyons flew by. Rose-covered cottages. Trim back yards. A marsh. The mill country again. Vineyards climbing up the hillsides. The flash of a river. Evergreens. The smell of a forest. This must be like the Rhine country that his father had always talked of. A curious nostalgia seized Eddie, something that had nothing to do with the present. He used to feel it sometimes walking the paved streets to the shooting park, as the trumpets blared out a folksong. It was like looking back on a familiar landscape through a mist. A longing that was half pain, half sweetness, enveloped him. . . . There was a scraping sound and a bump. Men were collecting their traps. They had arrived!

Eddie, struggling under the weight of his horn, dropped off the coach onto the redwood platform. An early morning mist from the sea had cleared, leaving a noontime blueness in the sky. Contagious happiness was in the air. Eddie suddenly felt light-hearted.

"Hey, there, fellows! Get out your horns and give us a tune!"

The band boys slipped their instruments out of their cases, the bass drum began to pound, the leader lifted his walking stick. "Forward! March!" Down the dusty road they went, toward the beckoning green of the forest. Behind trailed stock brokers, captains of industry, millionaires, painters, sculptors,

singers, actors, writers, with all the abandon of ragamuffins following a circus.

"Do, oh, do, oh, do not let me fall!
I'm your man and I love you best of all!"

they chanted.

Eddie puffed and blew with the vigor of a recaptured happiness. Whatever had made him think that these men were different from others? Already his heart had warmed to them. The hat boy had been right: the summer encampment! That's where you made friends!

The cool shadows of darkly green trees fell upon them, the smell of willows blew from the river, the incense from the dying embers of a camp fire floated up to heaven. The band came to a stop in a circular clearing.

"How dry I am! How dry I am!" the band wailed.

Cheers. Laughter. This was the life!

"Now, then, fellows, let's get set!" Away marched the band between rows of gay tents to its own stockade.

A huddle of tents surrounded an open space piled high with dunnage bags that had come up the previous day. Eddie pulled out his bag, wondering about the procedure of choosing tent mates. But his speculations did not continue for long. It was plain to be seen that there was no procedure. Apparently everyone just picked out his own quarters and settled himself. Eddie dragged his bag about the circle in a search for a place to light. He found a tent finally that had not yet been appropriated with four cots in it. This struck him as just right. He liked the idea of three companions: friendship might not strike fire with a single tent mate. He opened his dunnage bag, took out his clean blankets, made up one of the cots. Then he distributed his toilet articles on the little pine table by his bed. Lena had bought him a fresh tube of shaving cream, and Elsie had provided tooth paste and a new toothbrush. He was whistling softly. He felt himself standing on the threshold of a profound happiness. Suddenly a puff of cloud blew across his content: Where were his tent mates? Wasn't anybody going to join him? . . . The sound of a dinner horn came floating toward him. "Chow!" yelled everybody in chorus. He joined the hungry throng as they ran down a shaded road to the dining tables. He ate hurriedly. He wanted

to return to camp and finish unpacking! Eddie had a trim mind. A group of band boys were standing before his tent when he got back. His heart quickened. It looked as if he were going to have companions, after all.

"Hello, Schott!" they said warmly as he came up to them.

"Hello," he answered. He stepped jauntily into the tent, heartened by the note of cordiality in their greeting. It was extraordinary what a sense of assurance he felt in just the fact of having his quarters secured. He turned to them. "Didn't see you on the train."

The group glanced at one another uneasily. "We drove up," said one of them.

"Looking for a place to park yourself?" Eddie threw out brightly with the air of a host offering the shelter of his roof.

"Well, we were, at that." The speaker hesitated. "You see, we always have had this tent—just the four of us. We have it every year."

Eddie looked at them. "You mean——"

"You know how it is. It's just kind of been ours. We're—we're just kind of used to it."

Eddie gulped. "Sure, I understand!" He turned away and began gathering up his shaving implements.

"Here, there, we'll give you a hand."

"Oh—oh, that's all right! . . . I guess perhaps I better find another place before I——"

"No hurry! Just take your time. . . . You understand, old man. We wouldn't put you out for the world. I mean, if it makes any difference——"

"No, it doesn't make any difference. One place is as good as another, I guess."

He went the rounds, peering into tent after tent. Every cot seemed taken. He was returning to pack up his dunnage bag and await developments when he met the band leader coming back from lunch.

"Hello, Schott. All set?"

Eddie explained. The band leader went over the ground with him.

"Everything's taken," said the band leader as they peered into the last tent. "Well, that's too bad. We've been overcrowded for two or three years. Guess we'll have to find you a place down by the gate. The Club has some tents down

there to take care of the overflows. I'll help you carry your things."

"Oh, that's all right!"

"Hell, no! Here, I'll carry the bag. You bring the blankets."

The band leader led the way, Eddie followed. They came to a dozen tents strung out in a row near a clump of young firs down by the entrance to the encampment.

"Take your pick," said the bandmaster. Eddie chose the first that came to hand. "There's two cots in every tent," went on the other. "But these don't fill up much, except for the last night, maybe. You'll probably be in luck. You'll probably have it all to yourself. Looks comfortable, doesn't it?"

"Sure," said Eddie. "It looks swell."

"So long. Hope everything's O. K. If you want anything, holler!"

"Thanks," said Eddie.

He heard the bandmaster whistling a gay tune. He sat down on one of the cots. An afternoon breeze was moving sadly through the trees. Eddie buried his face in a pillow.

The bandmaster was right: Eddie had the tent to himself. For the most part, he had the entire section to himself. Occasionally a stray member, arriving late, set himself up in one of the tents for the night, but by morning he would discover friends who carried him away to their enclosure. Sometimes Eddie wondered if it would not be better to pack up and go home. Go home and face Lena and Elsie and Mama and the neighbors? No, that was inconceivable!

There were moments of elation between miseries. Whenever the band swung down to greet an incoming train Eddie's heart grew light. At evening around the crackling camp fire, listening to songs and stories, he forgot his loneliness. The men who sang and told tales were a distinguished breed, the listeners not far behind. Eddie used to feel a thrill in these contacts. Just imagine the son of Anton Schott who used to drive a brewery wagon sitting at the feet of the mighty! No wonder the family and the neighbors were proud of him! At the mess table he basked in the transient friendliness of males growling out good-nature under the spell of repletion. "Hey, Schott,

throw me a biscuit!" "What's the matter there, Bass Horn, got a mortgage on the canned cow?" "Come on, Dutch, give a guy a chance at the maple syrup!" *Bass Horn! Dutch!* What hopes these inadvertent intimacies raised! Once a distinguished tenor from the Metropolitan asked him for a cigarette. "Thanks, old man!" the singer purred, bending over to take Eddie's proffered light. Eddie glowed for an hour.

But when the procession to and from the train was over, when the camp fire was ended, when the mess table broke up —profound despairs unrolled themselves. In twos, in threes, in knots of a half dozen the Gaiety Club strolled away to the devices of fellowship. In his secret soul Eddie Schott knew that he might join them if he but had the courage. One step over the borderline of his diffidence and he might achieve paradise. But a thread of cowardice held him back.

In the mornings he strolled down to the river's brim and talked a while with the attendant at the diving float; in the afternoon he wandered in solitary aimlessness over the trails, listening to the laughter from the gay enclosures; at night he went back to his tent and gloomed.

He used to lie on his cot and compose letters of resignation from the Gaiety Club band. Whom should he address—the secretary of the Club or the bandmaster? Should he be brief or write at length, with a flourish? How would they answer him? When despair reached its lowest ebb a rising tide of hope would set in. They might insist on his staying! They might pass resolutions, telling how invaluable he had been to them. . . . If this mood persisted long enough he would fall asleep. But when he awoke at daybreak to the raucous clamor of bluejays he was filled with despair again. How was he to get through the day? And once more a circle of thorned thoughts would press down upon him. Resign! *Resign!* No. He knew that he couldn't. He knew that he lacked the courage. He felt himself caught in a net from which there was no escape.

Suddenly it was all over. Eddie found himself rolling up his blankets, rushing back through forest and vineyard and marsh country again, walking up the familiar streets toward home. It was early evening, and the neighbors were taking their Sunday ease out of doors.

"Hello, Eddie!"

"Well, look who's here!"

"How's it feel to hobnob with the big guys?"

"I'll bet you had a swell time!"

Lena and Elsie and Mama running out to meet him.

"Say, but you look great! All tanned up and everything!"

"Why didn't you write? We were kinda worried!"

"Hush, Elsie! Didn't he send a postcard? Poppa never did any writing when he was having a swell time!"

"Was Paderewski there?"

"Or Byrd?"

"Gee, I'll bet you met a lot of swell fellows!"

"Come on, tell us all about it!"

"Hush, Lena! Can't you see he's tired? Wait till he has something to eat!"

Roast duckling, noodles, red cabbage, applecake—all the things Eddie liked. . . . The table was cleared away.

"Now, tell us—give us all the news!"

"Not now, Elsie! Can't you see he's sleepy? You girls got all next week to hear about it."

In his own room again, before the open window. In the dusk the summerhouse where Anton Schott had held the horn to Eddie's lips in the long summer evenings. "Wait until you grow up big like Poppa!"

Lena knocking at his door. "Eddie! Eddie! How soon before the next ladies' night?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, you better find out. Elsie and I want to know. We want to make ourselves some new dresses."

"New dresses? What for?"

"Don't you think we want to look nice before your swell friends?"

A door opening—Mama's voice drifting down the hall. "What's the matter with you girls? Can't you let your brother alone? You got all week to talk about ladies' night."

Ladies' night! . . . He had forgotten all about ladies' night. He'd better resign. He'd write his resignation to-morrow!

The resignation, like the to-morrow for which it was scheduled, never was achieved. But the ladies' night was accomplished. Eddie had hoped he might postpone this agony, too,

but Lena read a preliminary announcement of it in the society columns of the newspaper:

> The members of the Gaiety Club will entertain their women friends at an informal concert next Tuesday evening. Moving pictures of the last encampment will be shown.

"*Women friends!*" echoed Lena. "What a funny way to put it!"

"What's funny about it?" snapped Eddie.

"*Women?* . . . They're ladies, ain't they?"

"Are you in any of the moving pictures?" asked Elsie.

"I dunno. I guess so!"

"Tuesday night. We've got less than a week. I wonder if——"

"Sure," said Mama. "You go down to-morrow and get the goods. It won't take long."

The blood of tailors flowed in Mama's veins. There was nothing she liked to do better than cut out a dress. And her sewing! Nobody could beat her sewing.

Eddie saw that he was in for it. "Maybe Mama would like to go, too."

Mama shook her head. "No, it ain't for old people. You take Lena and Elsie. Your friends don't want to meet Mama. You take the girls and have a good time."

"Will they serve refreshments?" asked Elsie.

"I suppose so," answered Eddie.

"I wonder will the names of those who go be in the paper," speculated Lena.

"Five or six hundred names!" scoffed Eddie.

"Just the prominent ones, I guess," sighed Elsie. But Eddie could see the gleam of hope in both his sisters' eyes.

Days filled with anticipation, discussion, speculation. Should the dresses touch the ground or just escape the ankle? Should they wear gloves? And what about hats? Eddie could tell his sisters nothing. He had never been so exasperating.

"Don't bother Eddie!" finally cried Mama. "Can't you read what to wear in the Sunday paper?"

When Tuesday night arrived and the girls were dressed and ready, Eddie felt a surge of pride. They *did* look pretty in their flowered frocks! Wouldn't it be funny if these sisters of his broke the ice for him? He began to go over in his mind to

whom he'd introduce them. The bandmaster, of course, and maybe the president of the Club, and most of the band boys. He'd have an excuse for approaching them, now. "Like to have you meet my sisters." He could see the possibilities. The band wasn't playing to-night. It was to be an orchestral concert. But in one of the numbers there was a phrase offstage for a bass horn. Eddie had been pressed into service. He was glad of this. It made him feel important. He went down the neighborhood street carrying his horn with a feeling of real elation. In the twilight came the usual calls of recognition.

"Well, the whole Schott family stepping out to-night, eh?"

"Sure!" called back the girls. "We're going to the Gaiety Club. Ladies' night!"

"You don't say! . . . Some people have all the luck!"

The phrase offstage for the bass horn was in the last number. Eddie stood in the wings and heard the polite handclapping of the audience. The leader of the orchestra took a bow and made an announcement: as the audience passed out they would find refreshments being served in the Founders' Room. He hoped the ladies would honor the Club by staying for a social hour. Eddie went down some back stairs to the hat room and left his horn. Then he ran to the corridor leading to the Founders' Room to wait for Lena and Elsie. The concert hall was on the second floor and a broad staircase led down from it. Eddie saw a dense mass of people moving slowly. Smart women bare of shoulder and barer of back, heads immaculately coiffured, lips rouged, eyebrows plucked to significant curves. His heart beat a little uneasily. He felt instinctively that his sisters were no match for this assembly. He had found them seats for the concert up in front, which meant that now their chances for a swift exit were blocked. The Founders' Room was filling up. It was completely packed before Lena and Elsie hove in sight. They looked a little pathetic in their cheap, home-made dresses that had seemed so grand only a few hours before.

"You'll have to wait," warned Eddie, as they came up to him.

"Maybe we'd better go right home," suggested Elsie.

It was just what Eddie would have liked to do, but he scoffed bravely:

"What's the rush? The crowd will thin out in a minute!"

"You wasn't in any of the moving pictures," said Lena, a little accusingly.

Eddie made no reply.

"You heard what that man back of us was saying," put in Elsie. She turned to Eddie. "He said that a lot of the pictures got spoiled. The heat or something."

"Yes, so I heard," lied Eddie.

"I told Mama we should have had our dresses longer," said Lena, as a hipless lady trailed a billow of cream-colored lace across the thick carpets.

"They're all wearing corsets," said Elsie.

"I guess we made a mistake getting figured goods," sighed Lena.

"You see," said Elsie, "the Sunday paper was all wrong."

Eddie felt that he must say something. "What's the matter with your dresses? They look swell to me."

"Men don't know anything about such things!" threw back Lena, disdainfully.

Already scores of people were filing out of the Founders' Room and calling for cabs or their limousines. "They couldn't have been very hungry," exclaimed Elsie.

"Sh-h-h!" warned Lena. "It ain't polite to eat much at a place like this."

"I guess we'd better go in now," suggested Eddie.

They pushed their way into the crowded room. "You wait here. I'll go get you some punch."

Eddie fought his way toward the refreshment table. It took him fully ten minutes to return with a tray of half-filled punch glasses. Lena and Elsie sipped their punch with devastating gentility. A waiter passed with sandwiches and small cakes. The girls each took a lady finger.

Eddie drank a gulp or two of punch, craning his neck in a pretense of looking for his friends. "It's awful hard to find anybody in a crowd like this," he apologized. "Either that or the band boys have beat it."

Elsie gave her empty glass to a waiter.

"Maybe we ought to be going."

"It's only ten-thirty," responded Eddie weakly.

"It will be twelve before we get home," said Lena.

"Well, whatever you girls say."

He went to the hat room and got his horn: it had never

seemed so heavy. They rode down on a street car to the ferry.

"I'm afraid," said Eddie, "you girls didn't have a very good time!"

"Oh," cried Elsie, "we had a swell time!"

"That was awful good punch!" said Lena.

"And the music was grand! We could hear your horn in that last number so plain!"

It was sweet to have them lie like that, but it hurt, too. He almost wished that they had crabbed.

"Well, another time maybe it won't be so crowded. . . . I mean, there may be a better chance to meet the boys. Next time I'll get you a seat near the door. Then you'll get out and downstairs quicker."

An ominous silence met this observation, and then Lena spoke. "It was swell and all that, but I guess you've got to know the crowd. I mean, you can't just meet them two or three times a year and get anywhere."

"You've got to sort of belong, I guess," nodded Elsie.

By this time they had reached the ferry. They walked leisurely aboard the boat.

"You girls better sit upstairs," said Eddie. "I want to stay down on the lower deck and smoke."

There was a moment of hesitation. Then the girls exchanged significant glances. "All right," said Lena.

Somehow they knew that he wanted to be alone. And that hurt, too.

Eddie walked through the lower cabin to the forward deck. A biting wind had sprung up, and the waters of the bay were dancing about in a sable frenzy. Eddie laid his horn down upon the starboard rail, resting his arms upon it. Elsie's words kept ringing in his ears: *You've got to sort of belong.* He'd known this, of course, but he'd never put it into words. He'd been afraid to put it into words. Had he ever belonged to anything? He wondered. The Schützenverein had accepted him because he was the son of his father. Besides, he had played the bass horn. The Gaiety Club had not even known his father, but they knew the legacy that his father had bequeathed him. . . . "Where would you have been, now, if it hadn't been for that horn?" Mama was always saying. She said that, now. But

the remonstrance she made in those dim days when Poppa used to let the weight of the horn crush him was nearer to the point: "Eddie ain't for the horn, Poppa! . . . He ain't big enough!" Mama had been a prophet, in those days, had she but known it. *Eddie ain't for the horn! . . . You've got to sort of belong.* . . . Women knew. You couldn't fool women!

A sudden lurch of the boat sent the horn skidding close to the rail's edge. Eddie clutched it in panic.

A deck hand who had been mopping up came over and trailed his soiled mop on a length of rope into the cleansing waters. The boat lurched again. "Better look out!" said the deck hand. "You'll be losing that horn of yours overboard if you're not careful!"

A chill shook Eddie. His heart beat violently! Did he dare?

"Look out!" cried the deck hand. "There she comes again!"

A wave broke over the bow and slapped Eddie's cheek; the boat shivered and dipped.

"There! I told you you'd lose that horn!"

Eddie turned and faced the deck hand. He was smiling. "It doesn't matter," he said coolly. "I was through with it, anyway."

Empty handed he climbed the stairs to the upper cabin. A weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He felt like a man in a tale who had forever cast away a false talisman.

THRIFT

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

FROM *Saturday Evening Post*

WILLIAM FAULKNER

is a great-grandson of the Colonel William Faulkner whose "The White Rose of Memphis" was one of the most popular romances of his time. During the war Faulkner served in the Canadian Flying Corps. Afterward he returned to Mississippi, where he has lived ever since with the exception of a few months in New Orleans where he wrote his first novel, "Soldiers' Pay." His latest novel, "Sanctuary," won wide recognition.

IN MESSES they told of MacWyrglinchbeath how, a first-class air mechanic of a disbanded Nieuport squadron, he went three weeks' A. W. O. L. He had been given a week's leave for England while the squadron was being reëquipped with British-made machines, and he was last seen in Boulogne where the lorry set him and his mates down. That night he disappeared. Three weeks later the hitherto unchallenged presence of an unidentifiable first-class air mechanic was discovered in the personnel of a bombing squadron near Boulogne. At the ensuing investigation the bomber gunnery sergeant told how the man had appeared among the crew one morning on the beach, where the flight had landed after a raid. Replacements had come up the day before, and the sergeant said he took the man to be one of the replacements; it appeared that everyone took the man to be one of the new mechanics. He told how the man showed at once a conscientious aptitude, revealing an actual affection for the aëroplane of whose crew he made one, speaking in a slow, infrequent, Scottish voice of the amount of money it represented and of the sinfulness of sending so much money into the air in a single lump.

"He even asked to be put on flying," the sergeant testified. "He downright courted me till I did it, volunteering for all manner of off-duty jobs for me, until I put him on once or twice. I'd keep him with me, on the toggles, though."

They did not discover that anything was wrong until pay day. His name was not on the pay officer's list; the man's insistence—his was either sublime courage or sublime effrontery—brought his presence to the attention of the squadron commander. But when they looked for him, he was gone.

The next day, in Boulogne, an air mechanic with a void seven-day pass, issued three weeks ago by a now disbanded scout squadron, was arrested while trying to collect three weeks' pay, which he said was owing to him, from the office of the acting provost marshal himself. His name, he said, was MacWyrglinchbeath.

Thus it was discovered that MacWyrglinchbeath was a simultaneous deserter from two different military units. He repeated his tale—for the fifth time in three days fetched from his cell by a corporal and four men with bayoneted rifles—standing bareheaded to attention before the table where a general now sat, and the operations officer of the bomber squadron and the gunnery sergeant:

"A had gone doon tae thae beach tae sleep, beca' A kenned they wud want money for-r thae beds in the town. A was ther're when thae boombers cam' doon. Sae A went wi' thae boombers."

"But why didn't you go home on your leave?" the general asked.

"A wou'na be spendin' sic useless money, sir-r."

The general looked at him. The general had little pig's eyes, and his face looked as though it had been blown up with a bicycle pump.

"Do you mean to tell me that you spent seven days' leave and a fortnight more without leave, as the member of the personnel of another squadron?"

"Well, sir-r," MacWyrglinchbeath said, "naught wud do they but A sud tak' thae week's fur-rlough. I didna want it. And wi' thae big machines A cud get flying pay."

The general looked at him. Rigid, motionless, he could see the general's red face swell and swell.

"Get that man out of here!" the general said at last.

"'Bout face," the corporal said.

"Get me that squadron commander," the general said. "At once! I'll cashier him! Gad's teeth, I'll put him in jail for the rest of his life!"

"'Bout face!" the corporal said, a little louder. MacWyrglinchbeath had not moved.

"Sir-r," he said. The general, in mid-voice, looked at him, his mouth still open a little. Behind his mustache he looked like a boar in a covert. "Sir-r," MacWyrglinchbeath said, "wull A get ma pay for thae thr-r-ree weeks and thae seven hour-rs and for-rty minutes in the air-r?"

It was Ffollansbye, who was to first recommend him for a commission, who knew most about him.

"I give you," he said, "a face like a ruddy walnut, maybe

sixteen, maybe fifty-six; squat, with arms not quite as long as an ape's, lugging petrol tins across the aerodrome. So long his arms were that he would have to hunch his shoulders and bow his elbows a little so the bottoms of the tins wouldn't scrape the ground. He walked with a limp—he told me about that. It was just after they came down from Stirling in '14. He had enlisted for infantry; they had not told him that there were other ways of going in.

"So he began to make inquiries. Can't you see him, listening to all the muck they told recruits then, about privates not lasting two days after reaching Dover—they told him, he said, that the enemy killed only the English and Irish and Lowlanders; the Highlands having not yet declared war—and such. Anyway, he took it all in, and then he would go to bed at night and sift it out. Finally he decided to go for the Flying Corps; decided with pencil and paper that he would last longer there and so have more money saved. You see, neither courage nor cowardice had ever functioned in him at all; I don't believe he had either. He was just like a man who, lost for a time in a forest, picks up a fagot here and there against the possibility that he might some day emerge.

"He applied for transfer, but they threw it out. He must have been rather earnest about it, for they finally explained that he must have a better reason than personal preference for desiring to transfer, and that a valid reason would be mechanical knowledge or a disability leaving him unfit for infantry service.

"So he thought that out. And the next day he waited until the barracks was empty, prodded the stove to a red heat, removed his boot and putty, and laid the sole of his foot to the stove.

"That was where the limp came from. When his transfer went through and he came out with his third-class air mechanics' rating, they thought that he had been out before.

"I can see him, stiff at attention in the squadron office, his b. o. on the table, Whiteley and the sergeant trying to pronounce his name.

"'What's the name, Sergeant?' Whiteley says.

"Sergeant looks at b. o., rubs hands on thighs. 'Mac——' he says, and bogs down again. Whiteley leans to look-see himself.

"'Mac——' bogs himself; then: 'Beath. Call him MacBeath.'

"'A'm ca'd MacWyrglinchbeath,' newcomer says.

"'Sir,' Sergeant prompts.

"'Sir-r,' newcomer says.

"'Oh,' Whiteley says, 'Magillinbeath. Put it down, Sergeant.' Sergeant takes up pen, writes M-a-c with flourish, then stops, hand making concentric circles with pen above page while owner tries for a peep at b. o. in Whiteley's hands. 'Rating, three ack emma,' Whiteley says. 'Put that down, Sergeant.'

"'Very good, sir,' Sergeant says. Flourishes grow richer, like sustained cavalry threat; leans yet nearer Whiteley's shoulder, beginning to sweat.

"Whiteley looks up, says, 'Eh?' sharply. 'What's matter?' he says.

"'The nyme, sir,' Sergeant says. 'I can't get——'

"Whiteley lays b. o. on table; they look at it. 'People at Wing never could write,' Whiteley says in fretted voice.

"''Tain't that, sir,' Sergeant says. ''Is people just 'aven't learned to spell. Wot's yer nyme agyne, my man?'

"'A'm ca'd MacWyrglinchbeath,' newcomer says.

"'Ah, the devil,' Whiteley says. 'Put him down MacBeath and give him to C. Carry on.'

"But newcomer holds ground, polite but firm. 'A'm ca'd MacWyrglinchbeath,' he says without heat.

"Whiteley stares at him. Sergeant stares at him. Whiteley takes pen from sergeant, draws record sheet to him. 'Spell it.' Newcomer does so as Whiteley writes it down. 'Pronounce it again, will you?' Whiteley says. Newcomer does so. 'Magillinbeath,' Whiteley says. 'Try it, Sergeant.'

"Sergeant stares at written word. Rubs ear. 'Mac—wigglinbeech,' he says. Then, in hushed tone: 'Blimey.'

"Whiteley sits back. 'Right,' he says. 'We've it correctly. Carry on.'

"'Ye ha' it MacWyrglinchbeath, sir-r?' newcomer says. 'A'd no ha' ma pay gang wrong.'

"That was before he soloed. Before he deserted, of course. Lugging his petrol tins back and forth, a little slower than anyone else, but always at it if you could suit your time to his. And sending his money, less what he smoked—I have

seen his face as he watched the men drinking beer in the canteen—back home to the neighbor who was keeping his horse and cow for him.

"He told me about that arrangement too. When he and the neighbor agreed, it was in emergency; they both believed it would be over and he would be home in three months. That was a year ago. ''Twull be a sore sum A'll be owin' him for foragin' thae twa beasties,' he told me. Then he quit shaking his head. He became quite still for a while; you could almost watch his mind ticking over. 'Aweel,' he says at last, 'A doot not thae beasts wull ha' increased in value, too, wi' thae har-rd times.'

"In those days, you know, the Hun came over your aërodrome and shot at you while you ran and got into holes they had already dug for that purpose, while the Hun sat overhead and dared you to come out.

"So we could see fighting from the mess windows; we were carting off the refuse ourselves then. One day it crashed not two hundred yards away. When we got there, they were just dragging the pilot clear—all but his legs. He was lying on his back, looking up at the sky with that expression they have, until someone closed his eyes.

"But Mac—they were still calling him MacBeath—was looking at the crash. He was walking around it, clicking his tongue. 'Tzut, tzut,' he says. ''Tis a sinfu' waste. Sinfu'. Tzut. Tzut. Tzut.'

"That was while he was still a three ack emma. He was a two soon, sending a little more money back to the neighbor. He was keeping books now, with a cheap notebook and a pencil, and a candle stub for nights. The first page was his bank book; the others were like a barograph of this war, tighter than a history.

"Then he was a one A. M. He began then to work over his ledger late into the night. I supposed it was because he had more money to worry him now, drawing, as he probably did, more a month than he ever had in his life, until he came to me for an N. C. O.'s rating sheet. I gave it to him. A week later he had to buy a new candle. I met him.

"'Well, Mac,' I said, 'have you decided to go for a sergeant yet?'

"He looked at me, without haste, without surprise. 'Ay,

sir-r,' he says. He hadn't heard about flying pay then, you see."

Ffollansbye told about his solo:

"His new squadron were pups. I suppose as soon as he saw they were single-seaters, he realized that there would be no flying pay here. He applied for transfer to bombers. It was denied. It must have been about this time that he had the letter from his neighbor, telling that the cow had calved. I can see him now, reading the letter through to the last word, keeping all judgment and speculation and concern in abeyance until he had done, then sitting there—his pencil and paper useless in this case—weighing that delicate and unanticipated situation and its unpredictable ramifications of ownership, then deciding that circumstance would take care of it in good time.

"One day he waked up; the impulse, the need to, may have come like a germ in that letter. Not that he had ever soldiered, but now he began to show interest in the machines and in the operation of the controls, talking with the pilots, asking questions about flight, sifting and cataloguing the answers in his bunk at night. He became so—well, ubiquitous, tireless, made such an up-and-doing appearance when brass hats were about, that they made him a corporal. I suppose if I'd been there then I'd have believed that was his aim all along.

"But this time he had hitched to a star, in more than allegorical sense, it proved. It was in the middle of lunch one day when the alarm goes off. They rush out, officer and man, clutching napkins, in time to see a pup go down the aërodrome, the wings at a forty-five-degree angle, the tip practically dragging. It righted itself by putting the other wing down, and with the crash car wailing behind, it nosed up and shot perpendicularly for perhaps two hundred feet, hung for ten thousand years on the prop, flipped its tail up and vanished from view, still at that forty-five-degree angle.

"'What——' the major says.

"'It's mine!' a subaltern shouts. 'It's my machine!'

"'Who——' the major says. The crash car comes wailing back, and at about a hundred m. p. h. the pup comes into view again, upside down now. The pilot wears neither goggles nor helmet; in the fleeting glimpse they have of him, his face wears

an expression of wary and stubborn concern. He goes on, half rolls into a skid that swaps him end for end. He is now headed straight for the crash car; driver jumps out and flees for nearest hangar, the pup in vicious pursuit. Just as the driver, clutching head in both arms, hurls himself into the hangar, the pup shoots skyward again, hangs again on the prop, then ducks from sight, disappearance followed immediately by dull crash.

"They removed Mac from its intricate remains, intact but unconscious. When he waked he was again under arrest."

II

"And so," Ffollansbye said, "for the second time Mac had caused near apoplexy in high places. But this time he was not present. He was in detention camp, where he was calculating the amount of deficit which bade fair to be the first entry on the flying pay page of his ledger. Meanwhile, at B. H. Q. and in London they considered his case, with its accumulated documents. At last they decided, as a matter of self-protection and to forestall him before he invented any more crimes for which K. R. & O. had no precedent, to let him have his way.

"They came and told him that he was for England and the school of aeronautics.

"'If A gang, wull they be char-rgin' thae leetle unfor-rtunate machine against me?'

"'No,' they said.

"'Verra weel,' he said. 'A'm ready noo.'

"He returned to England, setting foot on his native side of the Channel for the first time in more than two years, refusing leave to go home, as usual. Perhaps it was that matter of the calf's economic legitimacy; perhaps he had figured the most minimated minimum of unavoidable outlay for the trip —knowing, too, that, whatever he discovered, he could not remain long enough to solidify against what he might find when he got there. But perhaps not. Perhaps it was just MacWyrglinchbeath."

Seven months later, a sergeant pilot, he was trundling an obsolete and unwieldy Reconnaissance Experimental back and forth above the Somme while his officer observer spotted artillery fire from the blunt, bathtubish nose of it. Big, broad-

winged, the heavy four-cylinder Beardmore engine thundering sedately behind and above MacWyrglinchbeath's head, a temptation and potential victim to anything with a gun on it that could move seventy miles an hour. But all the same, flying hours accumulated slowly in MacWyrglinchbeath's log book.

He and his officer carried on a long, intermittent conversation as they pottered about the ancient thing between flights. The officer was an artilleryman by instinct and a wireless enthusiast by inclination; between him and aviation was an antipathy which never flagged. MacWyrglinchbeath's passion for accumulating flying time was an enigma to him until, by patient probing, he learned of the neighbor and the mounting hoard of shillings.

"So you came to the war to make money?" he said.

"Aweel," MacWyrglinchbeath said, "A wou'na be wastin' ma time."

The officer repeated MacWyrglinchbeath's history to the mess. A day or two later another pilot—an officer—entered the hangar and found MacWyrglinchbeath head down in the nacelle of his machine.

"I say, Sergeant," the officer said to the seat of MacWyrglinchbeath's breeks. MacWyrglinchbeath backed slowly into complete sight and turned over his shoulder a streaked face.

"Ay, sir-r."

"Come down a moment, will you?" MacWyrglinchbeath climbed down, carrying a wrench and a bit of foul waste. "Robinson tells me you're a sort of financier," the officer said.

MacWyrglinchbeath laid the wrench down and wiped his hands on the waste. "Aweel, A wou'na say just that."

"Now, Sergeant, don't deny it. Mr. Robinson has told on you. . . . Have a cigarette?"

"A'll no' mind." MacWyrglinchbeath wiped his hands on his thighs and took the cigarette. "A smawk a pipe masel'." He accepted a light.

"I've a bit of business in your line," the officer said. "This day, each month, you're to give me one pound, and for every day I get back, I give you a shilling. What do you say?"

MacWyrglinchbeath smoked slowly, holding the cigarette as though it were a dynamite cap. "And thae days when ye'll no fly?"

"Just the same. I owe you a shilling."

MacWyrglinchbeath smoked slowly for a while. "Wull ye gang wi' me as ma obsair-rver-r?"

"Who'll take up my bus? No, no; if I flew with you, I'd not need underwriting. . . . What do you say?"

MacWyrglinchbeath mused, the cigarette in his soiled hand. "'Twill tak' thinkin'," he said at last. "A'll tell ye the mor-rn."

"Right. Take the night and think it out." The officer returned to the mess.

"I've got him! I've got him hooked."

"What's your idea?" the C. O. said. "Are you spending all this ingenuity for a pound which you can only win by losing?"

"I just want to watch the old Shylock lose flesh. I should give his money back, even if I won it."

"How?" the C. O. said. The officer looked at him, blinking slowly. "They have an exchange basis between here and Gehenna?" the C. O. said.

"Look here," Robinson said, "why don't you let Mac be? You don't know those people—those Highlanders. It takes fortitude just to live as they do, let alone coming away without protest to fight for a king whom they probably still consider a German peasant, and for a cause that, however it ends, he'll only lose. And the man who can spend three years in this mess and still look forward to a future with any sanity, strength to his arm, say I."

"Hear, hear!" someone cried.

"Oh, have a drink," the other said. "I shan't hurt your Scot."

The next morning MacWyrglinchbeath paid down the pound, slowly and carefully, but without reluctance. The officer accepted it as soberly.

"We'll start wi' to-day," MacWyrglinchbeath said.

"Righto," the officer said. "We'll start in a half hour."

Three days later, after a short conversation with Robinson, the C. O. called MacWyrglinchbeath's client aside.

"Look here. You must call that silly wager off. You're disrupting my whole squadron. Robinson says that if you're anywhere in sight, he can't even keep MacBeath in their sector long enough after the battery fires to see the bursts."

"It's not my fault, sir. I wasn't buying a watchdog. At least, I thought not. I was just pulling Mac's leg."

"Well, you look him out to-morrow and ask him to release you. We'll have Brigade about our ears at this rate."

The next morning the client talked to MacWyrglinchbeath. That afternoon Robinson talked to MacWyrglinchbeath. That evening, after dinner, the C. O. sent for him. But MacWyrglinchbeath was firm, polite and without heat, and like granite.

The C. O. drummed on the table for a while. "Very well, Sergeant," he said at last. "But I order you to keep to your tour of duty. If you are reported off your patrol once more, I'll ground you. Carry on."

MacWyrglinchbeath saluted. "Verra gude, sir-r."

After that he kept to his tour. Back and forth, back and forth above the puny shell puffs, the gouts of slow smoke. From time to time he scanned the sky above and behind him, but always his eyes returned northward, where the other R. E. was a monotonous speck in the distance.

This was day after day, while Mr. Robinson, with his binocular, hung over the leading edge of the nacelle like a man in a bath who has dropped the soap overside. But every day the client returned, daily the shillings grew, until that day came when the shilling was profit, followed by another and another. Then the month was complete, and MacWyrglinchbeath paid down another pound. The profit was gone now, and his gaze was a little more soberly intent as he stared northward at brief intervals.

Mr. Robinson was leaning, down-peering, over the nacelle when the heavy engine behind him burst into thunderous crescendo, and the earth pivoted one hundred and eighty degrees in a single swoop. He jerked himself up and looked behind, swinging his gun about. The sky was clear, yet they were moving at the R. E.'s sedate top speed. MacWyrglinchbeath was staring straight ahead and Robinson turned and saw, indicated by A-A bursts, the other R. E. plunging and darting like an ancient stiff-kneed horse. Shrapnel unfolded and bloomed above it, and at last he made out the Fokker clinging to the R. E.'s blind spot. He swung his gun forward and cleared the mechanism with a short burst.

The two R. E.'s approached at a quartering angle, the first zigzagging just above the clinging German, all three losing altitude. The first and last intimation the German had of the presence of the second R. E. was a burst from Robinson's gun. The German shot straight up, stalled, and burst into flames. Then MacWyrglinchbeath, yawing violently to dodge the zooming German, saw Robinson fall forward over the edge of the nacelle, and at the same time a rake of tracer smoke along the fuselage beside him. He swerved; without pausing, the second German shot past and plumped full upon the tail of the first R. E., and again bullets ripped about MacWyrglinchbeath, coming from beneath now, where British infantry were firing at the German.

The three of them were not a hundred feet high when they flashed above the secondary lines and the tilted pink faces of the A-A battery. The German utterly disregarded MacWyrglinchbeath. He hung upon the tail of the first R. E., which was still zigzagging in wild and sluggish yaws, and putting his nose down a little more and unfastening his belt, MacWyrglinchbeath brought his machine directly above the German and a little behind him. Still the German seemed utterly unaware of his presence, and MacWyrglinchbeath put one leg over the nacelle and got from directly beneath the engine and pushed the stick forward. The German disappeared completely beneath the end of the nacelle and Robinson's dead body sprawled there; immediately afterward, MacWyrglinchbeath felt the prolonged shock. He cut the switch and climbed free of the nacelle, onto the bottom wing, where the engine wouldn't fall on him. "Sax shillin'," he said as the sudden earth swooped and tilted.

III

He climbed stiffly down from his Bristol and limped across the tarmac toward his hut. His limp was pronounced now, a terrific, crablike gait, for in the wet, chill October days his broken hips stiffened, even after fourteen months.

The flight was all in, the windows of the officers' mess glowed cheerily across the dusk; he limped on, thinking of tea, a drink, a cozy evening in his hut behind the locked door. That was against the young devils from the mess. Children

they took now. The old pilots, mature men, were all dead or promoted to remote Wing offices, their places filled by infants not done with public school, without responsibility or any gift for silence. He went on and opened the door to his hut.

He stopped, the open door in his hand, then he closed it and entered the cubbyhole of a room. His batman had built the fire up in the miniature stove; the room was quite warm. He laid his helmet and goggles aside and slowly unfastened and removed his flying boots. Only then did he approach the cot and stand there, looking quietly at the object which had caught his eye when he entered. It was his walking-out tunic. It had been pressed, but that was not all. The Royal Flying Corps tabs and the chevrons had been ripped from shoulder and sleeve, and on each shoulder strap a subaltern's pip was fixed, and upon the breast, above the D. S. M. ribbon, were wings. Beside it his scarred belt lay, polished, with a new and shining shoulder strap buckled on. He was still looking soberly at them when the door burst open upon a thunderous inrush.

"Now, old glum-face!" a young voice cried. "He'll have to buy a drink now. Hey, fellows?"

They watched him from the mess windows as he crossed the aërodrome in the dusk.

"Wait, now," they told one another. "Wait till he's had time to dress."

Another voice rose: "Gad, wouldn't you like to see the old blighter's face when he opens the door?"

"Old blighter?" a flight commander sitting with a newspaper beneath the lamp said. "He's not old. I doubt if he's thirty."

"Good gad! Thirty! Gad, I'll not live to see thirty by ten years."

"Who cares? Who wants to live forever?"

"Stow it. Stow it."

"*Ave, Cæsar! Morituri*——"

"Stow it, stow it! Don't be a mawkish fool!"

"Gad, yes! What ghastly taste!"

"Thirty! Good gad!"

"He looks about a hundred, with that jolly walnut face of his."

"Let him. He's a decent sort. Shame it wasn't done sooner for him."

"Yes. Been a D. S. O. and an M. C. twice over by now."

"Got quite a decent clink record too. Deserted once, you know."

"Go on!"

"'Struth. And first time he was ever off the ground he nipped off alone on a pup. No instruction; ack emma then. Sort of private solo."

"I say, do you know that yarn they tell about him about hoarding his pay against peace? Sends it all home. Done it for years."

"Well, why not?" the flight commander said. "If some of you young puppies would just——" They shouted him down. "Clear off, the lot of you!" the flight commander said above the din. "Why don't you go and fetch him up here?"

They charged from the room; the noise faded in the outer dusk. The three flight commanders sat down again, talking quietly among themselves.

"I'm glad too. Trouble is, they should have done it years ago. Ffollansbye recommended him once. Dare say some ass hipped on precedent quashed it."

"Too bad Ffollansbye couldn't have lived to see it done."

"What a putrid shame."

"Yes. But you'd not know it from Mac. Ffollansbye told him when he put him up. Old Mac never said anything at all; just went on about his business. And then, when Ffollansbye had to tell him it was no go, he just sort of grunted and thanked him, and carried on as though it had never come up."

"What a ruddy shame."

"Yes. Sort of makes you glad you belong to the same squadron with a chap like that. Does his bit and be damned to you." They sat in the cozy warmth, talking quietly of MacWyrglinchbeath. Feet rushed again beyond the door; it opened, and two of the deputation stood in it with their young, baffled faces.

"Well?" someone said. "Where's the victim?"

But they were beckoning the senior flight commander, in whose flight MacWyrglinchbeath was.

"Come here, skipper," they said. The senior looked at them. He did not rise.

"What's row?"

But they were merely urgent and mysterious; not until the three of them were outside did they explain. "The old fool won't take it," they said in hushed tones. "Can you believe it? Can you?"

"We'll see," the flight commander said. Beyond MacWyrglinchbeath's door the sound of voices indistinguishable and expostulant came.

The flight commander entered and thrust among them as they stood about the cot. The tunic and belt lay untouched upon it; beside it MacWyrglinchbeath sat in the lone chair.

"Clear off, now," the flight commander said, herding them toward the door. "Off with you, the whole lot." He pushed the last one out and shut the door and returned and straddled his legs before the stove.

"What's all the hurrah, Mac?"

"Weel, skipper," MacWyrglinchbeath said slowly, "thae bairns mean weel, A doot not——" He looked up. "Ye ha' disfeegur-red ma walkin-oot tunic, and thae bairns think A sud just dress up in a' thae leather-r and brass, and gang wi' they tae thae awf-ficer-rs' mess." He mused again upon the tunic.

"Right," the flight commander said. "Shame it wasn't done a year ago. Hop into it now, and come along. Dinner's about about."

But MacWyrglinchbeath did not stir. He put his hand out slowly and musingly, and touched the gallant sweep of the embroidered wings above the silken candy stripe.

"Thae bairns mean weel, A mak' nae doot," he said.

"Silly young pups. But we're all damned glad. You should have seen the major when it came through this morning. Like a child on Christmas Eve. The lads could hardly wait until they could sneak your tunic out."

"Ay," MacWyrglinchbeath said. "They mean weel, A mak' nae doot. But 'twill tak' thinkin'." He sat, slowly and gently touching the wings with a blunt hand, pitted and grained with four years of grease. The flight commander watched quietly and with what he thought was comprehension. He moved.

"Right you are. Take the night and think it out. Better

show up at breakfast, though, or those devils will be after you again."

"Ay," MacWyrglinchbeath said. "'Twill tak' thinkin'."

Dark was fully come. The flight commander strode savagely back to the mess, swearing. He opened the door, and, still cursing, he entered. The others faced him quickly.

"Is he coming?"

The flight commander cursed steadily—Wing, Brigade, Staff, the war, Parliament.

"Do you think he will? Would any of you yourselves, after they'd let you rot for four ruddy years, and then gave you a second lieutenancy as though it were a Garter? The man has pride, and he's damned well right."

After his dinner MacWyrglinchbeath went to the sergeant of the officers' mess and talked with him. Then he went to the squadron commander's orderly and talked with him. Then he returned and sat on his cot—he had yet the stub of candle, for light was furnished him now; but he was well into his second pencil—and calculated. He roughly computed the cost of a new uniform and accessories, with an allowance for laundry. Then he calculated a month's average battel bill, added the amounts and subtracted the total from a subaltern's pay. He compared the result with his present monthly net, sitting above the dead yet irrevocable assertion of the figures for a long time. Then he tied the ledger up in its bit of greasy cord and went to bed.

The next morning he sought the flight commander. "Thae bairns mean weel, A mak' nae doot," he said, with just a trace of apology. "And the major-r. A'm gritfu' tae ye a'. But 'twina do, skipper. Ye ken that."

"Yes," the flight commander said. "I see. Yes." Again and aloud he cursed the whole fabric of the war. "Stupid fools, with their ruddy tabs and brass. No wonder they can't win a war in four years. You're right, Mac; 'course it's no go at this late day. And I'm sorry, old fellow." He wrung MacWyrglinchbeath's limp, calloused hand hard.

"A'm gritfu'," MacWyrglinchbeath said. "A'm obleeged."

That was in October, 1918.

By two o'clock there was not a mechanic on the place. On the tarmac the squadron commander's machine stood, the

engine idling; in the cockpit the major sat. He was snoring. Up and down the aërodrome the senior flight commander and a wing commander and an artillery officer raced in the squadron's car, while a fourth man in an S. E. 5 played tag with them. He appeared to be trying to set his landing gear down in the tonneau of the car; at each failure the occupants of the car howled, the artillery officer waving a bottle; each time the flight commander foiled him by maneuvering, they howled again and passed the bottle from mouth to mouth.

The mess was littered with overturned chairs and with bottles and other objects small enough to throw. Beneath the table lay two men to whom three hours of peace had been harder than that many years of fighting; above and upon and across them the unabated tumult raged. At last one climbed upon the table and stood swaying and shouting until he made himself heard:

"Look here! Where's old Mac?"

"Mac!" they howled. "Where's old Mac? Can't have a binge without old Mac!"

They rushed from the room. In his cockpit the major snored; the squadron car performed another last-minute skid as the S. E.'s propeller flicked the cap from the artillery officer's head. They rushed on to MacWyrglinchbeath's hut and crashed the door open. MacWyrglinchbeath was sitting on his cot, his ledger upon his knees and his pencil poised above it. He was taking stock.

With the hammer which he had concealed beneath the well coping four years ago he carefully drew the nails in the door and window frames and put them into his pocket and opened his house again. He put the hammer and the nails away in their box, and from another box he took his kilts and shook them out. The ancient folds were stiff, reluctant, and moths had been among them, and he clicked his tongue soberly.

Then he removed his tunic and breeks and putties, and donned the kilts. With the fagots he had stored there four years ago he kindled a meager fire on the hearth and cooked and ate his supper. Then he smoked his pipe, put the dottle carefully away, smothered the fire and went to bed.

The next morning he walked three miles down the glen to

the neighbor's. The neighbor, from his tilted doorway, greeted him with sparse unsurprise:

"Weel, Wully. A thocht ye'd be comin' hame. A heer-rd thae war-r was done wi'."

"Ay," MacWyrglinchbeath said, and together they stood beside the angling fence of brush and rocks and looked at the shaggy, small horse and the two cows balanced, seemingly without effort, on the forty-five-degree slope of the barn lot.

"Ye'll be takin' away thae twa beasties," the neighbor said.

"Thae three beasties, ye mean," MacWyrglinchbeath said. They did not look at each other. They looked at the animals in the lot.

"Ye'll mind ye left but twa wi' me."

They looked at the three animals. "Ay," MacWyrglinchbeath said. Presently they turned away. They entered the cottage. The neighbor lifted a hearthstone and counted down MacWyrglinchbeath's remittances to the last ha'penny. The total agreed exactly with the ledger.

"A'm gritfu'," MacWyrglinchbeath said.

"Ye'll ha' ither spoil frae thae war-r, A doot not?" the neighbor said.

"Naw. 'Twas no that kind o' a war-r," MacWyrglinchbeath said.

"Ay," the neighbor said. "No Hieland Scots ha' ever won aught in English war-rs."

MacWyrglinchbeath returned home. The next day he walked to the market town, twelve miles away. Here he learned the current value of two-year-old cattle; he consulted a lawyer also. He was closeted with the lawyer for an hour. Then he returned home, and with pencil and paper and the inch-long butt of the candle he calculated slowly, proved his figures, and sat musing above the result. Then he snuffed the candle and went to bed.

The next morning he walked down the glen. The neighbor, in his tilted doorway, greeted him with sparse unsurprise:

"Weel, Wully. Ye ha' cam' for thae twa beasties?"

"Ay," MacWyrglinchbeath said.

FORRESTER

BY CYRIL HUME

FROM *Yale Review*

CYRIL HUME

graduated from Yale University with the determination to write. After a short job with the "New York World" he retired to the country and wrote "Wife of the Centaur" which broke all records of success for a first novel. He has since written "A Dish for the Gods," "Cruel Fellowship," and "The Golden Dancer."

HIS name was Forrester, a slow-speaking, ponderous man, with that deceptive look of stupidity which so many farmers wear like masks upon their faces: the eyes stern from the continual watching of skilled processes in the doing, the vacuously smiling lips which betray a mind often abandoned to reverie above the toiling body. I knew him as well, perhaps, as did anyone, for his wild estate half enclosed my own land, and we often encountered each other along our boundary fences. He was a good neighbor, too, for he never intruded upon me, being, I suppose, too busy setting out young trees in his bare fields. The planting of such trees was his passion.

Forrester's acres, when he acquired them originally, formed a huge tract of pasture. No trees grew there except some nondescript clumps along the brooks, and a few isolated oaks and pines which had been spared to shelter the cattle during the noonday heat. One would have said the place was ideal for a dairy farm, and that it was doomed forever to this prosaic utility. Not so Forrester. He had been driven out from the city and from a moderately successful activity upon the stock exchange by an importunate dream of shadowed stillness, and dappled light, and bosky odors. Deer drifted delicately upon noiseless hoofs before the face of his dream, and from beneath its feet partridge ran out with harsh cries and a rising thunder of wings. His dream pressed on breast-high among drooping ferns, pausing sometimes to wonder at the frail recurrent miracles of forest flowers. High over its head small birds flirted in and out gold-green pools of sun, singing briefly, and then pausing to listen to the silences which followed their songs. Forrester told me that his dream afflicted him like a burning thirst, or like a flame of prophecy in the mind of a seer. And when he came first to inspect the land which he was to buy, he hated the drifting cattle as a doctor might have hated some defiling plague. He resolved then almost prayerfully that he would give back the poor baked earth to the secrecies and moistures of the forest.

So he bought the place, and built himself an ugly little house

in an open field, using the stones of pasture walls for his materials. When it was done, he moved into it with his few possessions, and was ready to begin.

Every spring, by his own labor, he set out twelve thousand young trees, and every autumn six thousand more. He planted beech and pine and spruce and balsam and maple, watering them with his sweat, that one day they should shelter his strange need of them. And all his trees did well. The first year they were small green brushes, each one standing erect beside a turned sod, and pointing fantastically skyward. And Forrester, regarding their fragility, was apprehensive for them, so that he was glad when they disappeared in the summer grass. The second year the trees were hidden among weeds and briars, so that the land was neither pasture nor woodland now, but only an unprofitable waste. But Forrester had faith, and he continued patiently covering new acres with his little trees. The third year the briars were grown into thickets, and Forrester's faith dwindled to a loud-voiced obstinacy. He thought, "Even this is better than sun-scorched pasture, fouled with cattle droppings." For the rabbits had come back, and now the brakes were filled with the scurry of ground birds. Even the woodchuck, when he saw it now, was no longer a gorged furry pig, somnolent in its clover fat, but a wild thing, furtive and quaintly beautiful. The fourth year Forrester's faith was rewarded, for his trees appeared again as spreading globes of green among the rusty briars. And the fifth year they had risen and submerged the briars, and the briars began to die, and little brilliant birds such as Forrester had never seen before came in companies to groom his trees of scales and insects. Then Forrester was filled with a grave exultation, for he foresaw the time when he would have conquered the sun, which had seared brown creases into his neck, and which now every day beat heaven upon earth in a flame of brass. Thenceforward, when the spring planting season was over, and the autumn not yet come, he prowled among his trees with a brush hook in his hand, hunting for gooseberries, the enemies of his white pines. I met him once engaged in this work, and I thought his face had a murderous look.

When Forrester came out with his mattock and his bundles of young trees in the spring of the sixth year, he discovered that the trees in his first plantation had grown higher than

his head, and he could not see beyond them. For a while he stood there in a kind of ecstasy, telling himself that he was in his forest at last. And he thought how presently the trees would close above his head, and how more beasts and birds would come in wild confidence, and how at last there would appear shadowed vistas among the clean vertical trunks, and he would tread in peace upon leaf and needle mould of his own creation. He raised his head, and looked up into the sky, and when he saw a hawk circling the sun he laughed. For a while he breathed the air which here among the balsams was inexpressibly sweet. Then he went on with his mattock and his trees into the open fields beyond last year's plantations. And as he went he wondered if it might not be possible for him to plant twenty thousand trees this year. "I shall plant them and plant them," he said, "until there is nothing here but forest. Then I shall buy more land."

He began setting out spruces in a steep little gully with a rill gurgling down it. In the morning one side of the gully was in sunlight and one in shadow, and in the afternoon shadow and sunlight were reversed. At the upper end there grew a straggling clump of trees. In the late afternoon, when the north side of the gully had been in sunshine for a long time, the shadow of this clump would begin all at once to march down the gully bringing twilight.

One evening when the shadow had completed half its march, Forrester glanced up from his work and saw a dryad there, standing waist deep in the shadow, and watching him out of long liquid eyes. He said he was not at all afraid. She was, to be sure, as wild and strange as any other creature of the dusk, but hers was the alert gay wildness of the squirrels and woodpeckers which haunted her dryad tree. And so he was not afraid at all. Besides, he said, she was very beautiful standing there, watching him from beneath the shadow of her dark hair.

Naturally, said Forrester in telling me of this, she was not wearing any clothes, for she was, actually, a dryad. Yet no one would have described her as being naked exactly. Her nudity was too pleasantly natural for that. She was entirely poised, so that he felt no shame whatever in looking at her. And when she approached him finally, she moved in her honey-colored skin exactly as any very pretty young woman might

have moved in a new expensive dress which she knew was becoming to her. Forrester said she had that easy sort of charm. When she had come quite close to him she smiled. He could not smile. Her presence filled him with an exquisite peace, and with a sweet intolerable desire. She, being a dryad, of course expected that.

From the very beginning she acted as though she belonged to him. And something in her manner gave him to understand that she imagined he had expected her, or even that he had evoked her deliberately by something he had done. However, she was reticent when he spoke of this, seeming to prefer a smiling and silent understanding. She used to caress his cheeks with her little wild hands, and look at him adoringly, and say, "You are so good! So good!" Forrester said she seemed to use that word *good* in a sense of holiness, and he sometimes thought she meant his planting of the trees. Yet he was not very persistent in trying to discover her meaning. She herself distracted him from that, for she was absorbingly lovely. But for the winning inhumanity of her ways he would have thought she was merely a frivolous and beautiful girl of nineteen. There was in her face that threshold look of commingled wisdom and wonder.

"It is as good as being married!" said Forrester, the bachelor.

He was not by nature a demonstrative or an articulate man, but in his heart he was quite mad with happiness. He worked among his trees with a new passion now, and as he toiled, his spirit called impatiently to the trees that they should spring miraculously swift, forming a barrier of wilderness about his dryad and himself. And it seemed as though the trees responded. "I think," he said, "she had a way of blessing them."

She used to help him until her briar-blossom hands were brown with loam, and elf locks clung to her wide sweet forehead. And when midday came she would share his lunch with him, showing no repugnance at all for human food, though her appetite was as simple and discriminating as a child's. Sometimes she would drink up all the milk he had left cooling in the brook, and afterwards, when she saw him drinking water, she would be penitent. "Forrester! You are so good to me!" And she would laugh immoderately.

Often he spent half the night with her among her clump of trees, she weaving ecstatic spells about him until he laughed and wept like one moon-mad. Sometimes he asked her to come home with him to sleep beneath his roof, but she would say, "Oh, Forrester! No!" and look as much distressed as though he had suggested some indecency. If he urged too long, she would shed childish tears and say he did not really love her. So he would yield his will to hers and share her mood of elfin pleasure. And when at last he was quite wearied out, he would fall to sleep as though forever, with his head wound in her arms, and his cheek pillowed as the cheeks of lovers are immemorially pillowed. He would wake to find himself stumbling through the last stand of young timber towards his house.

Forrester was happy. Even through his winter loneliness he was happy. Sometimes in January he entered her shivering grove and moved from tree to tree, shuffling the snow and calling to her until the dusk chill came, and his teeth began to chatter. But she never answered him, never betrayed which tree was hers by tapping as he passed. So he would go back to his little house and his glowing stove, half grieved that she would not trust him with the secret of her dwelling. Through that evening he would remember her as he had seen her last among the autumn asters, smiling and blinking sleepily as her time of hibernation came upon her. "The leaves are such a cosy color, Forrester." So he mused through the winter, until he seemed himself to have sunk into that pondering half-sleep of hibernation.

Then one April afternoon when for a week robins had called the tidings on every lawn, and in the orchards bluebirds had whistled echoes of the robins, and in the woodlands thrushes, she would come back to him as he labored in some remote field corner. He would straighten his winter-softened back, and see her standing close at hand, smiling at him from long liquid eyes. That night, perhaps, when their April raptures had been abated, she told him the vapid charming dreams she had dreamed inside her tree—"I dreamed there was a perfectly enormous squirrel scampering through my grove, chattering his wicked teeth and calling me. Of course, I knew enough not to answer him. Then all at once it was you calling, but when I answered, you had gone on. Are you glad I am back, Forrester?"

So their days and nights began again, and followed one another. There were certain groves now where Forrester and his dryad could walk together, and never leave the shadow for the sun. "I have heard that the deer are thinking of coming back," she told him shyly. But she never would say who had told her.

His trees grew, and their shadows; and such a mystery began to breed among the groves that Forrester believed his dryad, and every day watched for the signs of deer. Sometimes, when smoky dusk uprose among the branches, he told himself that he had planted glades fit for unicorns to hide their sovereign whiteness in, and their chivalric worship of virginity. And momently he thought to see the thunder ax smite in among his trees, begetting a life of bronze and mouldered autumn leaves under the black water of some unconsidered tarn. He fancied even how the pallid egg would swell, and how at last a fledgling dragon would come forth, to twine, goose-voiced and venomous, among the secret roots of beeches —there to await its huge trunk-circling maturity, its meteor first foray among the flocks of men. And Forrester thought how there would pass athwart the monstrous and doom-troubled dragon dreams a figure, bright in armor, and terrible with youth—the destined hero, dear and inescapable as love. So Forrester moved when he was alone at twilight in his groves, with parted harkening lips and sidelong eyes. And he wondered had he planted all his trees for this.

The years passed, and the trees grew, and the deer came. And the brooks sobbed, and the shades waxed, and the fields waned. And yearly Forrester set out new trees, knowing a deeper, stiller satisfaction for every acre that put on a gracious cloak of verdure. And every year Forrester loved his dryad with an unfaltering love in the summer weather, and every winter he mused upon her with a more sleepy-smiling fondness. She herself changed not at all as the years passed, and Forrester thought he loved her most of all for that. But after changeless years there came a year when Forrester and the dryad were alone together no longer, but sat constrained in the company of a third troubling presence.

They had kissed each other in the April morning. They had spoken for a while joyfully of the dear monotony of returning springs: how every year the same hawks came back, and every

year beneath their jeopardy lesser birds made Eden explorations of rapture, and every year there were violets innumerable in the burgeoning woods. But the dryad distracted Forrester from his reverie, brushing at his temples with hands like insistent wings.

"What are you doing, Dryad?" he asked her gently.

She answered, "There's frost in your hair!" Then, having brushed at his temples for another while, she stopped and looked at him with wide mink eyes. "What is it, Forrester?"

He smiled sadly, though at first unbitterly. "It is age," he said. She asked him, "What is age?"

Then he remembered that she had no soul, and he was grieved. "Age," he answered, speaking as one would speak to a child, "is the end of growth and the beginning of decay." He spoke gently as though to a dear child. "Age is the compassionate sister of death."

She said, "I know death!" And her eyes grew expressionless with fear. "You are not going to die, Forrester?"

He smiled. "No. Not yet. But I shall wither slowly, and become sapless and overbloomed with frost. There will be in me continually less of joy and more of peace. And I shall not mourn for joy, but rather smile at it when I see it all about me."

"Oh, Forrester!"

"Yes, and I shall be ever less a lover and more a friend. And I shall even come to consider kindliness a richer thing than passion."

"Forrester!"

"That is age," he said. "To see the goldenrod and asters and autumn mists appear along the fields, to understand their meaning, and yet to love them."

"I do not understand!" she cried.

"Trees grow," said Forrester, "taller yearly, mightier, lovelier. But even oak trees cannot grow forever. Even oaks must wither and weaken and in some destined tempest be overthrown. That is age."

"But, Forrester," she said eagerly, "I have seen that a thousand times! And when I see it happening to my own tree I find another quickly, and move into it for fear my old tree should fall and kill me. There are so many trees——"

Forrester smiled again. "Perhaps I too shall move on as

you move, my dryad. Perhaps one day even I shall find a stronger and a statelier tree. But not here. Not in this place. Not with you. First I must lose you. I must fall first in that destined storm, and sink down to pay my debt to that rich mould which nourished me so long. Then I must wait a while until there shall fall upon me the little merciful seeds of eternity. So perhaps I shall rise up again, spreading a good shade about me, hungering upward towards the light."

"I do not understand," she whispered. Forrester said somberly, "That is because you have no soul."

When the words were spoken he saw that he had been cruel. Her eyes filled with tears, and she turned her face from him. But she did not question him concerning that mysterious thing of which he had spoken. And so he knew she must have heard talk of souls before, and he guessed that such talk must be the great fear in every dryad's heart. Now her own lover had reproached her with lacking a soul.

He did his best to comfort her, and she made believe to be comforted, returning to laughter too easily to be convincing. He on his part pretended he had spoken lightly, but he saw that he too failed in his attempt at deception. After that there was a blight upon their joy. In the days that followed, they spoke only after sodden silences, with a loud forced gaiety, and then, for shame and grief, fell silent again. And each knew that the other was thinking mournfully that there was but a single soul between them. Once at night when it was dark in her grove, she hid her face in his neck and asked him, "Does it matter?"

"Not for you," he answered. "But for me it matters very greatly. The soul casts a shadow called mortality which we humans bear secretly in our bodies. It is a tight-wrapped vine about a tree bole, biding its time. It is a dream of fear, a despair too great to be contemplated by sane men. And so to me it matters indeed. For my soul will bring me to the goldenrod and to the frosts, and beyond to the snows. You will be gone in that long winter, and I shall be alone among the snows. And when I call you then, you will not answer me. You will only smile if you hear me, and dream again. And maybe you will dream how when spring comes back some farm boy hereabout will be nympholept."

She wept so bitterly then, and protested her fidelity with

such hysteric passion, that he resolved to speak of souls no more. But after that he often thought, nevertheless, how she had no soul. Then he brooded sorrowfully. Sometimes she asked him timidly, "Are you thinking that I have no soul?" And he would nod.

Sometimes she insisted—"Are you displeased with me because I have no soul?"

"No, not displeased."

"But you are sad because of it."

Then perforce he would nod again.

Often she hid herself, and when she came back to him her beauty was spoiled with weeping. "If I had never spoken of it!" he thought. But it made him sadder still to reflect that she had no soul and that he must lose her.

Once he found her looking at her reflection in a little shady pool. "Does it make me ugly to be without a soul?" she asked.

"You are very beautiful," he said. But even as he reassured her he thought that she was almost ugly now with all the joy gone out of her. She saw his thought, and misinterpreted it, and mourned more than ever because she had no soul to shine within her beauty.

Sometimes she embraced him with an artful and calculated ardor, watching him anxiously as she did so, so that there was no longer any abandonment in her caress. "Would I please you more if I had a soul, Forrester?" He told her that to him she was the sum of all delights, but he was constrained by her constraint, and so she thought he lied. "I do not please you any more!" And nothing he could do was able to shake this conviction. So for the first time shame came between them, and she began hiding her body from the light.

And always it came back to this: "Forrester, are you thinking that I have no soul?" Frequently her meek reiteration exasperated him.

One night when they were in her grove together she said a strange thing. She delayed his departure, holding one of his hands in both of hers, and speaking in a kind of abstraction. "Bring your ax to-morrow, Forrester."

He was amazed. She had a hatred of his ax. He had brought it with him once to destroy an obstinate clump of gooseberry bushes, and she had run to a distance and shivered and wept

and railed at him as though he had been an assassin. But now she asked him to bring his ax with him.

In the morning he came carrying it heavy in his hand. She flinched and turned a little white when she saw its square murderous head, but she went to him, nevertheless, and took his free hand and led him by it into her grove. "Forrester," she said, when they were among the trees, "it is not my fault that I have no soul. Whatever god it was that made me must have thought me too frail to bear the burden of a soul, and mercifully would not lade me with anything but joy. But for you my joy is not enough."

"It is enough!" he said.

"Oh, no, Forrester, it is not. Nothing that I have is enough so long as I do not possess a soul."

She paused as though she hoped he would contradict her with some courteous falsehood, but when he said nothing, not even raising his eyes, she spoke again with a very youthful gentleness. "I suppose," she said, "that this time comes to every dryad. I used to tell myself that when it came to me—though I could never really believe it of you, Forrester—that I would not care, and that my own love would end because I would be scornful of your ingratitude, and angry with your reproaches. And I thought that when that time came I would hide away from you forever, and not grieve at all, but only smile, knowing that every spring brings love again to every dryad. But now I do not feel at all like that."

"You will go just the same," he muttered. "But do not say that I reproach you, Dryad. I am only sad."

"What greater reproach than sadness could you have put upon me that loves you, Forrester?"

He could not answer, so she smiled, and touched his cheek, and went on speaking. "I ought now to hide myself away like any airy-hearted dryad. But I think I am hardly a dryad any longer. Your love has made me wish for that deadly thing, a soul. And my wish has created in me something which is not unlike a soul. Indeed, I think it must be like a soul as the shadow is like the tree, or the song like the bird, or the perfume like the flower. And so I cannot bring myself to leave you, Forrester, smiling and scornful, as I ought."

"Still I shall lose you," he said, "when age has frosted me a little whiter. And maybe then I shall be so calm and smiling-

minded I shall not grieve even to lose you. So it might be better, Dryad, for the sake of these woodland summers, it might be kinder if you left me now while I am man enough for anguish."

"No, I can never go lightly now and leave you. For you have made me desire a soul. Do you believe that, Forrester? I want you surely to believe that. I want you to believe that I would get me a soul somewhere if I were able, and be as you desire me to be, deathward-tending and companionable. I want you to believe that I would do that if I could, at any cost to myself, that I would pay down gladly first my beauty and then my life to please you. And most, Forrester, I want you to believe that undryad-like I have no wish that next spring any young farm boy hereabout should be nympholept!" She sobbed once suddenly upon the words, and then smiled again. "I think you will believe me, Forrester. For I have found a way to move with you, after a fashion, in your mortality, so that when you remember me you will be neither grieved nor shamed, but only sad. So take your great ax, Forrester, and hew down this tree which I touch. Only, my dear, be quick." She stood there, laughing a little, with closed weeping eyes. Then Forrester knew that she had betrayed her dryad secret and showed him the very tree which was her life, and bid him cut it down that she might share with him unchanged at least the glimmering immortality of his memory.

The ax fell from his grasp and bedded itself in the mould beside his foot. He seized his dryad's hands, and for a long time they clung together so, looking into each other's faces. And they wept because she had no soul.

That night she waked him, wailing outside the windows of his house. "Get me a soul!" she cried through his dreams, and when he wakened she cried it still. He called to her that she should come in, and because there was in her that fragrance of a soul she was able for the first time to enter below a roof. But by the shine of his lighted lamp he saw defeat upon her face. "Come and be comforted," he said. But there was no comfort for her. She shivered and sweated like a wild thing entrapped, and wept bitterly like a girl robbed of her honor. She crept into his embrace, whimpering, "Get me a soul!" He answered despondently, "I will try."

That night they lay side by side, and Forrester slept not at all, though as dawn approached the dryad slept, being a little eased of her grief by having shared it.

When morning came Forrester had resolved to see the priest. "For," he said to himself, "one would never go to a minister of the Methodist or the Episcopalian church with the problem of getting a soul for a dryad. Bells and candles will be requisite, and certain definite and potent rituals." He rather hoped that incense would be necessary. He liked the smell of it. He never even thought of calling at the Baptist parish house.

He found the priest congenially occupied tending his roses and his onions in his garden, and congenially attired in ancient unclerical clothes. A ruddy, cheerful, simple man, who had not shaved that morning, and who smoked an old black briar, bowl down. "I smoke my pipe in this fashion," the priest began offhand when Forrester had introduced himself, "because I understand that there are certain beneficial and nutritious salts in tobacco ashes. In this manner I am able to distribute a salubrious fertilization over my entire garden as I move to and fro in it."

Forrester asked if the process were not somewhat deliberate. The priest grinned around the black stem of his pipe. "During the past couple of millenniums," he replied, "the Church has discovered the benefits of a geological patience. There is, after all, no hurry, so long as in the end the entire garden is fertilized. Now I have calculated that by the time my curate's curate has become pastor here (provided both young men learn to smoke their pipes as I do) the rectory garden will be producing some very remarkable roses and onions. In the meantime we get fair enough results, as the Sunday altar and the priest's salad bowl will testify."

"I have come," thought Forrester, "to the right man about getting a soul for my dryad!"

And so, after some further discussion of roses and onions (over which the priest was impartially enthusiastic), Forrester was able to come easily to his point. Before Forrester had been speaking for half a minute, the priest (figuratively) pricked his ears. This he did, much to Forrester's satisfaction, not like a dog who will bark at the wind in the chimney, but after the manner of a cat who will concede to nothing in the world

the compliment of its surprise. Thenceforward he gave Forrester a canny sidelong attention which did not, however, prevent him from moving unhurriedly and diligently about his garden. Forrester wandered after him, feeling surprisingly at ease with his unlikely story. Somehow he spoke more confidently of the things he had to say because the priest listened without betraying any surprise at all. The ruddy simple man only loitered among his roses, blessing the least of them as he passed, with a smile and a touch of a remarkably fine forefinger, lifting off an occasional noxious insect, and crushing it under his broad heel while making little distressed clucks with his tongue. "And so," Forrester concluded, "what I really have come for is to get a soul for a dryad."

At first Forrester was hardly sure his companion had heard, but after a moment the priest spoke in an abstracted way, as though he himself hardly attached much importance to what he was saying. "Suppose in the future we refer to her as 'the young woman.' That might be better," he said. Then he captured a large copper-shining beetle which had been feasting upon a rose, and held it up between his fingers for Forrester's inspection. "Ugly thing! Yet I often think that anyone not fond of roses might call it beautiful. A gardener, of course, may not indulge such fancies. The creatures breed quickly, and if I failed to keep after them there would soon be seven where there is now one, and we should have no roses. Well, my son," he murmured, dropping the beetle and grinding his heel upon it, "your problem seems to be a little matter of baptism."

"Will that be enough?" Forrester asked doubtfully.

"Oh, I think so!" the priest answered. "Now, if you will wait here for a moment—I must put on my coat and collar and fetch one or two little things."

He came out presently, dressed in a more formal fashion and carrying a pair of shears. "It might be nice," he said, "to bring her a rose or two." And he cut an economical three, one white, one red, and one of a golden color, wrapping their freshness in a sheet torn from some church publication. "Now," he said, "if you have a car——"

The dryad was waiting for them in the shadowed little house, and Forrester could tell by her equivocal look that in his absence she had been listening to the trees outside—

perhaps to more importunate voices. When she saw the priest she was afraid, and for a moment Forrester thought she was going to run out among her trees again and never return. But she met her lover's eye with a glance of frightened resolution, and remained after all. The priest smiled at her abstractedly and set his hat upon the table, laying the paper of roses beside it. "I am glad, my child," he said, "that you have sent for me, and that you wish to receive the sacrament of baptism."

"What will you do to me?" she whispered.

But he went on in his abstracted way, speaking as much to his hat as to the dryad. "Saint Francis, who was a great saint in the Church which I have come to represent to you, was on terms of great friendliness with all the wild creatures. He called the birds his sisters and made a brother of the wolf. He would have been the last person on earth to harm a wild thing. He loved them all as God's children, and as such preached to them, and blessed them, as I now bless you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The priest made the sign of the cross over her, and Forrester saw a certain sweet chipmunk look vanish from his dryad's face forever. Then a great doubt entered his heart for the bird tamed and the wolf gentled. But the priest was speaking still in his quiet casual tones. "I shall give you more specific instruction at some later time. But now, before I baptize you, I must ask you to believe in certain things." He unwrapped the sheaf of roses, and, as if casually, held the white one up. "—In God the Father who made heaven and earth and all the creatures, and who watches over them forever——"

She whispered wide-eyed, "Is he like the sun?"

"In a way," the priest smiled. "Yes, in a way. And you must believe also in God the Son who proceeds from the Father." He held the red rose up. "Who for the sins of the World died on the tree and yet lives seated at the right hand——"

"Oh, I have heard of that!" the dryad said. "Often! We in the woods have all heard of that. The tree died too," she added more gravely.

The priest smiled and nodded, though there was a momentary doubtful pursing of his lips. He held up the last rose. "And you must believe in God the Holy Ghost," he said seriously. "Who descends upon us sometimes like a dove or

like tongues of fire or like a holy wish, to enlighten us to serve and to believe."

The dryad only watched the golden rose with expectant eyes. After a moment the priest held the three roses up together. Forrester could smell their commingled fragrance in the room. "You must believe also in the trinity of God," said the priest, "and in the unity of God"—he held the white rose singly before the dryad's eyes—"which contains the trinity, as this white rose contains the color elements of all three!"

The dryad said nothing. Forrester saw that the priest had confused her with his roses, and all at once he discovered that he himself was confused. Until that moment he had been engrossed with an esthetic appreciation of the priest's exposition of the mystery. It had reminded him of good Saint Patrick and the shamrock, and he had liked that. But it came into his mind now to wonder if faith might not, more than a sweet humility of the understanding, be an intricate sort of dilettantism. He heard the priest sigh, and saw him lower his roses.

"You must also believe in the Church," he continued, smiling slightly, "even in myself, who with my defects and my humanity still can bring you such supernatural roses, having served them here upon earth, while yet having no power over their excellence and beauty—and claiming none." He smiled. "Is that hard?"

"I've heard something of it in the woods," she murmured.

"Last," said the priest, "you must believe in grace and immortality and in prayer. All of which is to say, you must have faith as unflawed as this white rose. Faith is the first duty of a Christian. You must have hope also to hearten you to contemplate glory like unto and greater than this golden rose, and yet not despair of partaking of it. I think, my child, that even without instruction you have acquired a measure of both these virtues, or you would not have come here seeking baptism at my hands." He held the red rose up, and a certain enthusiasm seemed to reflect its color upon his blunt features. "Last you must have that strong warm-hearted virtue without which the others are as nothing. You must have charity, which is holy love. To love first God and then your neighbor. To have good will towards your neighbor as towards yourself. To do no unkindness, to be courteous and generous and gentle.

And I think you must have learned something of that virtue also among the wild creatures who do no wanton cruelty, and serve one another. Finally, better than the best of beasts, you must choose another's happiness before your own." The priest's eyes flickered towards Forrester with a little smile in them, and a little coldness. "And I would not be surprised, my dear daughter, if you had learned even that."

He broke off and spoke in a hearty tone to Forrester. "Now, if I might have a little pitcher of water——"

Forrester made the journey to the spring and back in some confusion of mind. "If she has these virtues of her own nature, why instruct her?" he thought. "Why push her beyond them and confuse her natural leaning towards them? Why mar simple perfection with adornment? This baptism, this instruction—— Ah! But she must have a soul!"

He returned half ashamed to the little house, for he felt obscurely that he had hardened his heart against the creature whom he loved.

When the priest had christened the dryad with the good name of Mary, he shook her hand and Forrester's, and bid them both good-bye, saying that he would drop in again after a day or so to give further instruction and perform a little marriage ceremony. "It might be better," he said. He declined Forrester's offer of a ride back to town, saying, not without some pride, "I've walked farther than that many's the time, and in worse weather. And if I tire there's lots of farmers along the way glad enough to give a lift to Father Angus."

Then suddenly Forrester realized that the dryad had been naked throughout the entire ceremony. And he marvelled because the priest's blunt ruddy face had not changed at all. He had not even arched his black eyebrows upon entering, but had simply regarded his convert through the better part of an hour with the same smiling approval with which he blessed his onions and his roses.

(It was then the news went round the township that Forrester had married a young wife. I myself chuckled when I heard that news, for I had learned none of Forrester's story as yet. It was not until several months later that he began calling upon me and taking me into his abashed middle-aged confidence.)

Forrester immediately discovered that his happiness was spoiled. When the priest was gone, the dryad turned to him and said, "Well, I am an ordinary woman now." The words chilled him. He had never wanted her to be an ordinary woman. And presently he discovered that she was not even that, though certainly she was a dryad no longer. It seemed to him when he examined her at his leisure that she was now only a miserable combination of irreconcilable things, something as wretched and awkward as a chained bear. When he called her "Dryad" now, she corrected him sharply. "Really, Forrester, I wish you would call me Mary."

But she was not happy in that name, nor in the little shadowed house which he had hoped she would love. The place was like a trap to her, and sometimes she would ask him meekly, "May I go out now, Forrester, for a little while?"

"You don't have to ask, Mary! Of course you may go!"

Often he hoped that in the woods she would leave her soul like a shed snakeskin below a fern, and find her tree again, and not come back. He could not endure to meet her eyes, they were so rabbit-like when she asked permission of him. But she always returned, wearing a baffled, broken look, as though in that hour she had lost many friends. And so he guessed the wild creatures avoided her now that she had a soul, as they avoided the light of day. He pictured her pitifully wandering through the empty woods, with only the squirrels scolding, and the blue jays screaming at her, and, out of sight, the wise, suspicious crows sending their hoarse warnings through the trees.

Dressing her was the greatest and most miserable problem of all, for she refused to run naked now, and once when he desperately insisted on it she was as ungainly and ashamed as a woman who had been accustomed all her life to modesty. "I will buy her calico," Forrester thought. But for her there was no magic even in calico. She pricked her fingers cruelly sewing at it, and when at last she put on the clumsy dresses she had made, she looked heavy and rawboned. "It was like a sacrilege!" Forrester told me. "All her rounded delicacy made so foolish-looking."

At last he sent to the city for an outfit of costly imported clothes. When the boxes came, Forrester and the dryad shared an excitement and a transient hope between them.

He sat gripping his knees with his hands, listening as she moved about in the bedroom. And for a while he almost prayed. Then she came in to where he sat, and the lamp shone upon her, for it was evening. When Forrester had looked for a moment he turned his eyes away, and she went back into the bedroom. In those sophisticated garments she had been like a child, wise beyond its time, and indecently posturing. He heard her creep to bed.

"She is neither dryad nor woman now," Forrester thought. Then he whispered, "I have done a horrible thing!" After some time he took up a lantern and lighted it, and fetched his ax. He went out, with the lantern light about his feet, through the groves which even now he loved.

His ax rang hollow on her basswood tree, and presently the tree crashed to earth, wrecking half the grove. For a while he held his lantern high, and peered into the shattered secret chamber among the roots where she had sheltered so many winters. Then he picked up his ax and turned his slow steps towards the house again.

Half through the deep groves he heard a deer sniff close at hand. "I hope there will be no ax-wounds on her body," he said aloud. No, he would find her lying as he had found her so many times asleep. But still now, with no docile surges lifting her little russet breasts, and growing cold. He thought that he would bury her in a silver glade of sapling beeches, and plant witch-hazel over her to hide her clay. Often from April onward he would sit among the beeches, and one afternoon in October, with the golden leaves loitering past his face, he also would die at last, cherishing that impatient fear about his heart. "For certainly there was a soul in her," he said.

She was awaiting him like a white wraith upon the doorstep. He had extinguished his lantern out of reverence for what he had thought to find. Now in the faint light of the stars he saw that she was pale but happily smiling. "Forrester! Forrester!" she called lightly as he neared her. "No one is nearly as good as you, nor half so wise! There was a little pain at first, but now I am light and free-hearted. You have ransomed me from the woods. Oh, it is a good thing to be an ordinary woman, Forrester. And I am glad to be only your human wife. In the morning I shall try those clothes again.

You will see the change and be glad. Stand here in the shadow and kiss me, Forrester. Someone might be moving in the woods. Some prowler. But you must be chilled by the night air. It cannot be healthy. So come to bed and I will warm you. It is time for bed. And before we sleep I wish to discuss a certain matter with you."

Forrester raised his haggard middle-aged eyes to mine. "She wants me to cut into my groves!" he said. "She says the house is gloomy, and the sound of pine needles scratching at the window glass gives her the creeps. She tells me how nice it will be to see the sun on the green fields, and the friendly cattle drifting all together as they browse."

PROFESSIONAL AID

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

FROM *Atlantic Monthly*

ALFRED F. LOOMIS

is a sailor who follows the sea with the zest of an amateur. He left the managing editorship of "Motor Boating" to fight in the war in a 110-foot submarine chaser in the Adriatic and has since then cruised and raced some twenty thousand miles in small sailing yachts. His best known book is perhaps "The Cruise of the 'Hippocampus.'" "Professional Aid," suggested by his race across the Atlantic in the schooner "Pinta," is one of his few stories that were not written for children.

THE eighth day of a transoceanic yacht race frowned on a sea rising in long, crest-tortured rollers, sinking in foam-flecked hollows. The sky, a gray ceiling of nimbus, darkened here and there over falling showers of rain; and the sea, reflecting the hue of the clouds, ineffectually attempted independence with its flashing whitecaps. The wind, ever the tormentor of sky and sea, pressed heavily from the west, ironically belying its force by the delicate tracery of its invisible fingers on the breasts of the waves.

At about the forty-fifth meridian of longitude and the fortieth parallel of latitude—an intersection discernible only to the human imagination—a small schooner of low freeboard drove across the tumbling confusion of the waves. There were men aboard her, and by that token the schooner was superior to the chaotic triune of wind, sky, and sea—she alone having definite form and pursuing a definite course. And these were men indeed, as could be told from the sail the schooner carried. It was not in the reefed mainsail that they asserted superiority. The two tucks in that expanse of canvas, bellying outboard to starboard, were, in fact, a concession to the pressure of the wind. But the number three spinnaker, its four-inch pole flexing like a willow wand, its thin canvas straining at the seams! That impertinent kite showed invincibility of mind.

And yet the men aboard the 54-foot over-all schooner, half of them sitting in the cockpit while the other half slept below, saw nothing magnificent in their audacious defiance. Those on watch—except the captain-helmsman, who occupied himself otherwise—looked steadily at the whipping spinnaker pole, at the frail triangle of cotton interposed before the rushing strength of the hard westerly. They would have said—had said, in fact—that if the Lord objected He could easily blow it away. Failing divine interference, if the spinnaker drove the schooner so fast that the sea sucked aboard her stern, the sail could readily be handed and passed below. While it preserved its integrity against the wind it added three knots to the

schooner's speed and steadied her helm in the lifting, overtaking seas. There was appreciation in the eyes of the three idlers of the watch on deck, an amused quirking of the lips as they regarded the spinnaker and reflected that under ordinary circumstances a yacht like theirs would have been hove to. But they were racing.

The captain, who was also the owner and at the moment the helmsman of the schooner *Thetis*, looked only occasionally at the racing sail, and then only when the heave of a swell rolled the little ship to port and he wanted visual assurance that the spinnaker pole would not jab the wave crests. He steered with an automatic coördination of muscle and sense, a coördination so perfect that it almost defies division into its separate elements.

The helmsman's hands on the wheel, for instance, now lax and now suddenly white-knuckled, kept the schooner as true as might be on her easterly course—and it was the touch of the wheel which largely told him when to apply strength to right or left. So swift, so instinctive, was the reaction that the sensory impulses short-circuited direct to the muscles and even transcended instantaneity, to the end that for long periods of time the schooner hung immovable on her course, no more than a finger's strength sufficing on one spoke or another to keep her so.

Yet the little black-hulled schooner, presenting her stern to the onward drive of the rolling seas, was potentially able to outdo the strength of two men if more than an instant's inattention gave her charge. She could broach—that is the word of awful significance—and bury her nose and be pressed down by the weight of the wind in her sails while the sea threw high her stern and rolled her over. And then what of the men in her cockpit and those four below who had done their trick and had reposed their lives in the keeping of the helmsman?

But it was not by the delicacy of his strong hands alone that the captain steered. His eyes, clear, now snapping with enjoyment, now soft with content, watched intermittently the compass needle in the binnacle before him. That noiselessly oscillating magic of immovability gave the base course, the steering ideal. The hands, deceived by a groove in the sea when the yacht rode even-keeled and true, might have de-

parted from the ideal by a point or more. But the needle, transmitting its immutability to the eyes and thence to the hands, brought her back again. Nor did the eyes linger in self-hypnosis on the compass card. They looked out ahead to see that the course was clear; they sought every minute the telltale whipping forward from the mainmast-head; they watched the tumble of the seas near and far, and ranged often the sails and rigging. Each glance of the clear blue eyes conveyed to the captain's brain a message of reassurance, each constituted an addition to his overflowing cup of timely knowledge.

With all going well, the sense of hearing was not called upon to aid the steersman's other senses. His ears picked up but let go the spasmodic conversation of his watchmates, and the overtone of the wind in the rigging. They were attuned only to the sibilant susurrus of the schooner's rush through the water, the rhythm of the waves overtaking.

In this art which the captain practised, the sense of touch informed him by another means. The wind, ruffling the short hairs of his neck, was a truer guide even than the masthead telltale. The eyes must impart many messages to the brain, but the skin has only to feel the direction of the wind. If the skin of the cheek as well as that at the back of the neck feels the draft, then the wind has shifted and some change must be made in steering. If, however, the cheek warms again, then it was only a temporary flaw and the course may remain the same.

Blending with all these sense impressions which made steering possible in that hard-pressed sea was the authority given by still another sense—the captain's sense of balance. At intervals the ship rose to a wave and for an instant hung. Then occurred a transition so slight as to be indefinable—so slight that not the compass card could detect it, not even the trained responsiveness of the hands on the wheel. But the helmsman's body as a whole felt the infinitesimal change in balance, and the anticipatory message was telegraphed to the wheel. Sliding off the crest of the wave, the yacht drove fast and true.

All this complicated human mechanism of steering was accomplished without fettering the imagination of the helmsman. His conscious brain forged ahead to possible eventuali-

ties, reflected back to past experiences on such stormy days at sea. His judgment hovered in a state of delicate equilibrium, ready to interpret an unusual sound in the schooner's rigging or to seize a portent from the sea. On a moment when the *Thetis* lifted high on a greedy, disappointed wave, he looked ahead and saw a patch of weeds in the course. Instantly a ferment started in his cup of knowledge.

II

The schooner had cruised for days the axis of the Stream, where Gulf weed floats in long brown disrupted banners. She had plowed through it, and her men, leaning over the side, had scooped up handfuls of the growth to examine it for crustacean life. Gulf weed had been a commonplace of the voyage. But, the Stream curving northeast while the yacht continued east, its distinctive weed had thinned. This patch ahead lacked the suggestion of buoyancy and mobility. Better, then, not to sail through it, but to give it a berth and watch it as it went by. At the next wave crest the patch was dead ahead and a hundred yards away. Tenderly the helmsman altered course to starboard and prepared to look overboard to port. The weed flashed by, and a wave in the schooner's wake broke over it.

The helmsman spoke: "Boys, did you see that? The stump of a spar with moss growing on it. Three feet in diameter and twenty feet long—end on."

The three in the cockpit jumped up and looked astern. They sat down. One of them spoke: "Hmph. Good thing you saw it, Charley. It would have gone clean through us."

"Good thing it wasn't night," said another. "Bye-bye, *Thetis*."

The spell of silence having been broken, the captain, shifting slightly on the wheel box, asked one of his shipmates for a cigarette. When it had been thrust, ready lighted, between his lips, he puffed and offered comment. "Good going, this. Wonder how the boys on the sloop *Alcazar* are making it?"

"I dare say they're carrying on," said the first speaker in the cockpit; but added admiringly, "I never saw a boat pushed like this one, Charley."

The captain shifted position again. "A grand rag, that

small spinnaker. I don't see why it stays with us." Thus he disclaimed personal merit. Of his skill as a helmsman, no thought entered his consciousness. A clock struck in the cabin, its quick double notes faintly covering the rush of wind and water. "Read the log, somebody," continued Charley. "We're making knots."

One of the three rose and half climbed, half walked, around the helm to the low taffrail. He leaned over, his bare toes hooked over the mainsheet traveler, supporting and steadying himself on knees and elbows. Astern the white cotton log line spun dizzily and whipped the water in long, serpentine billows. The revolving wheel of the log stopped reluctantly as the sailor bent his hands from the wrists and brought the moisture-beaded dial into range of his vision. "Twelve point eight," said he. "That's—let me see—ten and a half miles since five. A tenth less than the previous hour. I wonder if the wind's letting up, Skipper."

The captain stole a second from his employment and cast a glance around the heavens. "Maybe," he conceded. "But as long as we're doing better than ten we'll carry on with this short rig. No use running risks."

"Oh, I wasn't criticizing!" exclaimed the sailor, steadying himself with a hand on the captain's shoulder as he stepped back into the cockpit. "If I were in command I'd have been hove to all night."

"Yes, you would," jeered one of his watchmates. "You'd be blowing away topsails, ten every hour."

The first sailor and the captain grinned. "You're a sail-carrying crew," observed the latter happily. "And look at the smile on the face of Chris."

The paid cook had emerged from the galley hatch and stood by the fore shrouds, reacquainting himself with the appearance of a stormy sky and sea. He looked aft and caught his employer's eye. "Where we go now?" he shouted. "To hell maybe?"

"Speak for yourself, Chris," returned the captain. "We're all pure daft here. How do you like ocean racing, Chris?"

The cook nodded his head in enjoyment and admiration. "You fellers sure know how to sail!" he exclaimed. "I'll get you a good hot breakfast."

A murmur of appreciation rose from the cockpit. "Good

man, that," said one. "The first pro I've ever seen that wasn't sick or scared in an ocean race. But he positively likes it."

Chris, with one foot down his hatchway, took a look around. He pointed suddenly to northward. "Look!" he shouted. "Schooner in distress!"

"The *Alcazar*, I hope," said the captain, skeptically.

"No. Honest. A coal hooker or something. Mainmast gone and sails carried away. See the shirt in the fore rigging?"

Everybody jumped up, and one sprang to the weather main shrouds. "Yes," he confirmed. "Her hull's practically awash, and I see men waving from her quarter-deck. What do we do, Charley?"

"Get that spinnaker in quick. We'll have a look."

There was instant concerted action. The man in the rigging jumped down and ran to the lee pinrail, from which he upset the spinnaker halliard to the deck. Another jumped to the foremast, and the third, at the word of command, cast off the after spinnaker guy. The outer end of the spinnaker pole swept forward, spilling the wind out of the sail. The man by the foremast jumped the jaw of the pole clear and staggered aft with it. The man at the halliard cast off, but kept the line within the circle of his arms as he hauled down the shaking spinnaker and smothered it. As the racing sail came in, Chris, acting spontaneously, shot the staysail up.

"Snappy work, boys!" called the skipper. "Set the jib too, cast off the boom tackle, and then come aft on the main sheet."

III

For the moment interest in the discovered wreck was in abeyance, and even when the *Thetis* on her new course plunged toward it the crew were concerned with their own change of circumstance. Instead of flying smoothly (however dangerously) before the wind, they were now jammed hard upon it. Two men from the watch below, finding themselves thrown from their weather bunks to the cabin floor, came up, rubbing sleepy eyes. A vicious burst of spray doused them from head to waist, and they descended with howls of protest. The *Thetis* became a leaning, laboring thing, her decks and booms dripping and her bow rising and falling with a force that jarred. Instead of slipping quietly by, waves now broke against her

port side, and the wind which whined evilly in the rigging threw the crests high.

"There's weight behind this breeze!" exclaimed Charley, whose helmsmanship was now concerned only with meeting the onrushing waves to best advantage. "Glad we haven't had this for the last eight days."

A shout from below preceded the eruption of four men from the cabin. They were all clad for heavy weather, and they scrambled to places in the crowded cockpit with expectancy in their faces.

"What's the big idea?" asked their leader, amateur mate of the amateur crew. He was large, his bulk accentuated by the close fit of the borrowed oilskin jacket into which he had thrust himself. The straining sleeves stopped short of his wrists and the button and buttonhole at the throat came not within three inches of meeting. With the first dash of spray his bare head glistened, while drops streamed from his rugged face and coursed unregarded down the strong column of his throat.

Charley glanced at this tower of strength affectionately. "Glad you came up, Hank," said he. "We've sighted a shipwrecked schooner, and we'll need your moral support."

"Not one of our compet—— No, I see her. Golly, she *is* wrecked. Say, Charley, it's been blowing out here."

"And still is. We've got all we can stand under this rig, but I need both headsails for maneuvering."

"Right. What'll you do? Come up under the schooner's lee?"

"Yes, but they'll have to jump. We can't go alongside."

"We-ll," the mate drawled in disagreement, and then changed his mind. "I guess you're right. We've still got the race to think of. Hope they can swim."

Each corkscrew heave of the *Thetis* brought her nearer to the wreck, which was now seen to be heeled to an appalling angle. Five men clung to the weather rail of the slanting poop deck, and their calls for help came thinly down the wind. Charley, on his feet now, sized up the situation. He knew little of merchant schooners and could not guess the life expectancy of this one. She might float for an hour or a month. His problem was how to approach her. There might be—there was —wreckage to leeward. He must not go too close. And yet he

must not expect her crew to swim far. Perhaps they were on the edge of exhaustion. Nor could he throw his own vessel into the wind and let her lie there indefinitely, her sails spilling. Slatting about, they would blow to pieces.

"Boys," he suddenly said, "her stern's pretty much up in the wind, and we'll pass under the bow and come about to weather. I'll luff past as close as I dare, and we'll tell 'em what to do as we go by. Then we'll have to work fast. As soon as I get room I'll run off, jibe over——"

"Jibe, in this?" someone asked incredulously.

"The boom will be hauled flat. She'll stand it. We'll jibe, shoot up, and lose headway abreast her stern. Hank, you tend jib sheets; Chris, stand by to back the jumbo; and the rest of you heave lines and haul the men aboard. Somebody fetch the megaphone now, and stand by to come about."

They passed close to leeward of the wreck. Her mainmast, with its smaller spars and shreds of sail trailed in the water, still held by the starboard shrouds, which on the instant snatched the sticks back to punch hollowly against her. Of her decks all but the poop and forecastle were under water, and the sea tumbled over her weather bulwark to resurge convulsively over her waist. The foremast and the bowsprit, still upthrust, seemed to lean despairingly from the wind's blast. A sound of the groaning of tortured wood and wire came to the *Thetis* as she punched by.

Now the *Thetis* tacked to weather of the wreck, and the crew saw how her main chain plates had been torn away, opening up her port side and letting the mast go by the board. This side was high out of water—at least, as the breaking waves fell away from it—and all the opened seams of its black planks wept rivulets.

A leaping sea threw the *Thetis* bodily so that scarce twenty feet of open water kept her from the sullen hulk, and a voice which carried upwind arose from her poop. "Sheer off, you fools! You can't do anything to weather of us!"

Charley smiled as his crew watched him anxiously. He raised his megaphone. "Pipe down and take instructions. Can you all swim?"

"All but one. What's the matter with your dory?"

"It won't live in this sea. I'll round up to loo'ard. Jump as you see your chance. We can handle you all at once."

Hank added a postscript. "Here's a lifebuoy with a rope. Give it to the one that can't swim." He swung his powerful arm and a white ring bounced over the ship's rail. A grasping hand caught the attached rope and Hank let go its end. The *Thetis* passed astern.

Instantly Charley brought up his helm and paid her head off. Her jibs, from curved, straining boards, became gently shaking cloth. The spray dropped and the motion eased, but now the mainsail, feeling the wind on its leech, began jumping and pulling intermittently at its taut sheet. "Jibe oh!" cried the captain. "Weather jib sheet! Hold on!" With a sudden shift from port to starboard the main boom swept rebelliously through its narrow arc, and for the instant that the *Thetis* swung broadside to the wind she lay over on her starboard beam ends. Then, rudder and pressure of wind assisting her, she whisked around, presented her bowsprit to the eye of the wind, righted, and lost headway. She lay where her captain wanted her, no more than a long jump from the hulk, smooth water between.

"Your only chance, men!" he shouted through his megaphone. "I might crock up next time."

They slid, scrambled, and fell down the sloping deck and plunged, heads thrown back, into the water. Three swam independently and reached the *Thetis's* side in ten strokes and were hauled aboard. The fourth wore the white life ring beneath his arms, and the fifth paddled with the end of the rope in his fist. He passed it up to reaching hands, and turned back to his helpless comrade. But impatient voices restrained him. "We've got him, all right. Come within reach. We can't lie here all day."

To these persuasions Charley added his. "We're gathering sternway, boys. If we get meshed in those spars and rigging we'll never get out. Now! I've got to let her fill away. Back that jumbo, Chris."

"Heave ho!" cried Hank, hauling in the port jib sheet, but watching the rescue operations over his shoulder. "There are five aboard us, Charley. Is that all, Cap?"

"That's all—and damn glad to be here. Where are you bound?"

"Never mind that now," answered Charley. "I'm jibing again." His heart thumped with the exultation of a dangerous

job well done. His eyes shone. "Somebody write up the log and get their names and facts. Oh, and the patent log. Did that foul anything?"

"No. It was taken in."

"Fine. Stream it, and—jibe oh!"

Again the close-hauled mainsail thundered over, and now, as its sheet was slacked out, the *Thetis* resumed the long rushing roar of her former gait. The derelict dwindled rapidly over her port quarter.

"I guess you can set that spinnaker again. No. Wind's moderated a lot. Make it the size larger. . . . Well, men, you're welcome to what hospitality we have."

IV

To the crew of the *Thetis* these five shipwrecked mariners who lay exhausted on the schooner's deck were Titans of the sea. They belonged to that unfathomable, almost mythical order of beings who keep to the sea in all seasons to wrest a scanty living from it; who, with inadequate equipment and in insufficient numbers, drive ponderous schooners through winter gales, and arrive, overdue, unconscious of their heroism. These five, who had suffered shipwreck and stared death in the face, who had accepted rescue without visible emotion, were objects of special admiration. Under their eyes, and particularly under the eyes of their captain, who had shown his contempt of amateurs in the moment before his rescue, the Thetans must sail with every ounce of smartness at their command.

As was to be expected, the story of the mariners' privations was simply told. In a hard blow seven days previously the schooner *Maribella's* cargo had shifted. To top that, the main chain plates had pulled out of timbers which had long been rotting, and the mast had given way. A week of pumping had been in vain. The stores were wet and the fresh water was gone. The end had been in sight when the *Thetis* came up. Luck had been with them, and now where were they bound?

Hank brought brandy, and Chris fresh water and biscuits, and promised hot food within the hour. Feeling the stimulant, the shipwrecked ones sat up and looked about them in amazement.

Their captain, who gave his name as Duggan, voiced their wonder.

"What the hell is this little peanut shell doing here with no harbor to run to? Racing? Where? To England from New York? What for? For the *sport* of it? Could anybody be so crazy as to look for sport in midocean in a thing like this?"

These questions prodded the pride of the Thetans. Their schooner was a staunch little ship, designed especially for ocean cruising. They raced her because there was no sport like it—no other sport in which man pitted his wits against the elements while in competition with his fellows.

It was Duggan's opinion, candidly expressed, that if they wanted to live to race another day they'd better be jogging along under foresail and wung-out jumbo.

"But what about the other birds?" asked Charley, who had been relieved of the wheel. "There are four of them back there who won't be jogging along. They'll be carrying on."

"What! More of them doing the same?" asked Duggan, his wonderment increasing. "Well, if there were any professional seamen in the lot they'd be riding easy under square sails."

Professionals. The Thetans had small opinion of such as ship aboard yachts, looking for soft berths and generally finding them; and these shipwrecked mariners had been excluded from that category. But here was the classification out of Duggan's own mouth—if they had the wisdom of professionals they'd be playing safe under square sails.

"If any of our adversaries are carrying square sails," said Charley, "you don't have to ask why they're behind us. This number two spinnaker of ours makes us know we're racing."

"So that's what you call that balloon, eh? I was wondering what it was. Looks to me like a man-killer." Duggan cast his glance aloft. "Look at your spars buckling. And look at that damn slender preventer stay. It isn't heavy enough to seize a clew to a boom, and if that lets go you'll be like we were a week ago."

"That's a chance we have to take," said Charley; "and I hope you won't feel you've jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

"Who, me? Race your fool heads off for all of me. But suppose the ship does break up beneath your feet and you have

to take to the small boats. Where'd you be in that dory, even without the five of us?"

The crew of the *Thetis*, attending to this conversation with interest and a sense of disillusionment, glanced at the dory lashed bottom up on deck and grinned. It was intended for ferrying men to shore in quiet harbors. Five was its maximum capacity in still water. There were now fourteen souls aboard. The dory situation was one of the inherent humors of ocean racing. It never had seemed more laughable than at the present moment.

"We'd have to swim ashore," said Charley; and the conversation lapsed.

Around midday, by which time the rescued mariners had fed and had fallen into a heavy sleep below decks, the wind moderated still more, and changes were made in the schooner's sail spread. The reefs in the main were shaken out and the whole sail hoisted. The spinnaker was taken in. The balloon jib and balloon staysail were set, and the course was slightly altered so that these swollen acres of canvas would fill and draw to top advantage. By these changes the schooner's speed was maintained despite the softened wind.

As Duggan came topside in the afternoon his eye lighted to see blue between the scurrying wefts of cloud. But his square, unshaven jaw dropped as he looked forward and observed the schooner's mountain of canvas. Speechless, he walked gingerly to the foremast and with his tough fingers felt the texture of the balloon staysail. It was thin, like the cloth of a much-laundered shirt. He returned aft and sat down. Like a man in the zoo he inspected one by one those of the Thetans who were on deck, seeming to see rare specimens in which indications of rampant madness were all too evident. But he remained silent, neither displaying interest in the badinage which flashed back and forth between the lighthearted watchmates nor offering to help them in the minor details of ship's work which engaged their hands.

Three of Duggan's shipmates dribbled up, refreshed, and grouped themselves compactly near him. They were clad in an odd assortment of flannel trousers and varsity sweaters with the initials turned in. In response to questions they declared that they had never felt better; but they too seemed disinclined to talk or mingle with their rescuers. They ex-

changed words among themselves, but these were monosyllabic. They touched cleats and rope ends and such other small objects as lay within their reach—touched them wonderingly, as one will a baby's hand, or a tiny bird's egg.

At supper time the commander of this incomprehensible craft came up from a berth which he had fashioned for himself on the cabin floor. He inspected carefully the stand and trim of the sails and climbed aloft to look for signs of chafe. Satisfied, he came down and for some minutes watched in silence the run of the sea and the appearance of clouds and westering sun. At length he gave the result of his deliberations.

"I think we'll have a good night, eh, Hank? Certainly no reason for shortening before sundown."

"Everything's as slick as hair oil. We batted off 240 between afternoon sights, yesterday and to-day. And that's going."

Captain Duggan stirred and spoke. "'Scuse, me, Cap'n, but you ain't thinking of carrying this light stuff all night, are you?"

"Why, yes. Every mile we make in this westerly weather is good for two miles at the other end. Play your luck while it lasts, or it won't last."

"I was just wondering. S'pose there was some other derelict like the *Maribella* on your course at night. What then?"

Charley shrugged his shoulders. "I've also heard," said he, "of icebergs, and ships struck by meteors. We take those chances."

"At least you keep a proper lookout?"

"I've been thinking of that. You noticed, I suppose, that we have places in the two cabins for only six to sleep at one time. Your cook has gone forward to help Chris, and there's a spare berth for him in the fo'c'sle. So that leaves just a dozen of us aft. Now, I don't want to make you work, as we have a full crew without you; but I'm afraid you'll have to stand watches with the rest of us, so there'll be room to sleep. If you and your men care to do lookout duty, it would be a first-rate solution of the difficulty."

"That's fine. Men, we'll keep the regular watch order, and I'll stand with the captain here. And, Cap, don't think we don't want to work. Anything we can do, or any advice my mate and I can give, we'll be glad to."

V

No doubt it was the memory of his almost fatal shipwreck which warped Duggan's weather judgment in the continuing days of fine westerly weather. This, and his deep-rooted conviction that a yacht less than sixty feet long was a rich man's toy, fit only for harbor sailing. The advice which he contributed with less and less reserve was always on the side of caution. Fair-weather clouds, when robbed of the lingering luminosity of the setting sun, became the forerunners of black squalls. Minor fluctuations of the barometer aroused his concern.

Once, calling upon his years of experience to back up his dicta, Duggan persuaded Charley to take in his kites on the advent of a midnight squall. But his acceptability as a weather prophet terminated when with the lapse of two hours of expectant waiting nothing happened.

Duggan's men, ever suspicious of the amateur's sailing ability, but faithful to their duties as lookouts, met their Waterloo on the day when, the fine weather ending, the *Thetis* crashed into an easterly. This was in the Chops of the Channel, where the ocean shoals and the waves are steep. The Thetans could and did make allowances, for they had been unmercifully shaken up the day after the start. They knew, too, that a man who is immune in big ships or even in ships of moderate size may succumb to the violence of a small yacht lying on her ear in a short head sea.

So on this revealing occasion the Thetans said nothing, and did not even exchange meaning glances among themselves. But the distressed mariners, more distressed now than they had been in a lifetime of sailing, dropped their heads in mortification. Lookout duty might have seemed to them a supererogation when each tortured, sea-whipped lurch of the frail *Thetis* promised to be her last. They huddled wet and miserable during their tours on deck, and one of them expressed the sentiments of all when he said, "We knew we were going to drown on the *Maribella* schooner, but this damn being half drowned and half bounced to death is what gets me."

When the strong clear easterly gave way to a thick southwesterly and the *Thetis* once more laid her course, her captain

showed first signs of worriment. He was now, after more than two weeks of unlimited sea room, running fast on a lee shore, and a reliable fix was as important as the need for making every minute count. But here luck intervened. At noon the sun showed itself long enough for an accurate shot for latitude, and two hours later two coasters crossed the *Thetis's* bow—one bound north and the other south.

At sight of them the worried frown left Charley's face. "Boys," said he, bringing a folded chart up on deck, "here's where we are. Latitude by observation, forty-nine, fifty-two; longitude, a line drawn close to westward of Wolf Rock. See? That's where those coasters are going—one south out of the Irish Sea, having rounded the Longships and given the Wolf a berth, and the other on the reverse course." He gave the helmsman a steering order that, allowing for tides, would take them close past the Lizard.

But Duggan interposed his last objection. "I want to say, Cap, that in the last nine days I've changed my mind about yachts and gentlemen sailors. I take off my hat to you for making a schooner go. But going it blind on a day as thick as this ain't seamanship."

"How do you mean, 'going it blind'?" asked Charley. "My latitude was good; and what could be better than longitude gained from those two coasters? Don't they know their way?"

"Yes, they know it; but you don't. They might be going anywhere but where you say."

"But where? Would they be running onto the rocks of the Scillies? Or full bore into Mount's Bay? And we can't be as far east as Plymouth. You'll find I'm right, Duggan. I've cruised this region."

"That's all right, but if this were my ship coming onto a foreign coast I'd feel my way. You'll pile her up, and then what will the underwriters say? Were you taking it easy? Did you run a line of soundings?"

"I'm not insured. So what do you say, boys?" And Charley put it up to his men.

"I say I'm with you until the keel rises up through the deck," said Hank. "That bad spell of easterly weather let the sloop *Alcazar* and probably a couple other windward workers slip through us. At least we don't want to finish last."

So the final hundred miles were run in an atmosphere brittle as icicles. The Thetans felt intuitively that if ever they had held the ascendancy over their rivals they had lost it in the head winds. The Maribellans knew that they would yet have to swim for their lives, holding to the gunwales of that ridiculous dory. And the quartering sea roared, and invisible steamers bound down Channel shaved them as darkness came in, and every man jack stayed up to see the finish.

The siren of the Lizard boomed too close as they flashed by it in a thin fog. But it sounded when and where the captain of the *Thetis* wanted it. And four hours later—but it seemed like fifteen minutes—they clocked their time of rounding Plymouth breakwater and brought up in the anchorage. No committee came to greet them, and until morning there was no way of telling whether they were first boat in or last. This gave to the transoceanic its final fillip of excitement.

There were people at home fully as anxious for news of the finish of the race as the crew of the *Thetis*, and they had only another day to wait for it. It ran, from the facile pen of a shore correspondent:

> At 12.15 Monday morning the yacht *Thetis* won the transoceanic race in the remarkable time of seventeen days and seven hours, setting up a record for small yachts that may stand for many years. She defeated her nearest competitor, the sloop *Alcazar*, by twenty-three hours and forty minutes. On the harrowing voyage the *Thetis* figured in the thrilling rescue of the captain and four men of the merchant schooner *Maribella*, abandoned in mid-Atlantic. While there is no inclination here to belittle the sterling performance of the amateur crew of the *Thetis*, it is believed in shipping circles that they could not have won such an overwhelming victory without the superior ability of the professional seamen from the *Maribella*. If this is true, the race must take its place among the stirring romances of the sea. In return for their lives, Captain Thomas Duggan and his men from the *Maribella* showed the amateur sailors the way to the winning post. . . .

There was more in this vein, but a little should suffice.

MRS. SCHWELLENBACH'S RECEPTIONS

BY MARIE LUHRS

FROM *The Jewish Tribune*

MARIE LUHRS

has varied interests. She was one of the staff of the Neighborhood Playhouse and is now a play reader for a leading producer. She is also a poet of distinction. In 1926 she was awarded the Young Poets' Prize by "Poetry," and many of her poems have appeared in Braithwaite's Anthology.

MRS. GOLDIE SCHWELLENBACH lived on West End Avenue in an old-fashioned apartment house that had been designed before labor and building materials had become so expensive. The entrance hall of this apartment house was a miracle of waste space and ornate plaster pillars. The elevator was too small for the size of the building and creaked its scroll and iron-work contraption up and down the narrow shaft. The façade was adorned with balconies, gargoyles, and a lacy cornice—relics of the pre-war days when plasterers and bricklayers did not aim to own the building in two years.

Mrs. Schwellenbach's sister, Sara Gluck, always said to her: "Why don't you move into something up-to-date—a box flat like mine, with frigidaire?"

Mrs. Schwellenbach's apartment was a huge, sprawling affair with a long hall, a library, an extra alcove off the living room, and several yards of pantry before the kitchen proper was reached.

"I like it old-fashioned," retorted Mrs. Schwellenbach with a shrug of her fat shoulders. "It makes me nervous to live in an apartment where you eat in an alcove and the beds fold into the wall. I'm a big fat woman. I have to have space and air. And what good are those frigidaire ice boxes? They're always out of order, and the poor wop icemen lose their jobs on account of them."

Many years ago, before Mrs. Schwellenbach had become too fat, Mrs. Gluck had said to her: "Why don't you divorce Ben?—He's a flop—you're just supporting him. You should be up-to-date and divorce him while you still have your figure"; and Mrs. Schwellenbach had retorted similarly, "I'm an old-fashioned woman. Maybe Ben'll never make a million dollars, but he hasn't beaten me up yet, and he ain't looked at another woman. . . ."

"Go on!" said Sara Gluck, "the man who wouldn't look at another woman hasn't been born yet—and him a salesman.

You should have him followed—I bet you'd be divorcing him in a week."

But Mrs. Schwellenbach never had Ben followed. She was fond of Ben—slow, fat, and a perfumery salesman. Of course, it was not smart to be in love with one's husband, and Mrs. Schwellenbach never admitted it. Eventually Ben died of acute indigestion in combination with a weak heart.

After the funeral Mrs. Gluck lost no time in prodding Mrs. Schwellenbach again. "Now you're in luck for fair—a widow! You should go to Europe. Now you can get yourself a fine man—you, a widow with a little money."

"But, Sara," said Mrs. Schwellenbach, "they don't want a widow with a little money—they want a little money with a widow."

Mrs. Schwellenbach went to Europe and returned without a new husband. Mrs. Gluck chided her.

"You're getting awfully fat, Goldie—there's nothing worse than fat for scaring the men away. Of course, you're a widow with a little money, but I'd wear a rubber corset and cut out cake and potatoes if I were you."

"I'm old-fashioned," said Mrs. Schwellenbach mildly. "I think it's terrible to marry so quick again. Besides, I don't want to marry again." Her eyes reddened and her voice broke. "I'll never find a man like Ben—such a good man."

"You're a sentimental fool," said Mrs. Gluck. "You'll never get anywhere . . . letting your figure spread out in all directions at once."

"And why not?" said Mrs. Schwellenbach. "The Lord meant women to have curves. Half the pleasure in life is in eating. If I can't have a good meal any more, I might as well be dead."

Bvt most of all Mrs. Gluck criticized Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions.

"Nobody entertains at home any more," wailed Mrs. Gluck. "You kill yourself with work getting parties ready for a lot of ungrateful strangers who can't afford to reciprocate and wouldn't if they could!"

To which Mrs. Schwellenbach replied, "Must you be paid for everything you do in this world, Sara?"

Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions were quite famous affairs. They occurred of a Sunday afternoon once a month during the

fall and winter season. For a day or two before, with the sole assistance of Hazel, the girl of all work, Mrs. Schwellenbach baked cake and looked up ideas for new sandwich fillings. She dusted off every nook and cranny of the adjoining living and dining rooms and had the piano tuned. She ordered beautiful seasonal flowers and placed them on tables and on the piano. She took the coverings off the heavy, old-fashioned furniture and draperies. Mrs. Schwellenbach was brimful of good-nature and bad taste.

About three o'clock of the great afternoon the guests began to arrive—old Mr. Brummer, who had been violinist at Emperor Franz Josef's court; Miss Deazle, who painted miniatures for a modest consideration and who usually picked up a customer at every one of Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions; Professor Tillinghaus, who was on conversational terms with the Einstein theory; Miss Rosalia Winston-Watts, who taught elocution at a dramatic school, and who once played Juliet in Peoria, Illinois, and, of course, Sara Gluck and her husband, Benjie. These people might be said to comprise the nucleus, the regulars.

There was, however, a floating population of guests who varied in character with the fads or the politics of the day. Directly after the war, Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions had a general flavor of minor war heroes—the tenth ace in the French army drank a cup of tea with her, and she gave an American boy with a crutch indigestion by insisting that he eat five pieces of her super-chocolate cake. She went at turns musical and literary—young composers tried out jazz classics and their new violins at her parties; young poets declaimed their verses to the infinite boredom of everyone else. Then she developed a flair for underworld characters: she invited a retired thief, a pacifist who had spent the war period in jail, a lady bootlegger who wore original Chanels, the proprietor of a Harlem cabaret noted for its dancing girls who had a special little wiggle all their own. For a time her entertainment took on a strong aristocratic tone—she encouraged Russian grand dukes, German barons, Austrian princes to tell her their troubles in finding employment. Some of the tallest titles in Europe ate her *appelstrudel* and drank her coffee, thus heartening themselves for another battle with brutal and commercial democracy. It was characteristic of Mrs. Schwellenbach

that just when titles had grown shabby, unwanted, *déclassé*, in a realistic and iconoclastic city, she harbored them and conversed with them in versions of their native tongues.

As time went on her parties became more mixed—the lady bootlegger took orders from the young jazz composer. The Grand Duke Michael Alexander borrowed money from Benjie. Sometimes Sara's flapper daughter, Irene, attended to look at the "pseudo-celebs," as she termed them. At one of Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions Irene met Ronny Becker, who was a rising young broker. He had come in the wake of Rosalia Winston-Watts, but when he looked into Irene's young laughing eyes, he forgot all his vows never to get married and took the marriage vow with her. Now Ronny and Irene dropped into the receptions in glittering dinner clothes. They were always on the way to an affair at the golf club, or to a big dinner at the Plaza given by Mrs. Zinnsdorf, or to a bridge party at their lawyer's. They nibbled some of Aunt Goldie's nuts and drank three or four glasses of Aunt Goldie's warm, rich Tokay. Ronny would kiss Aunt Goldie and tell her that her party was wonderful, and they would depart. Outside in the car they would laugh at Aunt Goldie.

"Isn't she a scream?" laughed Irene, happy about her young, stylish figure and her stylish young husband. "Feeding all those has-beens and nuts and thinking she's in society?"

Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions were noted for two things. One was the food. She baked the most delicious cake—light, downy, sweet, tender cake with icing that crackled and had marshmallow designs. She accomplished wonders with mashed fruits and whipped cream. Her cookies were miracles of shape and flavor. Her sandwiches were delightful—she mixed spicy pastes of meat and fish and served them on little squares of rye bread. She mashed cream cheese and nuts and marmalade and spread it on little discs of brown bread. She melted cheese and tomatoes over crisp crackers. She cut the bread that enfolded the sandwiches into the daintiest of designs—she could accomplish miracles with a sharp knife and a loaf of bread. Hazel made the ice cream—smooth, rich, and fruitfully flavored. There were always nuts and glacé fruits and delicious imported French chocolates; there was always tea or coffee or chocolate—and last, but by no means least in the eyes of the guests, Tokay wine or chartreuse and cool cocktails,

brilliant with grenadine and jaunty with a sprig of mint. The food and drink alone insured Mrs. Schwellenbach unlimited social patronage.

The other thing that her parties were noted for was their match-making propensities. Irene Gluck and Ronny Becker were not the only two who had found each other through Mrs. Schwellenbach's hospitality. Mrs. Schwellenbach believed in love and marriage. All the divorce cases that strewed over the newspapers, all the suits for separation, all the women who came to her for advice as to how to destroy a rival in their husband's affections, all the deaths from childbirth that Mrs. Schwellenbach heard of, all the brilliant artistic careers that were ruined by nagging and money-mad wives—none of these could shake Mrs. Schwellenbach's faith that love leading to marriage was the salvation of the human race, just as she thought love leading to anything else was its destruction. She introduced Miss Rosalia Winston-Watts to the elderly orchestra conductor who afterwards became her husband. Even Miss Corby—poor, faded, hopeless Miss Corby, who never expected another thing out of life except to teach school—was matched up with Mr. Staples, who had even a worse inferiority complex than herself.

Mrs. Schwellenbach always said, "No matter how impossible they are, you can always find a man for them who is even more impossible—and so both are happy to find someone who will take them."

Mrs. Schwellenbach had good sense about her matches, too. She did not permit the Grand Duke Michael Alexander to marry Lydia Lobo simply because she had a figure and could dance. Lydia had no money.

"Didn't the war make enough mess of your life, Mike?" she said, chuckling at her own familiarity with royalty. "Now you want to top off this disaster by marrying an extravagant little wretch who has no money. You'd be surprised how many rich girls have figures, too."

And before the Grand Duke Michael Alexander had gotten in too deep with Lydia Lobo, who danced in the great movie palaces between the feature picture and the newsreel, Mrs. Schwellenbach had married Lydia off to a vaudeville booking agent who could do a lot for her in a professional way, and she mated the Grand Duke Michael Alexander with Olga

Minsky, who had a lot of Russian temperament and a lot of Jewish money. Since his wedding the Grand Duke Michael Alexander came to Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions in a custom-built limousine, and his trousers were always professionally creased. He played with his monocle and contemptuously looked over Mrs. Schwellenbach's living room, done up in the worst mid-Victorian taste.

"Americans have no artistic feeling," he remarked to Mrs. Staples, formerly the hopeless Miss Corby. "This room is the most hideous one in which I have had the honor to be entertained."

"And she's always eating," criticized Mrs. Staples with a slightly disgusted glance at Mrs. Schwellenbach, rotund and rosy, snapping up sandwiches in two or three bites. "Isn't that just like the Jew!"

Since her marriage Mrs. Staples had changed from a very humble and insignificant person to an overbearing and lordly one. A husband was such an unforeseen piece of good fortune in her life that he had given her social indigestion.

"It's no wonder she never could get another husband," went on Mrs. Staples. "She eats so much, she's fat as a pig. Who would want to marry such a heavy responsibility?"

But Professor Tillinghaus wanted to marry Mrs. Schwellenbach. He was a widower who spent so much time in explaining the Einstein theory at Mrs. Schwellenbach's home and saving Sunday evening supper money by enjoying her really prodigious teas that he thought he might as well move into her home permanently, if she would let him. She did not let him —she parried his wooings and passed him the chicken sandwiches.

When Sara heard about Professor Tillinghaus's serious intentions, she scolded Goldie for not taking him.

"You ain't getting any younger, Goldie—I'd take him. He'd put some sense into your head about all these people that you entertain—half killing yourself getting ready for them—as though baker's cake wouldn't be good enough for them——"

Wearily Mrs. Schwellenbach shook Sara's remarks off her back. "I'm old-fashioned—I'll never love anybody but Ben."

With the passage of time Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions grew larger and larger. The preparations taxed her so much

that she was almost too exhausted to entertain her guests with her old cordial sparkle. She now not only employed Hazel to assist her with the preparations, but also Minnie, the cleaning woman. When the invitations were out for her last affair of the season, one spring Sunday, Sara Gluck as usual rang up to accept.

"Goldie, you're a damn fool. I don't know what you bother with this for. It's enough work to kill an ox. You and your salon! You ought to marry Professor Tillinghaus and take a nice trip to Europe and rest. You look awfully tired to me. Besides, I'm sick of coming to these things—and maybe I won't be able to come at the last minute. Benjie wants to play golf, and if he's still real set on it by Sunday, I'll have to go with him. Wait a minute—Irene is here. She wants to talk to you . . ."

"Hello—Aunt Goldie," cooed Irene in her lately acquired English accent—one trip to London had done this—"Ronny and I thank you for your invitation, but do you mind if we aren't there till five? We're having lunch at the Bergers', and you know what bridge sharks they are—we'll have to play after lunch. And you don't mind if we only stay a few minutes after we get to your house? They're giving a big dinner dance at the country club, and it takes so long to get out there on Sunday. . . ."

And there were the usual acceptances from the usual people. Some of them didn't bother letting Mrs. Schwellenbach know—with the phone rates being raised and two-cent stamps costing what they did and Mrs. Schwellenbach being so good-natured—but they intended to turn up just the same.

The eventful Sunday came. The Grand Duke Michael Alexander tortured himself with a stiff wing collar and swore that the old Jew woman wasn't worth the effort. But Olga, his wife, said that they had better go because she wanted to show off her new gown to that conceited Irene, who thought so much of herself since she came back from Paris and London. And Miss Deazle felt that it was really too warm to go out, only Mrs. Grebenstein might possibly be there, and Mrs. Grebenstein had once indicated an interest in getting a miniature done of one of her children.

Mr. Tillinghaus was beginning to think that Mrs. Schwel-

lenbach would never marry him and perhaps he was just wasting his time by attending her receptions so assiduously instead of using the time to try and solve a difficult chemical-mathematical formula which he believed would revolutionize the manufacture of airships. But, of course, if he did not go, then he would have to go out and buy himself a supper, and every penny saved was a penny earned in the corner of his little German mind.

And Mrs. Staples wanted to go because she was always sure to meet someone at Mrs. Schwellenbach's who hadn't heard of her marriage.

All the way over to Mrs. Schwellenbach's in the taxi, Rosalia Winston-Watts told her husband what a bore she was beginning to find these affairs.

"After this one we won't go to another one—those would-be intellectuals make me ill—and those Jews aping society are a joke."

In her heart she was a little jealous of her husband at Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions. There was always someone young and pretty there for him to talk to. Constant contact with young and pretty women wasn't the way to guard the sanctity of the home.

Rosalia Winston-Watts was quite right in saying that she would never go to another one of Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions. When she and her husband reached Mrs. Schwellenbach's apartment, Mrs. Gluck opened the door and informed them that she had arrived at the party to find Hazel frantically trying to revive Mrs. Schwellenbach from what appeared to be a swoon. The doctor had been called and he pronounced her dead of heart failure. She was all dressed up in her new black satin and was seated in the living room waiting for her guests when death came.

One by one her guests came to the door and were turned away. Professor Tillinghaus realized at last that his wooing would never come to any consummation. Poor Miss Deazle wondered what she would do without the customers that she met at Mrs. Schwellenbach's. Mrs. Staples was certain that not everybody had heard about her marriage—and Mrs. Schwellenbach's receptions were really the best mediums of announcement. The Grand Duke Michael Alexander saluted

at the doorstep as he had saluted the dead imperial Russia when he had escaped from it. And Irene, dashing from social affair to social affair, was the only one to pause and shed a tear. After all—it was her Aunt Goldie who had introduced her to Ronny.

FIFTEEN FROM COMPANY K

BY WILLIAM MARCH

FROM *The Midland*

WILLIAM MARCH

comes from Mobile, Alabama. He is a young lawyer who served through the war in the Marine Corps and is now connected with a large New York corporation. In the evenings and on week-ends he writes. Within the last three or four years he has written several stories that demand attention. One of these, "The Little Wife," appeared in last year's volume of O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories.

CORPORAL LLOYD SOMERVILLE

ALL the men in our ward were gas patients, and all of us were going to die. The nurses knew there was nothing that could be done for us, and most of the men realized it too. . . . Three cots away a man lay straining and trying to breathe. Sweat rolled from his face, and he caught his breath with a high, sucking sound. After each spell had passed he would lie back, exhausted, and make a bubbling noise with his lips, as if apologizing for disturbing the ward; because each time the man strained for his breath the other men unconsciously struggled with him; and when he lay back exhausted we unclenched our fists and relaxed a little ourselves. I thought, "That fellow reminds me of a broken-down soprano practicing her scales. . . ."

A man whose face was turning the color of wet cement leaned over his cot and commenced vomiting his lungs into a tin bucket. . . . Then the soprano tried again for a high note, and I knew that I couldn't stand it any longer. I beat the mattress with my fists, and my heart began racing and I remembered the doctors had said my only chance lay in keeping calm and unexcited. . . .

The night nurse came over to me. She was fat and old, and she walked on the sides of her feet like a tame bear. There was a purple birthmark on her chin. She stood looking down at me helplessly.

"This is pretty God-damned amusing for you, isn't it?" I said. She didn't answer me, and I commenced laughing and crying and shouting at her every filthy thing I had ever heard; but she bent over me slowly and kissed me on the mouth. "A big boy like you . . . afraid!" she said scornfully. I took hold of her hand and held it tightly. I could feel my heart slowing down again. My toes uncurled and my legs began to relax. My legs were stiff and numb. They felt as if they had been beaten with a stick.

And so she stood above my bed trying to think of some-

thing to do for me. I turned my head and pressed my lips against her palm. I wanted her to know that I was not frightened any more. . . . I looked into her eyes steadily and smiled; and she smiled back at me. . . . "I know what will help you," she said, "and that's a good stiff shot of cognac." I said yes, I thought it might. Possibly it did help some: anyway, the ward was emptied and filled again before I finally died.

PRIVATE FREDERICK TERWILLIGER

One night when we were in a quiet sector near Verdun, Sergeant Bartelstone broke me out to go on watch until daylight. When I got to my post, I stood on a firestep and stuck my head above the trench to get a breath of fresh air. I was still grumbling sleepily to myself, I remember, and I yawned just when I stuck my head up. At that moment I felt a sharp pain and my mouth was full of blood. A stray bullet had gone through both my cheeks without hitting my tongue or touching a single tooth.

The doctor back at Base One was certainly a fine man. I told him how it happened, and he laughed and slapped his leg. "You know what I'm going to do for you, kid?—I'm going to give you the prettiest pair of dimples in the army!" he said.

I got married not long after getting out of the service. My wife likes a lot of company, so once or twice a week she asks in some of the neighbors to play bridge or just sit around and listen to the radio. One night she had Ernie and Flossie Brecker over and Flossie said: "It's a shame the Lord didn't give *me* those beautiful dimples, instead of Mr. Terwilliger."

Flossie Brecker has a long neck and pale blue eyes that pop out at you like a frog's, and suddenly I had a picture of her head raised unexpectedly over the side of a trench. Well, sir, I laughed so long I lost count of the cards and had to deal over. My wife said, "Don't pay any attention to Fred—I wish I had dimples like that too."

LIEUTENANT EDWARD FRANKEL

I came off watch cold and wet. There was a sour, overpowering smell in the dugout, and it turned my stomach and made me want to vomit. I could feel vermin itching my back

and crawling over my chest. I lighted my candle and looked at my dirty hands and my finger nails, caked with muck. "I'll stand anything else," I said, "but I won't stand this filth any longer." I cocked my pistol and placed it on the shelf beside the candle. . . . "When it's exactly midnight, I'm going to kill myself."

On my bed were some magazines that Captain Magee had read and passed on to me. I picked one up at random, and opened it: and there looking at me with sad, pitying eyes was Lillian Gish. Never in my life have I seen anything so pure or so clean as her face. I touched her cheeks with my finger. "Why, you're clean and lovely . . ." I said in surprise.

I cut out the picture and made a leather case for it, and I carried it with me as long as the war lasted. I used to look at it every night before I went to bed and every morning when I awoke. It took me safely through those terrible months, and it brought me out, in the end, calm and undisturbed.

CORPORAL LESLIE JOURDAN

After the war was over I moved to Birmingham, Alabama, and invested in a paint factory the money that my father had left for the completion of my musical education. I met Grace Ellis, and she married me. We own our own home, and we have three fine, healthy children. We have enough money laid by in safe bonds to keep us comfortably for the remainder of our lives. All in all I have prospered beyond the average, and Grace, who really loves me, has been happy.

I had almost forgotten that I had ever played the violin at all when one day I ran across Henry Olsen in the lobby of the Tutweiler Hotel. He told me that he was touring the principal cities of the south in a series of concerts and that the critics had given him fine notices wherever he had been. Olsen and I had studied together in Paris, under Olivarria, back in 1916, when we were both kids.

Henry couldn't get over the fact that I'd given up playing the violin. I tried to get him off the subject, but he kept coming back to it and reminding me how Olivarria (he's dead now) used to say that I had more ability than all his other pupils combined and to predict that I was going to be the great virtuoso of my day.

I laughed and tried to change the subject again. I commenced telling him about the way I had prospered in the paint business, but he kept cross-examining me closely and bawling me out for having given up my music until finally I had to do it. I took my hands from my pockets and rested them quietly on his knee. My right hand is as good as it ever was, but shrapnel has wrecked the other one. Nothing remains of my left hand except an elongated thumb and two ragged teats of boneless flesh.

After that Henry and I talked about the paint business and how I had prospered in it until it was time for him to leave for his concert.

PRIVATE WILLIAM ANDERSON

There I was with my foot split open from heel to toe, and that doctor at the dressing station thought I'd stand for him sewing it up without anything to deaden the pain except a couple of drinks of cognac. "I want some sort of an anesthetic!" I said, and I didn't say it in any uncertain voice, either.

A hospital corpsman tried to tell me that they were almost out of morphine and that they were saving the little they had for officers. Did you ever hear anything so God-damned silly? "Do you think officers are more delicate than anybody else?" I said. "Why don't you let everybody draw straws for the morphine? Or make a rule that nobody except blue-eyed men under five feet eight are to get it?—Why don't you make some reasonable rule about it?"

Then the doctor said, "Take that man out and let him lay in the snow for awhile. That'll deaden him up some."

"By God, I'd like to see you try that once!" I said. "I'll write a letter to the Major General Commandant; I'll write a letter to President Wilson——!"

Another doctor, whose arms were bloody to his elbows, said: "For Christ's sake, give him something and get it over with." Just when I was feeling numb I raised up and said to the first doctor: "And, by God! you'd better do a first-class job on it, too!" The bloody doctor laughed. "Are you still with us, 'Gentle Annie'?" he asked.

"—— Jack!" I said.

SERGEANT ARTHUR CRENSHAW

When I came home the people in my town declared "Crenshaw Day." They decorated the stores and the streets with bunting and flags; there was a parade in the morning with speeches afterwards, and a barbecue at Oak Grove in the afternoon.

Ralph R. Hawley, President of the First National Bank and Trust Company, acted as toastmaster. He recited my war record, and everybody cheered. Then he pointed to my twisted back and my scarred face, and his voice broke with emotion. I sat there amused and uncomfortable. I wasn't fooled in the slightest. There is an expressive and vulgar phrase which soldiers use on such occasions, and I repeated it under my breath.

At last the ceremonies were over, and Mayor Couzens, himself, drove me in his new automobile to my father's farm beyond the town. The place had gone to ruin in my absence. We Crenshaws are a shiftless lot, and the town knows it. The floors were filthy, and there was a pile of unwashed dishes in the sink while my sister Maude sat on the step eating an apple and gazing, half asleep, at a bank of clouds. I began to wonder what I could do for a living now that heavy farm work was impossible for me any more. All that afternoon I thought, and at last I hit on the idea of starting a chicken farm. I got pencil and paper and figured the thing out. I decided that I could start in a small way if I had five hundred dollars with which to buy the necessary stock and equipment.

That night, as I lay awake and wondered how I could raise the money, I thought of Mr. Hawley's speech in which he had declared that the town owed me a debt of gratitude for the things I had done which it could never hope to repay. So the next morning I called on him at his bank and told him of my plans and asked him to lend me the money. He was very courteous and pleasant about it, but if you think he lent me the five hundred dollars you are as big a fool as I was.

PRIVATE EDWARD ROMANO

I was out on observation post near Hill 44, and it was raining. There was no wind, and the rain fell straight down.

To the north there were flashes, like heat lightning along the horizon, and the low growling of distant batteries. As I crouched in the trench, wet to the skin and shivering with cold, I thought: "It's quiet here to-night, but up to the north terrible things are happening: there, at this moment, men are being torn to pieces, or stabbed to death with bayonets."

A Véry light went up suddenly, to break against the sky with a faint kiss, and against its flare I saw the intricate intrenchments of rusting barbed wire. I saw, too, the slow rain gleaming like crystal against the light and falling in dead, unslanted lines to the field. I lay huddled and trembling in the shallow trench, my rifle pressed against my body. . . . The rain was washing up the bodies of men buried too hastily and there was an odor of decay in the air.

I saw a man walking towards me, upright and unafraid. His feet were bare, and his beautiful hair was long. I raised my rifle to kill him, but when I saw that it was Christ I lowered it again. "Would you have hurt me?" He asked sadly. I said yes, and began to talk and curse furiously: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to let this go on! You ought to be ashamed!" . . . He lifted his arms to the sodden field, the tangled wire, and the charred trees like black teeth in a fleshless jaw. "There's nothing that I can do," he said. It was then that I commenced to cry, and Christ began crying too.

At twelve o'clock my relief came. It was Johnny Townsend, and I wanted to tell him what I had seen, but I knew that he would only laugh at me.

PRIVATE HAROLD DRESSER

The French government gave me a Croix de Guerre with Palm for crawling out in a barrage and rescuing a wounded French captain and his orderly. That was in April, 1918. Then, in July, I destroyed, single handed, a machine-gun nest that was holding up our advance and killing many of our men, and I got both the Médaille Militaire and the D. S. C. for that. I got the Medal of Honor in October, and this is the way it came about: we were advancing behind our own barrage when the shells commenced falling short, killing some of our men and wounding others. There was no communication by telephone with the batteries, so I volunteered to go

back to Regimental Headquarters and report what the artillerymen were doing.

The German line made a deep pocket to our left, so the shortest route to Regimental lay across an open field and straight through the German lines. Captain Magee said I'd never be able to make it through alive, but I thought I could do it, all right, and in ten minutes after I had started I was back at Regimental Headquarters giving them the dope.

After war was over I returned to my old job with the General Hardware Company, and I've been there ever since. In my home town people point me out to strangers and say, "You'd never believe that little fellow had a hat full of medals, would you?" and the strangers always say no, they never would.

PRIVATE PHILIP CALHOUN

I lay excited behind the wall and watched the German artillerymen destroy Marigny. A shellshocked dog was huddled against the community wash house. His tail curved under him and the hair on his back was stiff and erect. Water ran from his eyes and his mouth slavered. Occasionally he would spin rapidly in a circle and attempt to bite his tail; then he would stop, exhausted, and snap weakly to right and left; or occasionally he thrust his muzzle to the sky and his jaws opened widely, but the sound was lost in the sound of the shelling.

At last little remained standing in the town except one wall of white limestone. On this wall was a religious print, in a gilt frame, showing a crown of thorns and a bleeding heart from which flames ascended; while beside it, on a wooden peg, hung a peasant's shapeless coat. I lay on my belly and stared at the wall. . . . The shells fell faster, and the frightened dog began again to spin and chase his tail. The white wall trembled, and a few stones fell, and when I looked up again, the coat had slipped from its peg and lay in the dust like a sprawling, dead bat. . . . Then suddenly the shelling stopped and the silence that followed seemed menacing and terrible. The dog sniffed the air. He lifted his voice and howled.

I got up at once and put on my pack. I walked over to the white wall and stood looking at it curiously. I was glad that it had been spared, and that the sacred picture was in its

place. "Why should that one wall remain?" I thought. But as I stood there adjusting my pack and fumbling with the rusty catch of my cartridge belt, there came a tearing sound and a short report; and down fell the wall in a cloud of dust, smothering the heart from which flames were ascending, and crushing me to death with its weight.

CORPORAL SYLVESTER KEITH

I came out sullen and resentful, determined that such a thing should never happen again. I felt that if people were made to understand the senseless horror of war, and could be shown the brutal and stupid facts, they would refuse to kill each other when a roomful of politicians decided for them that their honor had been violated: so I organized "The Society for the Prevention of War" and gathered around me fifty young and intelligent men, whose influence, I thought, would be important in the years to come. "People are not basically stupid or vicious," I thought; "they are only ignorant or ill informed. It's all a matter of enlightenment."

Every Thursday the group gathered at our meeting place. They asked innumerable questions concerning the proper way to hold a bayonet and the best way to throw hand grenades. They were shocked at the idea of gas attacks on an extended front, and the brutality of liquid fire left them indignant and profane.

I was pleased with myself and proud of my pupils. I said, "I am planting in these fine young men such hatred of war that when the proper time comes they will stand up and tell the truth without fear or shame." But someone began organizing a company of National Guard in our town about that time, and my disciples, anxious to protect their country from the horrors I had described, deserted my society and joined in a body.

SERGEANT JACK HOWIE

The people in Beauford treated us fine. They gave us a party that night, and all the girls in town were there to dance with us. One of them took a shine to me right off the reel. She was the prettiest girl at the party, too. She had dark eyes and dark curly hair, and her skin was as white as milk.

On her left cheek, almost up to her eyebrows, were three brown moles that formed a triangle. The one at the top was a little larger than the other two, but not much. When she saw me she came straight past all the other men and asked me to dance with her. Gee!—I thought I'd fall over backwards.

When I had her in my arms I kept thinking, "Good Lord, if I gave you a good squeeze you'd break right in two!" . . . I kept stepping on her feet and bumping into her knees, but this little girl said I danced fine. My hands felt as big as skinned pork loins, and my uniform seemed too tight for me. . . . Then we went outside and sat in the moonlight and talked. Say, this was the most beautiful girl I ever saw. I thought her eyes were brown at first, but they weren't brown at all: they were dark blue. Her hair smelled like violets. I wanted to put my arm around her, but I didn't dare make a break. I kept thinking: "Gee, what a help you'd be to a man on a farm!" . . .

I don't like to tell this part of it, but after awhile she said: "You are the handsomest man I have ever seen!" I giggled like a fool. "Say, what are you trying to hand me, sister?" I asked. She touched my cheek with her hand. "Will you be my perfect knight, without fear and without reproach?" she asked. I didn't say anything, but this thought crossed my mind: "She's talking like that because I've got on a uniform. If she had seen me first in dirty overalls working on a farm, she wouldn't so much as speak to me." I turned away from her, but she pulled my head down and kissed me on the mouth. "I'll never forget you," she said, "and you'll never forget me either." I took her arms from around my neck. "Don't be a fool," I said, "I won't even remember you tomorrow. . . ."

But all during war times I thought about her, and I pictured a thousand times my return to Beauford, to tell her I'd been her knight as well as I knew how, and to show her my medal; but when war was really over I went straight back home and took over the farm. (A swell help *she'd* have been to a man on a farm!) Then I got to going with Lois Schelling, and we married soon after that. We get along fine together. . . . So the girl in Beauford was wrong about my not forgetting her: I can't even remember now what she looked like.

SERGEANT MARVIN MOONEY

One day in the Argonne Forest we came on a wounded German soldier. It was early in the morning, and frost had fallen the night before. The German lay huddled on his belly, and he must have been there all night, because when I turned him over there was no frost on the place where he had been lying. His face was white, and he was shivering. He wore eyeglasses with thick, dirty lenses.

When he saw me, he started to beg for a drink of water. I said, "It was different when you were raping Red Cross nurses and cutting off the legs of children in Belgium, wasn't it? The shoe's on the other foot, now.—Here's some of your own medicine!" Then I straightened out his head with my foot, and I pounded his face with the butt of my rifle until it was like jelly. After that I opened my canteen and poured all the water I had on the ground, as I didn't want anybody to think it was giving him the water I minded. "Here's a drink for you," I said.

If you think I'm lying just ask Luke Janoff and Harry Althouse. They were with me at the time.—He was a crummy little bird, and his eyeglasses were tied around his ears with two pieces of common twine. He was about five feet six, I should say, although he might have been a little taller than that.

CORPORAL HOWARD VIRTUE

For a week I heard shells falling . . . nothing but shells falling . . . and exploding with blasts that rocked the walls of the dugout . . . rocking the walls of the dugout and rattling the frosty duckboards.—I became afraid that I would die before the meaning of my life was made clear. I thought, "If I use my head, I can get out of this." I remembered a joke about a man who ran around picking up scraps of paper. After examining each scrap he would discard it quickly and say, "No, that's not it!" So the doctors pronounced him mentally incompetent and discharged him from the service. As they handed him his discharge paper the man looked it over carefully to see that everything was in order. Then he smiled at the doctor triumphantly and said, "*That's* it, all

right!" "I'll do the same thing," I said; "my life is too valuable to be wasted on a battlefield." . . . I crawled out over the side of the trench and commenced picking up dead leaves, talking rapidly to myself all the time. Sergeant Dennison came out and coaxed me back to our lines.

Back at the hospital I was afraid that those smart doctors would see through my ruse, but I fooled them too; I was transferred to the United States and later committed to this asylum for lunatics. Here's the irony of the situation: I cannot obtain my freedom although I'm as sane as any man alive.

You are a fair man, let me ask you a question: How can I spread the glory of my cousin, Jesus, and how can I baptize him in the river Jordan from this place where my limbs are shackled? How can I thunder the incestuousness of Herodias, or how submit, at last, when the wanton Salome completes my destiny—shaking her loins for the gift of my head? How can I do these things when my words die flatly against the padding of my cell?

—Cymbals clashing and spears and soldiers cursing and casting lots and blood running in rivers from the poles destroying life and creating life. Rocking! . . . Rocking! . . . And white breasts rosy tipped walking beautifully over ruin and always shells falling . . . nothing but shells falling . . . and exploding with blasts that rock the walls of the dugout. . . . And me crying in the wilderness. Crying and nobody to heed me. . . .

I have told them over and over why it is necessary that I be released from this place, but the guards only stare at me and chew gum rhythmically with slow, maddening jaws.

SERGEANT CARROLL HART

Johnny Citron was with me that day we took the machine-gun nest in Veuilly Wood. We found the crew all killed except one heavy-set, bearded man, and he was badly wounded. Just as we came up, the bearded man reached inside his tunic and fumbled for something, so I emptied my pistol into him. His arm came away from his coat with a jerking, irregular motion, and his palm rested for a moment against his lips. The blood in his throat began to strangle him, and he made a gurgling, sighing sound. His eyes rolled back; and his jaw fell open.

I went over and opened his palm to see what he had in it.

It was the photograph of a little German girl. She was round-faced and freckled, and her hair was curled, for the occasion, over her shoulders. "That must have been his daughter," said Johnny Citron.

That night I couldn't sleep for thinking of that German soldier. I rolled and pitched about, and toward daybreak Johnny came over and lay down by me. "Don't blame yourself that way, Sergeant," he said, "anybody would have thought he was going to throw a grenade."

PRIVATE JOHN CITRON

Early in June we took over a position in Belleau Wood just evacuated by the Sixth Regiment, who had made an attack that morning. There was a lot of salvage around and a number of letters which had been torn up and thrown away. I pieced a part of one letter together and read it, but I could never find the last page. It was addressed to a man named Francis R. Toleman, and it was the most interesting letter I ever read. I carried it around with me for a long time hoping that some day I'd meet this fellow Toleman, but I never did.

If he's alive to-day and reads this, I'd appreciate it if he would write and tell me if he and Milly ever made it up. I'd also like to know what in the world Alice Wilson did to make her own people turn against her that way.

WINGS FOR JANIE

BY LAVERNE RICE

FROM *New Copy*

LAVERNE RICE

began to write seriously over two years ago, and during her evenings and week-ends has done several stories of first literary significance. "Wings for Janie" is one of these. It was suggested by cases where murder for mercy was the defense that freed the prisoner. Happiness, she says, is found in such odd places.

AT HIS name there was a stir. The overcrowded, overtense courtroom seemed to pause for an instant and then audibly gather itself together for this, the headliner on the bill. Those previous days of the trial had but led to this moment. Martin Andrews stood and crossed the open space between the long, paper-littered tables, almost as if he were a spectator. He saw his own tall figure. He was conscious of the pathos of his young face, the sun falling through the high arched windows upon his blond head. Now that the big moment was here he felt exhilarated, exultant. He was impatient of the preliminaries, the routine questions. But he was careful to keep in his voice the vibrant thrilling note that one of yesterday's papers had featured. His replies came low—but clear —and steady. And now . . .

The judge leaned forward. The unmistakable note of sympathy was still there. It was in the deep-set blue eyes, the mouth that closed so firmly, the smooth, even voice.

"You had no right to take a life. Your wife's years might have been prolonged to a greater number—the doctors have so stated. As long as there is life there is hope. It was for God to consider when your wife should have died—not you." The words flowed on accusingly but always with that undertone of compassion.

Andrews pushed his fingers up over his forehead, into his thick light hair. His voice when it came was quiet, the quiet that thrills with promise of passion.

"I have broken the law, but—I did right." Into the silent pause a sob broke, some woman near the front. "For over four years she lay before my eyes, suffering day and night. Her tender body was encased in plaster, and there she must lie, all but motionless, day after day, night after night. And always the pain, the agonizing pain. I—I couldn't grow accustomed to it. Days it would be with me, Janie lying there. And nights—it was worse. The long dark hours and Janie lying there bearing her pain." He raised his head, the words

came stronger now. "I let her endure all those years. It is for that I am guilty." His voice echoed out into a deep quiet. He saw the rows of spectators, their shoulders bent forward together, long even lines of them, eyes steady and fixed.

"And then?" the smooth voice prompted him.

Again his hand slid over his forehead, into his hair, rested there for a minute. "To see it go on day after day, week after week. With no end in sight." The hand dropped back heavily. "And last summer it seemed worse. She was weaker. The heat, she had no strength to bear it. Nights I've sat there beside her and seen the beads of perspiration stand on her forehead, watched her face work, heard her moans. And I've wished, I've even prayed, that she could be taken." That one sob had released others. They were fairly audible now, here and there in the packed crowd of spectators.

"And then, after all, it was such a little thing that made me do it—" he leaned forward with hands locked together on his knees—"what I should have done—before. The woman, the nurse, had had to leave early, and she was alone. It was hot, stifling. Her face was dreadful in its suffering. Her hands, when I picked them up, were nothing but little claws. She looked at me." The words stopped for a moment; he looked about unseeingly. "To have to face a look like that when there's nothing you can do. It's—hell." His voice was but a whisper. "All we need of it." He noticed that a court attendant was again handing a glass to that same juryman. Aromatic spirits of ammonia, he decided.

"But she was game." The words came proudly now. "Janie never whined. Janie was always a good sport. I've seen her smile when I knew—what those smiles meant." He could feel a sort of current running through the court. Spectators, jury, council, they stirred and thrilled to the gallantry of the suffering Janie, to his championship of that gallantry.

"And this day there was a little bouquet beside her, half dead in the heat." His tone resented half-dead flowers for Janie. The room shifted and breathed audibly. They resented with him.

"And she told me about a butterfly. A butterfly that came in and lighted on her flowers. He had wings, she said, beautiful wings. He stayed with her for a minute and then he spread them—and flew away. He was free. Free and beautiful. That

was all, but she looked at me—and I—understood." A little stop, the room kept silence with him. "I brought her something, but she couldn't eat. I sat there beside her. The pain, the intense heat, sleep was impossible. I—couldn't leave her. I sat there all night, her hot hand in mine. And all night I kept seeing that look, the imploring anguish in her eyes, when she told me of the butterfly—that was free. Then just before morning she really slept. I couldn't let Janie waken to this new day. Another day of pain, another day of horror. I—couldn't do it. I went—I got my revolver from the next room—I shot Janie. I—" his head was raised, his eyes were looking far off, his voice rang out exultantly—"I gave Janie wings!"

The rows of even shoulders raised in one deep breath and sank slowly back. A girl had fainted. He noticed that her exit was accomplished as unobtrusively as from a play, whose big moment it is a sacrilege to interrupt.

He walked back to his place thrilling with the emotion of his own impassioned speech. Dimly the voices of the lawyers came to him, a word now and then, a raised tone. But he was sharply aware of those close even lines of people. His eyes sought and found Carson and Lennon from the office. He had discovered them earlier in the afternoon. They had stood by all along—so had all the rest pretty much except Gephart. Anyway, he was glad Gephart had come around but the once—he'd had a funny way of looking at him. But what was Gephart when all the others . . .

He heard the judge charging the jury. Here and there a phrase came to him from far away.

"The law says that when a life has been taken . . . There is to be sure some precedent for a decision of 'Not guilty.'" He saw the jury stand and pass out stiffly, unsteadily, as men who have been sitting tensely for a long time. Their hands reached out for backs of chairs, a railing. Almost to a man the spectators had decided to stay. But one or two left their places, and these slowly, reluctantly. Only those standing at the back changed and moved about.

An attendant came and led him away, through the door, down the long corridor. The tiny room, the narrow bed. He sat down only to stand again and walk the short length of floor. He still throbbed to his own effort. He saw himself standing there. Heard his voice, the little break, the exultant

ring. Phrases went through his mind. He turned them over slowly, pleasurably. That last had been good.

At first it had been but a thought—this doing away with Janie. Just the faintest flicker of an idea, something in the paper, he scarcely knew when it came. But it had been there with him all summer, faintly, to be sure, he might even lose it for days. But it had stayed, persisted. And then, this day . . .

God, it had been hot. Even in their lofty office building that generally drew a breeze the air had stood motionless. Only the early morning had been endurable. They went out for lunch to return limp and lifeless.

"Look who's had ambition to go shopping!" He was the only one there when Rose came back. "What's in the big package?"

"Look!" She tore off string and wrappings and held up a bathing suit. Flat and blue it waited for her slim body to give it shape and loveliness.

"Where's the bathing beauty contest?" Her adorable giggle. Her gray eyes with the laugh in them could always hand out a better line than any words. "Look here," he'd known somehow that she was going out with Lennon, "why couldn't we go out some place to-night—dinner—dance?" He was vague. The words came of themselves, all his consciousness was for her standing by the broad desk, its top half covered with cardboard box and paper.

"Can't! Not to-night. I'm going out to Rye with Mr. Lennon. Swimming." She eyed her purchase consideringly. "Look!" She turned the brightly blue suit around and spread it out again, "Will I have the nerve to wear it? The back just isn't."

"But look here, Rose——"

She laughed and began to fold it away in its box. "Anyway, it's too hot to dance, Mr. Andrews."

Well, he couldn't blame her there. Lennon had a car. Lennon's money didn't have to go for doctors and nurses and cleaning-women and God knows what all. Lennon could have a snappy roadster and run out to bathing beaches. Lennon's time was his own.

A sticky ride up on the train. The walk from the station was an added torture in its effort. As he turned his own corner a couple of women stopped him with compellingly cordial

smiles. He knew them vaguely, neighbors who dropped in on Janie with bits of their cookery. Blatantly domestic in their wash prints, with grocery-store purchases under their arms, they barred his way.

"I was in to see Mrs. Andrews this afternoon. I just had a few minutes I could take." She waited for his approval. He was irritated, these heavy, smiling women. But he made an effort, worked up the heartiness of tone they expected.

"Say—that's nice—that's nice of you, Mrs. Fisher. I—I appreciate all that. I can't tell you——"

Her moist face flushed scarlet with pleasure. "Well—I think it's wonderful, Mr. Andrews—the way she keeps up. Lying there all day." He smiled at their understanding. He saw the tired boyishness of his smile reflected in their raptly wet eyes: "Poor Janie." They watched for a fascinated breath while he seemed to forget them just for a moment. It was the other woman who brought him back.

"And you, Mr. Andrews, I think it's just wonderful. There aren't many men, I can tell you. If I've said to Jim once I've said a hundred times—" her voice came out shrilly strong, she pressed closer—"all these years——"

"Oh—I——" His fingers picked at the ends of the newspaper folded under his arm, little scratching sounds. They beamed on his confusion. "But," he was himself again, "anything that'll help Janie out—I appreciate that—I——" His body straightened for motion; his foot made a tentative move. He smiled on them both. Reluctantly they gave way and allowed him to pass.

The small stretch of grass before his house was burned brown. His footprints showed through the film of dust on the porch. The rubber mat and the one green-painted rocker bore a heavier coat. If there was ever anything besides a messy house when he came home. And a sick-room and—a loathsome sick creature. Yes, he might as well admit it, she had become that to him. Janie, the darkly pretty Janie. It wasn't fair. He had married a girl, gay and bright, ready for anything. And after a short two years she had changed to that thing lying upstairs in the front bedroom. He had married a girl who could dance all night, hold up her own in his crowd—and show them a trick or two besides.

Not that it wasn't hard on Janie. She hadn't fallen and

wrecked her spine on purpose and then gone into this awful disease. But, God, the horror of it. Year after year and no end in sight. At first he had been afraid that she would die. He had even prayed, frenzied, formless prayers. That seemed funny now after four years of this. But, as a matter of fact, she had died right then. This person with the old face, the queer far-away thoughts, this wasn't Janie. Grotesque to think of that creature as his wife. Four years. It was a wonder he wasn't a raving maniac. It was like a nightmare to recall that night and the days that followed. Janie in the hospital weeks, months. Her hospital bill alone had been over a thousand dollars. And since, the succession of doctors and nurses. No wonder he was drained right down to the last cent.

She lay up there now, hearing his every move, waiting for his step on the stairs. He listened—there were apt to be visitors, the kids from next door, neighbors—women such as he had just left. No style or snap. Their own crowd had fallen off, hadn't he noticed? He picked up a magazine from a tall, uneven heap and flicked through the pages. She was up there waiting. The sun came hotly through the limp curtains. It was stuffy, insufferable. Oh, well—he flipped the magazine back to its pile and moved to the stairs. Slowly, heavily, he went up and paused in the doorway. For a long time now he had tried to avoid kissing her. He had become skillful in devising entrances, some surprising speech, that would make it seem the natural, the casual thing, to forget. And now they were taking it for granted—though that look in her eyes, he knew she was longing. God, he should be ashamed to deny her so small a pleasure. But—he leaned an elbow against the door casing: "Well, how's everything to-day?"

"Oh, Martin," her eyes with their hungry, longing look were the only live things about her, "I'm glad you're early. Hattie had to go. She said she'd left everything in the ice box. All you'll have to do——"

"Yeah, I know all about that 'All you have to do' line. I've heard it before." There was a part of him that felt sorry for her, pitied her, and another part that took delight in seeing her wince.

She pushed the gray-streaked, sodden mass of hair up, back from her forehead. "Why don't you go out somewhere, Mar-

tin? And get yourself a dinner? I wish you would, Martin. I honestly don't care if I don't have a thing."

"Oh, don't be foolish, Janie." He crossed the room and stood by the window looking down on the yellow patch of dried lawn. She knew only too well that he not only had to get it but practically spoon it into her mouth.

"No, but really, I wish you would. It would do you good."

"When's she coming back?" He drew his finger over the hot screen in quick scratches. God, that last time he got her ready for the night. He couldn't do it again. Sometimes he thought she let Hattie go on purpose. Couldn't she see, couldn't she realize, the way he felt? Not that there were many nights when he didn't come home. Pretty much on the dot, too. He'd done the right thing, he'd stuck. Longer than a man ought to stick, maybe. But even those few nights, a play now and then, a picture, the edge was off when he did come in. And then that time he had taken Rose out. It had been quite natural, they were both working late. But—it had been harder to return after that.

Rose, the soft lights, the music. "Come on, let's dance this!" Her slim silken body in his arms, moving with his.

"Say, you can dance all right, Mr. Andrews."

"Oh, go on! Lord knows I don't get much chance at it."

"Well, but you can. You're good. Really!"

He gathered her small figure closer. "Let's do this lots."

But they hadn't. It took money, for one thing—and—well, he hadn't. But after that he was conscious of her day after day. Her smooth silken legs crossed and tucked under her chair. The curve of her cheek and her close gold-brown hair. Her quick step when the old man's buzzer sounded.

But that still figure on the bed, half covered with the rumpled sheet. He had all but forgotten her for the moment. He made an effort. "Lord, it's hot. The grass down there's all burned brown." He turned back to her and dropped down in the wicker rocker. "Who do you think I ran into this noon? Joe McIntyre."

"You did? How are they? How's May?"

"What do you know? May's out for a divorce."

"Oh, no!" Her voice was distressed.

"Say, the line Joe was handing out. It seems May got——"

"May was a pretty thing. They were so happy, don't you remember? Couldn't they—oh, there must be some way——"

"Say, *listen*, May was right there with the detective when they got the goods. This is good. It seems——"

"And wasn't there a baby? May had a baby, Martin?"

Oh, well, he gave it up. You couldn't talk to her. Time and again it happened. He'd think he had an interesting bit of news, something that would divert her, take her mind, and she wouldn't play up to it as he expected at all. Instead she'd seize on something that he hadn't considered, and there she'd stay. She seemed to pick on the things that he scarcely noticed or understood. He picked up a book, idly stroked its brightly new paper jacket. Janie read more darn books nowadays.

"It's dreadful for people to spoil their lives that way."

He looked at her. Spoiled lives! For her to talk of spoiled lives! His hands pressed hard on the book, his nails left tiny cuts in the orange cover. And then the idea flamed up. He saw it—clear and bright. He walked back to the window and stood for a long time, staring out, seeing nothing. At last he turned, went close to the bed, and leaned down to her.

"You suffer terribly, don't you, Janie?" He waited for her reply, standing there immovable, his hand on the footboard.

"Why—I do, Martin——" She was surprised, pleased with this new and unexpected turn to the conversation.

"There's not much happiness to your days, is there, Janie?" He was tensely eager. His eyes stared down at her face, oddly old in its lined whiteness. "There's no pleasure, no happiness in your life any more, is there, Janie?"

She hesitated. This new note of sympathy was something to be gathered in and looked at later. But now—"I do suffer, Martin, of course. But it would be wrong to say I'm not happy. It would be a lie," she finished, gazing up at him. "There're so many things. And sometimes, to-day—oh, Martin, I wish you could have seen it——" She broke off. He was still gazing with that curious intent stare. "Look! The flowers the little Reynolds girl brought me—they were so beautiful this morning, all wet from the garden." He glanced uninterestedly at the drooping larkspur and the poppies with their petals lying on the table in their own gold powder. "To-day as I lay looking at them—and, Martin," she broke off again, oddly excited, "I see things I never used to see.

It's funny—I have more time, I guess. I have thoughts about them." She was shy, but eager to make him understand, now that he was in this unaccustomed gentle mood. "And then to-day, Martin, a butterfly came in and lighted on them." Her eyes glowed, she was almost pretty again for an instant. "He was the most beautiful thing, a soft dusky black with a gorgeous blue border and four orange spots on the top of his wings." The thin hands stretched above the sheet to show him the width of wing, to tap out the orange spots. "Oh, he was a splendid fellow. And he stayed a long, long minute. I—" her voice was eager, a little catch in it—"it was like a poem, a little song. I played that I was going out with his wings. I went, I actually did, Martin, to all the places he did. I touched flowers. I—I flew in the sun, I lighted on a little girl's gold hair, I——" She stopped, embarrassed. She'd been so eager and excited. Now that he was in this new mood she wanted to tell him everything.

"But the pain," he persisted, "how do you endure it? Lying there day after day. The long nights when you can't sleep? It's awful for you to suffer that way, Janie. No human being should be made to endure that much, should he, Janie?"

"Oh," she was deeply stirred. To have him feel this way. She pawed the crowded table for her handkerchief. A bottle tipped over with a sharp sound. He gave her the handkerchief without picking up the bottle, without taking his eyes from her face. Her moist hand touched his, and he drew it away quickly. For months now he had felt the most awful repulsion when it was necessary to touch her.

"Poor Janie." He still groped insistently for something, some response. Why couldn't she . . . "Your life is a burden. If I could do anything, Janie. Anything. I'd do it." He waited. Her face was alight. She closed her eyes and opened them, deeply happy.

"Oh, my dear, it's been a beautiful day. And now—this."

"Well," he stood straight again, his hand left a vague moist print on the footboard, his voice had grown sharp, "I might as well get dinner."

Giving Janie her dinner and getting her ready for the night the thought had touched his mind. Over and over again. But he was unwontedly kind and gentle. And after everything

else he came back to bathe her with alcohol. "This damned heat's hard on you, Janie."

When he was in bed in the room that had been his these four years and more there was no sleep. The idea was there to stay now. He couldn't be rid of it if he would. And with the first light he rose and walked steadily to the bureau and drew his revolver from underneath a pile of silken stuff that had been there since before Janie was hurt. He went back then and sat on the bed by the window for a long time before he moved softly, silently, into Janie's room. She still slept. The light coming in through the window touched her face, so ugly in its drawn whiteness. He bent over her. All the lines, the mouth sagged open. He heard the woman, Hattie's, key in the lock, and stepped back, thrust the revolver again into his pajama pocket. But after all, why not? It might be better. Janie stirred faintly. He hesitated no longer. He shot her through the temple.

A moment of deep silence. He listened for the sounds of Hattie. Another unendurable silence, and then he heard her heavy body moving in the hall, taking the stairs. At that first step he stirred and moved quickly over to the mirror. His face with the new uplifted expression waited for Hattie. Good Lord, was she crawling up—why didn't she hurry? He stood in the patch of sunlight on the flowered rug, his head back, his arms down. Hattie's heavy figure was in the doorway. Her frightened eyes turned to the bed and then, horror-stricken, back to him. A hand brushed over her moist face and settled at her throat.

"I've killed Janie." His voice was quiet. Quiet—and glad. She stared at him stupidly. Again her eyes turned involuntarily to the bed and came quickly back.

"It was all wrong, she suffered so. She was too frail to endure so much." He walked to the bed and drew up the sheet, looked down at the still, white mound. "Poor Janie. I didn't think I could do it for you—but I did."

He took out his watch. That had made a good bit of testimony. Hattie had been a darned good witness. Almost forty minutes. Well, he had figured on just about an hour. And—he fortified himself—it might be longer. Sometimes it was a lot longer—that didn't mean a thing. He moved back and forth making short jerky turns, breathing hard. Almost frenziedly

he tried to recapture that final exultant scene. He forced his mind to words, sentences. His ears strained for that satisfying note in the judge's voice. And the jury, he'd watched that jury, he knew his men. He halted and brought his hands up to squeeze their palms wetly cold against each other. What were they doing—what were they saying? He had that same sense of suffocation, of walls closing in, that he had felt the first day they brought him there. Suppose they did find him . . .

A quick step down the corridor. His arms dropped. He stood quiet and breathed again. He twisted his wrist—an hour almost to the minute. With the opening of the door he was himself, ready and calm.

In the courtroom the streaks of sunlight had gone and the long arched windows were darkening. But there was a new intensity, a deep silence that waited for the moment of breaking. Steadily he stood and faced those twelve men.

"We find the prisoner—not guilty."

A moment of intensified stillness and then a wave of sound. Everything that had waited escaped. Once more the judge's voice, deep, satisfied, final. Bodies stirred, pressed forward. A murmur of voices rose about him, noisy in relief and gratification. Carson and Lennon were shaking hands—were pressed away by others—were back, shaking his hand again.

"The old man wants you to know—said to tell you expressly—the old job is ready for you—said to tell you——"

"Say," he got his now famous smile working, "that's great." He shook Lennon's hand again, his other was on Carson's arm. Eyes out there beyond the rail watched their closeness to him and envied.

"We wanta take you out to dinner somewhere—Mac's coming too—some of the others." They were pressed away again. "Car outside!" Lennon called back. More hands. He felt tremendously elated, successful. Something had been accomplished, gone over with a bang.

Out on the steps the photographers were waiting with their ready, pointing cameras. He was careful to wear the boyish look, just a hint of the smile. His hair blowing up that way ought to come out pretty good. Getting dark, though. The crowd pushed up thick and noisy. No courtroom restraint out here.

"Get back! Get back there!" Policemen swung out with

their hands. They were rough about it too. All these people were enduring it to get a glimpse of him, to shout and cheer at him as he walked down the steps. They strained back close again, scarcely noticed that they were being shoved and pushed about. One last picture with his foot on the running board. He let the smile break through in this one, the light was better out here too. He waved to the noisy milling crowd as the car moved, cautiously slow, through the filled street. They talked in quick jerks of sentences, shouted them out—hearty and determinedly casual. Lennon drove the car up to Thirty-ninth Street and slowed before a hotel. "Now, the next thing's a place to park."

"Say, you let me out here while I locate something. I might as well put up here as any place while I look around."

"Yeah, good idea! We'll park and be along." He drew up to the curb and opened the door. "We'll pick up the others and get a table. Come on down when they've fixed you up."

His name on the register. It got a rise out of the good-looking young clerk. And it wasn't a start of horror either.

He stepped out of the elevator into the lobby again. A girl sat waiting for someone, her head with its sleek hat sunk into her huge collar. As her eyes searched the crowd they touched him for a moment. He felt a wave of pleasure. Good-looking girl all right. Well, he'd be back in the office Monday—he could have things, do things.

Swinging, free, he crossed to the dining room. Mac was standing down past the center, smiling and waving an arm at him. Head raised, he moved on down through the tables, conscious of a growing recognition. They were there, five strong. Plenty of reasons of course why the others hadn't shown up—that didn't mean anything. Glasses and ginger ale bottles stood in a neat row before Carson.

"Well!" They stood in a chorus of greetings and handshakes. "Congratulations, old man!" The orchestra was playing. It swelled out strong and heavy, triumphant almost. They talked above it, still casual, heartily and noisily so. Carson got down to the business of opening bottles. Lennon and Mac passed their flasks along—brisk activity made the pause safe and natural.

At a table near by two men leaned across to each other. They had recognized him—he felt their quick, startled glances.

One of them looked back for excited verification to his evening paper; spread half size on the table, and then back again to him. A sudden hushed airy movement of the orchestra, and their words for a moment came across to him.

"Gosh, man, that took nerve, courage. I'm telling you."

"I don't see it—look at it this way now——" The speaker leaned forward, and his elbow pushed the sheet around so that it faced Andrews. The headline stretched before him, before them all. Blackly heavy it stared across—"I Gave Janie Wings!"

Carson hurried with the last glass, spilled a little, and laughed loudly. Hastily he set the glasses around. "Well!" he raised his own, "here's to you, Andrews!"

Four more glasses shot up. "Here's to you, Andrews!"

"To you, Andrews!" Lennon alone admitted the headline there, just across the narrow space. "A guy," he was hearty, determinedly so, "a guy with the right kind of nerve!"

USELESS

BY FLORENCE RYERSON AND COLIN CLEMENTS

FROM *Woman's World*

FLORENCE RYERSON AND COLIN CLEMENTS

are both from the West and both studied in George Pierce Baker's Harvard Workshop. Their collaboration began with a motion picture for Lew Cody four years ago. Now Mr. and Mrs. Clements have written together a book of short stories and several mystery tales and motion-picture plays. They also enjoy creating children's stories for adult readers.

HE WAS dirty, mangy, and half naked when Summers found him, and his insect population would have compared favorably with that of the city of London. He was sitting by the side of the road gnawing a bone which he had taken from a dog, and that alone should have warned Summers, for the curs of Tel-Abiad are lean and hungry. Bones are not abstracted from them by force but by guile.

The narrow road ran between twin infernos of baked yellow sand, and Summers was hurrying to reach Urfa before his tortured eyes were closed by the insidious dust, but at the sight of the waif he put on his brakes and stopped the car with a jolt. That was his second mistake. The first was seeing the boy at all. Summers knew this as well as anyone. Two months in the Near East had hardened him a bit to the sight and sound if not the fact of suffering. There were so many starving, and so little to feed them. It was better to ride straight on, eyes sternly ahead. But now he had made the fatal mistake of looking and must bear the consequences. So his brakes screeched, and the dusty car jolted to a stop. As he swung from his seat, the heap of dirty, tangled rags rose for a moment then slumped forward and lay still.

It was here that Summers made his third and final error. He should have left the boy fainting or dead by the roadside. He knew, only too well he knew, that every straw pallet at the Orphanage was full, and the list of juvenile servants at the Post mess was double the allotment. But he bent over the scarecrow figure long enough to see the claw hands, taut ribs, and distended stomach of the starving boy who opened his eyes—once, and then closed them again. After that Summers was lost.

"Fourteen at least," he speculated. "Too old for the Orphanage. I'll have to take him on myself. Lord, won't Ol' Bull have a mess of pups!"

Ol' Bull was the commander of the Post and a doughty warrior. At sight of Summers with the boy in his arms he cut loose into what the Post knew as his Number Two speech.

His Number One dealt with Headquarters and was aired only once or twice a month. It was considered a marvel of picturesque profanity, but his Number Two was almost as inspired. It concerned the birth, upbringing, and probable parentage of all war orphans, especially those brought in by the mush-hearted, sob-sistering members of his double-damned staff, and it always ended with the words: "What're you waiting for? Take the lousy little bum to the mess tent and let him cram his belly till it busts!"

Summers listened to this with becoming humility, then carried his burden around the corner of the low building into a sun-baked court. There was a pile of straw in the corner, and close beside it a group of Armenian boys were playing a game with two sticks. Summers laid the boy on the straw, then called:

"Ya, Yusuf! Ya, Deeb! *Aie-e-el*"

The game went on. Summers moved closer, caught two of the players by the tails of their *gumbazes* and spoke again. There was no longer any hope of pretending deafness, and the two detached themselves from the group.

"*Effendi* calls?" inquired Deeb affably.

"Go fetch me a bucket of water," said Summers curtly. "I want this boy bathed."

Deeb seemed to perceive the scarecrow for the first time.

"*Effendi* wishes that *I* bathe *it?*" His voice delicately indicated that his ears betrayed him.

"Exactly," said Summers. "Why not?"

"Because he is a pig, and the son of a pig. He is from the North, and all from the North are unworthy. *Effendi* has only to look at him to know that his mother was a camel and his father——"

"That will do," interrupted Summers. "Stop talking and get a pail of water." Deeb withdrew with dignity, and Yusuf was following him when Summers called, "Where are *you* going?"

Yusuf paused and looked grieved.

"To help Deeb bring water as the *Effendi* has ordered."

"He's perfectly capable of handling a pailful of water," said Summers dryly. "I want you to run down to the Orphanage and ask Captain Deering for a *gumbaze*—fairly large size."

Yusuf's eyes took on an expression of agony.

"The Orphanage is miles away, *Effendi*, and I have a sore foot. Also, my head aches itself that it is about to split. The sun it is hotter than I have ever known it. Would it not be better, *Effendi*, if I waited——"

"It would *not*. The Orphanage is less than a mile, and you know it! Run along, you lazy beggar, or I'll take a stick to you!"

"*Wellah*, I go! *Effendi* sees how I am going! Already I am halfway there."

At a snail's pace Yusuf withdrew. Summers turned and began to tear the rags from the scarecrow's body. He was setting fire to the filthy things when Deering stalked in, accompanied by the breathless Yusuf.

"You see how I have brought him, *Effendi* . . . swifter than the gazelle."

"Oh, shut up!" said Deering. "You met me on the way." He turned to Summers. "What's this I hear about a new orphan? Haven't we enough in this *sandjak* without your importing 'em?"

Summers raised himself wearily from the straw.

"I know, but I couldn't leave him on the road to starve. He passed out completely just as I came up, revived on the trip . . . long enough to wolf a bit of bread, then fainted again."

"My word," said Deering admiringly, "you *are* green. Of course he was sitting by the road, and of course he passed out. They all do. Word has reached the desert that we are giving out milk and honey and aspirin, so they're all swarming in to get their share. That's their pet method—throwing a fit."

"Rot! You can see for yourself that he's starved and unconscious."

"Starved," Deering admitted, "but *not* unconscious." He picked up a bit of straw and tickled the distended ribs; the boy twisted a bit and groaned. "*Not* unconscious," Deering repeated.

"You mean to say I carried him——"

"Carried!" Deering shouted. "Oh, my word! That *is* good! How he must have enjoyed it!" He turned, spoke a few ringing words in Arabic, and the scarecrow sat up and grinned affably.

"*Salaam aleikum*," he said with a wave of his hand.

"What do you mean by letting Lieutenant Summers, here, carry you when you were able to walk?"

The boy blinked, then hunched his shoulders.

"*Ya, Howedja Inglese*, kind sir, I thought the *Effendi* desired it so. With my own ears I have heard him tell the Colonel *Effendi* that I was fainted. Who am I that I should make my lord and master a liar?"

Deering laughed and translated rapidly for Summers's benefit.

"I hope you realize what that 'lord and master' stuff means. You've been adopted. You'll *never* get rid of him now.'

"It's all right. I didn't intend to wish him onto you. Ol' Bull bellows a lot, but he's a good egg. He'll let me keep him here."

"Ol' Bull . . ." Deering stared. "My word, haven't you heard the news? Ol' Bull is leaving."

"Leaving?"

"Righto! The powers that be have split Mesopotamia and given this part to the French."

Summers gasped.

"But, good God, the country's like tinder! It'll flare up at the first spark. Are they all fools at the Conference?"

"Probably. But this isn't a country full of people, y'know. It's just a hunk o' loot to be passed out over the peace table."

"So that's what they were talking about in Biredjik? I heard them all buzzing at the coffee house. Wish I knew their lingo better. I'd like to have understood what they were saying."

"You probably feel better for not knowing," said Deering grimly. "The Kurds and Turks will stick together, of course, and God help the French."

"Well—it's not America's mess, and since I'm attached to the British I'll march out with 'em and let the French do their own hero stuff. Lord, won't some real food taste good—*and* a tub bath!"

"Don't get too pleased, old son. You're not going."

"*Not going?*"

Deering shook his head.

"Your interest in the weeping widow and helpless orphan has touched me deeply. I've been having sundry dealings with

the powers at Beirut, and you're going to be detached and left here."

"You son of a camel! And only last week I loaned you my other shirt!"

"Speaking of shirts—as the British are leaving, don't you think you can wheedle some shirts out of 'em? If the tribes go on a rampage, God knows when we'll get supplies through—and I rather fancy that passionate pink thing the colonel was wearing last week."

"That wasn't a shirt," explained Summers, "it was an *abba* he's taking home to his sister. He was wearing it because somebody stole his wash. Which reminds me, how about that *gumbaze* for the boy?"

They had both forgotten the boy, who was lying at their feet, watching them with the quiet fatality of the East.

"He does look a bit naked," said Deering. "How about taking the *gumbaze* off Yusuf? I don't doubt he stole it." A large clamor arose from Yusuf, and Deering grinned. "Oh, all right. But you'd better cut along to the Orphanage and get one from Miss Allen."

"Stop at the well and tell Deeb I don't expect him to dip that water up a drop at a time," called Summers and, as Yusuf moved away, he turned and looked down at the prostrate figure. "I wonder what nationality this boy is."

"Armenian, probably—or Kurd. Heaven knows, they're so mixed in this part of the world." Deering turned. "Of what blood are you?" The boy seemed stupid, and Deering repeated the question sharply. "We must know who you are and where you came from."

"What is that to the *Effendi?* I have broken bread with my master. I am *dakhile.*"

"What's he talking about?" asked Summers blankly.

"He says he's *dakhile.* That means he is your guest," explained Deering. "Now you see why the little imp came out from that faint long enough to eat a bit of your bread."

The scarecrow was watching them intently.

"My father was a Turk," he pronounced, and waited.

"A Turk? That makes it difficult," Deering explained to Summers, "our funds are for the Armenians. The Turks are expected to look after their own."

"Which they don't, of course."

"No; but with the Mission back of us, we try to list as many Christians as we can."

The boy's bright eyes were shifting from one face to the other.

"I Christian," he said suddenly.

"Good Lord, you speak English?"

"A little, *Effendi*. My mother—she was Armenian and have taught me to be Christian."

"Good," said Deering. "That"ll go down on the list, although," he puzzled, "how she managed it with a Mohammedan husband . . ."

"It was my stepfather was Turk Mohammedan," explained the boy. "My real father—" he hesitated a moment—"my real father was—a rabbi from Stamboul."

"My word!" Deering choked. "I congratulate you, Summers. You seem to have acquired a rare specimen." He turned to leave, then paused. "Your orders will probably arrive a year from next January. Better act as though they were here and move over with us when the British clear out."

"You're still in the Hill Compound?"

"Yes; we're keeping the kids in tents until the heat breaks, and I've got a spare room in the building for you." As he moved away he called back, "Be sure and bring your Mohammedan-Jewish-Christian when you come."

II

Ten days later Summers appeared at the Compound carrying a bundle of shirts under his arm. Behind him stretched a line of natives variously clad in *gumbazes* and cast-off British undergarments, their bedding on their heads.

"Forty-two," reported Summers, and Deering groaned. "I didn't know it would be that bad! No wonder the mess sergeant howled. I suppose the French refused to take 'em on?"

"Not exactly, but as near as I can make out their supply trains haven't come up, and they're even short of food for themselves. Also guns. Do you suppose the Kurds have stopped their lorries *en route?*"

"I never suppose anything. It's more comfortable not to.

You'd better sleep on the second floor. The camels are slightly less quiffy up there."

"Thanks. I appreciate that. I've been right down among 'em at the Post. How about my troupe of trained orphans, eh?"

"I'll send them down to the camp. Miss Larsen'll probably die of the shock, but Miss Allen's a good sport, and she'll look after the little beggars." He issued a few rapid-fire orders, and the squad turned and obediently made off down the path. All except one. He was standing slightly to one side, dressed in a British coat with the shoulder insignia of a colonel, and a polished Sam Browne belt. Upon his head there rested a pith helmet several sizes too large; below the coat his blue *gumbaze* waved in the hot wind, and, unlike the others, he was carrying no luggage.

"What in the name of heaven is that?" demanded Deering.

"That?" Summers grinned. "It's Useless. You know, the boy I picked up near Tel-Abiad."

"You're spoofing me. Why, he's actually *plump!*"

"He is. A shipment of cheese and butter went wrong somewhere along the line—also eggs. I suspect Useless of being the ultimate consumer."

"Why 'Useless'?"

"Descriptive pet name. I believe his real name is, alternately, Abu, Ali, or Achmed, not to mention Foud and Manuel—depending upon his nationality and religion at the moment."

"Just what *is* he? Have you found out?"

"Not yet, but I intend to. His rabbi father evaporated when we had pork for the Christians and lentils for the Jews. He was an Armenian Christian until Friday, then we learned the Armenian was only a stepmother and his real father was a Mohammedan Persian. He went off to the Mosque to pray while the rest of the boys cleaned the stables."

Deering grinned.

"Sounds like an interesting beggar. Where'd he get the uniform?"

"Search me! I recognize parts of it, but not all. If you ask him where he got anything he merely says, '*Atieh men ami.*' Whatever that means."

"'A gift from my uncle,'" translated Deering. "In other words, purloined. I must say he's enterprising."

"Only in that one line. Nobody ever caught him working. Every morning I swear I'll make him do at least one good job, and every day he manages to slip out. Look at him now. All the others carried their bedding up here, and he hasn't a thing. I'll bet you ten months' pay, by sundown he'll have somebody's blankets."

"Well," Deering set his jaw, "I'll attend to that!" He clapped his hands twice and motioned to the boy to draw closer. "Where are your blankets?" he demanded brusquely.

"*Ma, fi!* Captain, *Effendi*, I have given them to a sick woman. An old sick woman who was in sore need. Has not Mohammed commanded that we give to the poor?"

"Mohammed? You told me you were Christian."

"*Wellah*, a slip of the tongue, *Effendi*. My father was Mohammedan, but I—I learned to be Christian at my mother's knee."

"Your Persian mother?" asked Summers.

"My master has misunderstood," Useless explained swiftly to Deering. "I do not speak so well the English, and Summers *Effendi* has not the Arabic. It was not my mother that was Persian, but my milk-mother; my nurse, you understand. My mother was Greek, from Damascus, and it is from her I learn to be Greek Christian."

"My word!" said Deering under his breath; then added firmly, "But you'll have to give up that coat. My orphans wear *gumbazes*."

Useless came to attention and saluted smartly.

"But I am not an orphan, Captain *Effendi*. I am the servant of my master, and it is not fit that I should go clad in a *gumbaze* that they would laugh and say: 'Lo, Summers *Effendi* cannot afford a coat for his servant.' It is right that I should wear a coat *and* trousers. The Captain *Effendi* will, in his great generosity, see that I have trousers?"

Summers disappeared abruptly into the house, and Deering followed. Leaning weakly against each other, they ascended the stairs.

That night was noisy with strange, half-heard calls, and snatches of wild songs floated in from the desert. The sounds were quite different from the usual sleepy wail of the shep-

herds, and Summers was wakeful. As he turned to draw the covers over his head he heard a gusty sigh from the door. Instantly he struck a light and discovered Useless lying upon the threshold. Summers essayed to be stern.

"Why are you here? Didn't you hear me order you to sleep at the camp?"

The boy crawled toward him, inching his way across the flagstones on his hands and knees.

"I have heard my master when he spoke, but he is my heaven and my earth. The tribes are restless, and much evil is about. I have come to watch over my master's sleep."

"Oh, all right—all right," said Summers testily. "But don't wake up the house. Here, take one of my blankets."

"And a pillow?" suggested Useless deprecatingly. "To be near my master I would gladly sleep upon stones, but there is *Effendi's* saddlebags. Stuffed with a bit of sacking . . . *Selim dayetak!* Have I not said that Mohammed would bless those who gave to the poor?"

Miss Allen brought up the subject of Useless next morning. Breakfast was at six, and the shadows were still long in the Compound, but already the cypress trees were weighted down with the yellow dust which blew in whirling clouds from the feet of passing horsemen. Below the window two camels were snuffling dismally, and by the gates a pariah dog harried a tethered goat. A hot wind was blowing, and fine sand sifted into the dining room through invisible cracks and made the food gritty between the teeth.

Miss Allen was young and incurably romantic.

"Well," she remarked as she unfolded her napkin, "at last I've seen a real *sheik!* I was afraid I'd go home without catching a glimpse of one."

"You needn't worry about going home," said Miss Larsen, the medical missionary, grimly. "The way the tribes are gathering we'll be lucky if we ever see home again. The whole place is simply swarming with Kurds. Was it one of them you saw?"

"Goodness, no! I loathe Kurds. They always look as though they were cut rather messily out of goatskins, and they smell the same way. No, he wasn't a Kurd. It's that young *sheik* Mr. Summers brought with him."

"I brought?" Summers raised his eyes.

"Yes, the orphan—Ali ben Abi or something." She glanced at him, then gurgled, "My goodness, don't tell me you didn't know! Why, it's the most dramatic story! The Kurds came down on his father's tribe, and when all the others were killed he fled on a camel into the desert. He wanted to die with his people, but then there'd have been nobody left to avenge his father's death. That's all he lives for now—just revenge. I wish you could have seen how his eyes flashed when he told me! And when I gave him your trousers, Captain Deering ——"

"My *trousers?*"

"Yes, that old pair you gave me to mend. I knew you wouldn't want them now that you've got the colonel's. The poor little chap is so proud. He says he is a *sheik* and the son of a *sheik*, and it is not right that he should go around in a *gumbaze* like a common orphan. Before his mother died she made him swear that he would never forget his blood. It seems she was a Syrian from Beirut."

"Are you sure?" asked Miss Larsen. "I think you must have misunderstood him, for I distinctly heard him tell the cook his mother and father were Armenians and that they were butchered before his eyes in that awful massacre at Konia."

"Does the cook happen to be an Armenian?" asked Summers.

"Yes; he was in that massacre, too."

"I thought so."

"You don't mean the child was lying?"

"Oh, no—no," said Summers, "it has gone too far for that!"

"Well," Miss Larsen bristled, "I'd like to see him try to come it over me."

III

A week later, when Summers and Deering were returning from French Headquarters, where the news was growing daily more alarming, they turned into the Compound and bumped into Useless backing out of the door. He was bending over in the Arab salutation, his hand to heart, lips, and forehead. Beyond him they could see the beaming face of Miss Larsen.

"I've been having the most interesting half hour with Moses," she told them excitedly.

"Who?"

"Moses—the boy who just went out. He's been telling me all about himself, and, really, I don't know when I've been so touched. Do you know, that poor child has been a Christian all the time." The two men glanced at each other and sat down simultaneously. Miss Larsen went on with little burbles of delight. "He's been going through Mohammedan country where they kill Christians, and he's had to pretend to be a heathen. But it seems his mother was an Assyrian from Ras Ba'albek. She was brought up in a Mission School; and his stepfather, a horrible Turk, tortured the boy because he wouldn't give up his religion. His mother fled to Egypt, where she died, and he's been trying to get back to the American Mission ever since."

"That, I suppose, explains why he is in Mesopotamia," said Deering dryly. "It's not exactly the shortest route from Egypt to Ras Ba'albek."

"Well, no," admitted Miss Larsen, "it isn't. But if you could only hear him tell what he has suffered for his religion! Why, he actually cried with gratitude when I gave him a Bible and a pair of shoes to go with that absurd uniform he's wearing."

"Ah," said Deering. "I begin to perceive."

"He speaks Arabic, Greek, Turkish, and English, besides a little German and French," Miss Larsen went on. "But of course that's not so remarkable—they all do. They seem to soak up languages through their pores."

"It's not strange," said Deering. "Look at the country—it's a polyglot stew. Every town's got an Armenian, Syrian, Jewish, and Turkish Quarter. Then the Bedouins and Kurds come sweeping through to trade; and that naturally brings Assyrian, Persian, and Greek merchants. No wonder the place is like a bundle of explosives." His face became grave. "I don't want to alarm you, but we've just come from the French Headquarters, and the news is bad, very bad."

"You mean—another massacre?"

"No; it doesn't seem to be directed against the Armenians this time, although the whole Quarter is in an uproar, and they're squealing like stuck pigs. The trouble will be with

the French. The town is filling full of Kurds, and the *Mutsarif* has ordered the commandant to get his troops out of Urfa or there will be war."

"And the Commandant?"

"Has told the *Mutsarif* where he can go, of course. The worst of it is the *Mutsarif* knows the French haven't anything but a few machine guns for defense. All in all, there's likely to be dirty work, and we'd better move the children back to the Orphanage. At least they'll be behind walls in case of bombardment."

"Bombardment! You think it'll come to that?"

"It may," said Deering quietly. "At any rate, we'll not take any risks. You and Miss Allen can start moving the youngsters. I'll go over to town and bully the *Mutsarif* into letting us have a cart or so for our supplies. Summers will stay here and tend to things until we've cleared the place. And Useless——"

A voice spoke suavely from the doorstep:

"As the Captain *Effendi* was about to say, I shall stay here with my master. The *Effendi* will leave with me a gun and a shiny belt with cartridges?"

When he reported to Summers two hours later, he was wearing a shiny belt and carried not one but two guns. He saluted military fashion.

"The Captain *Effendi* orders that I bring you one of these and then return to him at the Orphanage. But I have told him I am a fighting man and no child. It is not fit that *I* should skulk behind walls with the women."

Summers chuckled.

"What did Captain Deering say to that?" he asked.

The boy turned large, serious eyes upon him.

"He said I was to go to the devil—so I shall stay with you, *Effendi*."

IV

If the *Mutsarif* ever sent the bullock carts (which is extremely doubtful), they never reached the Compound. Long before they could have wound their slow way from town a band of Kurds had taken possession of the roadway. Summers was busy checking over the supplies in the cookhouse and carrying some of the more perishable commodities up

to the Compound when Useless disappeared; for a time he worked alone, his temper rising with the heat. The yellow dust was blowing in great, choking clouds from the road where the French were digging entrenchments. Through the haze he could glimpse figures on horseback; the hoof-falls were deadened by the dust, and their silent passage made them dreamlike and unreal. Somewhere in the distance he could hear a sharp snapping sound, like corn in a popper.

His head began to whirl, and he sat down by the door. A little individual cloud of dust detached itself from the general whirlpool and drifted toward him. Through heavy eyes Summers watched it until it became Useless—clad no longer in his uniform but in a nondescript assortment of dirty *gumbaze*, tattered *abba*, and a *kafieh*, held to his head by a double circle of twisted goat hair. He paused and saluted cheerfully.

"The Kurds are attacking, *Effendi*. You have heard them?"

Summers nodded.

"They have taken the roads and the upper part of the city. They mean to drive out the French and bring back their friends, the Turks."

"Who told you this tale?"

"A Kurd, *Effendi*. One who guards the Samsat gate. I told him my father was a Kurd and that I had come with my tribe."

"You *would!*" exclaimed Summers. "What more did he say?"

"Only that every child knew the French had no supplies and that none could get in to them."

"He was right," said Summers bitterly, "which makes the stuff here more valuable. I think we'll not try to get back to the Orphanage. Our best bet is to stay and keep the Kurds out of the Compound. The *Mutsarif* will doubtlessly send someone with the carts and a safe convoy to-morrow. Even the Kurds can't have any fight with the American Relief."

"Of that I am not so sure, *Effendi*. The *Mutsarif* will pretend to protect the Americans, but at heart he is with the Kurds. That I learned from a camel driver. He was a Turk from Suk-el-Garab, that one, and I told him my father——"

"Yes—yes, I can imagine what you told him. What more did he say?"

"Nothing. Because he was called away. But before he left,"

the boy reached under his rags and proudly drew forth an object, "before he left, I borrowed his holster."

Useless was in full uniform that night at mess. Overfull uniform. To the British coat and belt he had added an Astrakhan fez and a pair of blue French puttees. Also, as he served, the end of a red sash dangled and swayed below his tunic. Summers surveyed it with a grin.

"I don't suppose you happen to have an Algerian stepfather, Useless?"

The boy stopped and regarded him inscrutably.

"No, *Effendi*. As I have said, my father was Armenian."

"Exactly," said Summers good-humoredly. "In that event, I'd tuck up that Algerian sash. The French Commandant is coming to take up his quarters with us, and he might ask embarrassing questions."

"The French Commandant!" Useless paused, and his eyes brightened. "He is the big man with the jewelry upon his uniform?"

"Jewelry? Oh, I see—you mean his medals. He *is* rather like a Christmas tree. Yes, that's the Commandant. We'll give him that front room on the second floor." Summers chuckled gleefully. "Now, there's a nice job for you! The room is full of the boxes I brought over from the cookhouse. Canned goods, you know, and supplies. You might move 'em out into the hall when you get the Commandant's bed ready and, oh, yes, take the mattress from Captain Deering's room and put it up at the window. We can't afford to have those devils taking pot shots at us."

The firing grew steadily worse all evening. What had been merely a distant pop-popping at seven o'clock became a nearby rat-a-tat-tat by nine. Two detachments of Algerians had moved into the Compound and were starting a counter offensive toward the roadway. The Commandant arrived, greeted Summers briskly, and retired to the dining room with his maps and papers; with him were two lieutenants, and far into the night Summers could hear the steady drone of their voices. From the Compound came the sharp chatter of the soldiers and occasionally the crackle of a machine gun spitting lead.

At midnight the Commandant appeared from the dining room with his officers. He was newly come from France, and

the devious ways of the East plainly angered and bewildered him. His hair was on end, his collar open.

"*Que le diable!*" he exclaimed. "What is that new noise from the town, that wailing sound?"

"That is the *Muezzin* calling from the Mosque, *mon commandant*," explained Useless. "He says it is Allah's will to drive the *forengi* from his land."

The Commandant swung around sharply.

"Who is this boy that he knows so much?" he demanded of Summers.

"A boy from the Orphanage, *mon commandant.* Don't worry, you can trust him."

"*Vraiment?* Are you sure?" asked one of the lieutenants. "He looks like a boy I saw yesterday with the camel driver we caught trying to smuggle ammunition through the lines. The driver told us the boy's father was a Druse from the Lebanon mountains."

Summers laughed.

"That explains the Astrakhan fez," he said, and broke off shortly as a particularly loud and persistent bombardment began from without. "Good Lord, that's getting close, isn't it? I'm afraid our friends, the Kurds, have managed to sneak into the vineyard beyond the road." There was another short attack, accompanied by the tinkle of broken glass, and the lieutenants hurried from the room. "There goes the window of your bedroom, *mon commandant!* It's lucky they've got only *mitrailleurs*—a cannon would make it damned unpleasant all around."

Summers stepped to the door and peered through the narrow opening. The Algerians' guns were answering from the Compound, and, near the road, a second detachment of French, led by a *sous-officier*, was deploying into the newly dug trenches to repel the threatened invasion. In the room behind him the Commandant was walking back and forth with nervous steps.

"*Cochons!*" he was muttering fiercely. "*Imbéciles!* To send us here without cannon!" He broke off suddenly and stared upward. "*Mon Dieu,*" he exclaimed, "*c'est le sang!*"

"Blood?" Summers whirled about and stared up at the ceiling, where a red spot was slowly spreading over the whitewash. Even as he looked, a little stream dripped through a

crack and dropped to the floor. "It's—it's Useless!" he cried, and sprang up the stairs. He threw open the door of the Commandant's room and struck a match. By its wavering flame he saw that the boxes had not been cleared from the room but neatly piled in front of the window. From one of them flowed a thin scarlet stream. He raised his voice and called, "Useless!"

"I am here, *Effendi*." The boy was standing in the door.

Summers caught his breath in mingled relief and anger.

"Didn't I tell you to put Captain Deering's mattress in the window?"

"*Iwah, Effendi*, but the canned goods—it is thick—it is strong. I think it will be much safer for the Commandant *Effendi*."

"Also you didn't have the trouble of carrying the stuff into the hall," said Summers grimly. "Where is that mattress?"

Useless shuffled a bit and spoke deprecatingly.

"I have removed it to the *Effendi*'s room that I may sleep upon it." He turned suddenly and listened. "*Wellah*, the Commandant *Effendi* calls from below."

At the foot of the stairs the Commandant was bursting forth into a torrent of French.

"*Nom d'un nom d'un nom de bon dieu de sort! Où est mon plan—mon plan?*"

Summers shook his head, bewildered.

"You'll have to talk more slowly, I can't understand."

"My map!" roared the Commandant. "It is gone! I left it on the table in the *salle à manger*, and when I return it is gone!"

"It must have slipped under the table!"

"*Mais non!* There is a spy in the house—my map has been stolen!" His eye lighted on Useless. "*Ce garçon la*, where was he while we talked?"

"In the kitchen."

"The kitchen!" The Commandant's eyes gleamed. "And the kitchen it opens into the room *la bas*. He has stolen my map! *Crê bon sang!*"

He started for the boy, but Summers put up his hand.

"Wait. Just a moment. You may be mistaken. . . ." But even as he spoke his heart failed him. The boy was leaning

against the wall, his eyes wide with terror. Suddenly he turned and made a dash for the outer door. The Commandant stepped in front of him.

"*Arrêtez!*" he shouted.

Summers looked at the Commandant as he stood there before the door, arms extended, chest out, and suddenly he laughed.

"*Mon commandant*, your medals—you aren't wearing them?"

The Frenchman looked down in surprise.

"*Mais non*, they annoy me. I have taken them off in there and put them down."

"On the map," said Summers calmly. He held out his hand. "Come through, Useless."

The boy put his hand in his pocket and slowly, regretfully drew forth a small package wrapped in a crumpled paper.

"There is your map . . . and your medals, *mon commandant*," said Summers.

The Commandant started from the door.

"*Voleur!*" he roared. "I shall have him thrown into jail!"

"Oh, no, you won't, *mon officier*." Summers shook his head. "I'll attend to him myself." He turned to the boy. "Look here, young man, I've had all I want of this! You can stay here all night, but in the morning you're going to cut along to the Orphanage and stay there with the others. Do you understand?"

The boy looked at him gravely.

"The *Effendi* is angry with his servant?"

"Angry? That is not the word—I'm sore clear through. For just two cents I'd lick you."

Useless dropped his head.

"I have done wrong to take the pretty things from the Commandant *Effendi*, but he is so fine that I thought, it is very foolish of me, *Effendi*, but I thought if I put them on my uniform I might look like that also—so big—so like a good soldier." The Commandant growled in his throat, and the boy glanced at him quickly. "My father, he was Algerian, *mon commandant*, from Biskra. He fought for the *forengi*, the French. When he died he gave me this sash and told me always to remember: '*Vive la France!*' That is why I have taken the medals, because I remember my father who was with the

French. . . ." His voice trailed off into a little sob, and the Commandant patted his arm awkwardly.

"Eh—eh, *taise-toi, mon enfant.* It does not matter. It does not matter."

Summers removed the handkerchief from his mouth and coughed.

"That will do, Useless," he said. "Return the medals. I'll attend to you later. In the meantime, you might get us some coffee."

"*Ya, Effendi!*" The boy was beaming again. He started for the door, then paused. "And in the matter of to-morrow, is it possible that my master will permit his servant to remain?"

Quite suddenly Summers laughed.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I fancy you'll remain with me the rest of my life. Now cut along and get that coffee."

He turned to find the Commandant at the door. The Frenchman was listening with peculiar attention, and it struck Summers that the firing outside had ceased. He had grown so used to the steady crackling that he had scarcely noticed it, and now the silence seemed more terrible than sound.

"What has happened——" he began, then broke off as a dull reverberation shook the house.

"*Sacré bleu!*" The Commandant hurried out the door and ran across the yard of the Compound. Summers could hear him roaring orders in the midst of renewed rifle fire. Somewhere a man's voice was screaming shrilly, and the noise from the town had broken forth again.

The kitchen door flew open, and Useless burst into the room.

"It is the cannon they use for Ramadan, *Effendi!*" he cried. "They have brought it down from the Mosque and filled it with stones and powder."

The dull boom sounded again, followed by renewed shouting.

"My God!" exclaimed Summers. "If they keep that up they'll have us within range in no time. They can't be more than a mile away."

"Three quarters only, *Effendi,*" said Useless. "I saw them hiding the powder when I came through to-day."

"You saw—— Why didn't you tell the Commandant?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders.

"Am I a spy that I should tell the *forengi* what my people do? What are the French to me?"

"But it's not only the French who are involved. If they get the range of this building we'll *all* be blown sky high!"

"*Wellah*, how could I guess they would turn their accursed gun against my master?"

The cannon boomed again, and the Commandant burst into the house, followed by a little group of Senegalese. They were carrying two wounded men and a third followed, his arm hanging limp from the shoulder.

"We will have to make a hospital in here," said the Commandant. "The doctor," he pointed to the man with the wounded arm, "thinks we had better use the cellar."

"Good idea," agreed Summers. "You take the man down and I'll bring the mattresses from above. Useless——" He turned. "Where is that dratted boy?"

"*Un petit garçon arabe?* I have seen him slip out as we came in, *mon Lieutenant*," said the doctor, and Summers cursed under his breath.

For an hour he worked like one possessed, bringing blankets and mattresses from the rooms above, heating water and carrying it down the stairs. It was all a nightmare, an unbelievable nightmare in which the crackling of guns was punctuated by the dull boom of the cannon. Once it found the range, and a corner of the wall caved in noisily, bringing more wounded. The doctor had his arm in a sling, and Summers was bending over, helping him with a head wound, when he stopped suddenly.

"What—what was that?"

A reverberating explosion shook the walls about them. Summers scrambled up the stairs and out into the Compound. The firing had stopped, and a group of Senegalese were crowding the walls, watching the reflection of a distant glow against the dark horizon. Summers found himself beside the Commandant.

"What was it?" he asked breathlessly.

"It is the enemy. I believe their ammunition has exploded!"

"Thank God," murmured Summers, "thank God!"

"*À la bonne heure!* The fire will bring reinforcements to

us from Tel-Abiad. See, it has caught the cypress trees beyond the vineyard, and that should show for miles, not so?"

For several moments they stood watching the blaze, then Summers put his hand on the Commandant's arm.

"Listen," he said. "Do you hear a horse galloping?"

"Yes—no—yes—down the road."

Summers spoke excitedly.

"I—I may be crazy, *mon commandant*, but I ask you—please order your men not to fire if anyone comes to our gate."

The Commandant looked at him sharply, then gave an order which was passed on down the line. The hoofbeats came nearer, muffled by dust, until, suddenly, a rifle cracked twice out of the darkness. The hoofbeats broke off abruptly, and for a long moment there was silence. The fire flared higher and higher. Suddenly a soldier at the gate gave a sharp cry. Summers sprang forward and peered out, then threw open the gate. Useless was silhouetted against the glare. For a moment he stood very straight and saluted.

"*Salaam aleikum.* The dogs have barked at my master, and I have silenced their barking."

Summers caught his breath.

"What have you done?"

"You know the sash, the red sash of the Algerian? I have untied it from about my middle and put one end in the brush where their powder is hidden."

"*Oui,*" the Commandant, too, was leaning forward, "*oui*——"

"Then I have borrowed a cigarette from the man who is guarding the pile. He was a Bedouin from Seruj, that one, and I have told him that my father——"

"Never mind," said Summers, "what you told him."

The boy's voice was very low. It seemed to be coming from a great distance.

"I rolled the cigarette in the end of the sash and left on my horse. But someone has shot at me . . . and it struck . . . I do not know where . . . but it hurts, *Effendi*. . . ." He slumped suddenly, like a candle that melts in the sun. Summers caught him as he fell. The Commandant was on the other side, and they carried him to the cellar. The officer held a candle while

the Doctor examined the boy. Summers looked up at him, and he shook his head slowly.

"Only a moment," he said softly. "*Le pauvre petit.*"

The boy opened his eyes and looked about drowsily, then twisted in sudden pain. Summers's arm tightened about his shoulder.

"Quiet," he said, "quiet. It won't hurt very long, Useless." His voice broke. "I mean Ali, Abu——"

The boy shook his head.

"*Bismillah al rahman, al rakim.* I have lied to my master. I have no name except that which he has given me." He paused for a moment, and Summers caught his breath as the boy's hand reached up weakly and touched his cheek. "Call me 'Useless,' *Effendi.* You are my father and my mother. . . . I have never known . . . any other . . . any other. . . ."

"COCK-A-DOODLE-*DONE!*"

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

FROM *The Elks Magazine*

EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

was named for the patron saint of lovers because his birthday is the fourteenth of February. He is a Southerner, who has lived all over the lumber region of the South and has now returned to his native Alabama. He has appeared in several volumes of O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories and won first prize in 1923 for his story, "Prelude."

MISTUH ALEXANDRE BARNABAS, suave, high yellow, immaculately clad, native of the Island of Jamaica, now resident of the city of Mobile, had encountered a problem. He was still struggling with it as he stood surrounded by his personal luggage on the upper deck of the erratic little steamer which made occasional round trips between Mobile and West Indian ports, and on which he was a sort of under steward. The problem could be traced directly to his addiction to the game of cockfighting. As witness to his ardor for the sport, he was bringing in on the steamer one Red Cuban gamecock for which he had paid in Havana two hundred and fifty dollars. The ship had docked in Mobile; within five minutes members of the crew would be going ashore. The cock—and the impending interview with the customs officers—brought Mistuh Barnabas' problem to a head. He was going to declare the bird at its value. A previous, never-to-be-forgotten brush with these same officers had taught him honesty—when dealing with the customs. So Mistuh Barnabas was going to be honest.

He looked about, frowning. Then his glance rested for the first time on Shabo Gandy, coal passer, resigned and now desperately eager to be rid of the ship. As he looked at Shabo, Mistuh Barnabas's expression lightened. The more he looked at Shabo, the more his expression lightened. If there was ever a human being, Mistuh Barnabas reflected pleasedly, who embodied just about all there was of unsophistication, there it was draped over the rail of the steamer. And, Mistuh Barnabas thought shrewdly, probably that long, black, dumb-looking person had money. Surely the coal passers had been paid off.

He slipped on his most affable manner and approached Shabo. Sensing that this had been the other's first trip, he pitched the conversation accordingly.

"How do you like the sea?" he asked in his most cultured English intonation.

"I doesn't!" Shabo exploded.

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Well, Mistuh"—Shabo had raised his head and was gazing worshipingly at Mistuh Barnabas's tailor-made perfection—"de ocean may be all right in de level places an' as long as you kin keep to de gullies. But when you strikes de ridges!—Uh-uh! Ol' boat climb one dem hills, sets dere shimmyin' an' shiverin' a minute, den, fus't thing you know, slides down de yuther side—back'ards. An' de curves—dey make a boat skid so bad. Splungin' 'round all de time so's a boy can't eben git a toe holt. Me—I thought I wanted to be a sailoh. But I reckin I was jus' broke out wid some sort o' rash. Anyways, I's cured. I's th'ough!"

"Are you, by any chawnce, thinking of locating in Mobile?"

"Locatin' dere jus' long 'nough to locate me a sto' whar I kin buy me some purties foh my gal an' den locate a train 'at'll ca'y me close to home."

"Oh-h! You've got a sweetheart?"

"Jus' de cravin'. No promise yit. She's one de teasin' brown kind."

"Plays with you, eh?"

"Been. But when she see all dem purties——"

"Purties?"

"Things I gwine git 'er."

"I judge you're rawther a reckless sort of devil when it comes to women." Mistuh Barnabas wasn't even having to think; the conversation was running itself. "What sum, if I may awsk, do you propose spending?"

"Got dis much money." Shabo innocently took some bills from his pocket and flipped them back one by one. There were eight of the five-dollar denomination. "An' a dolluh an' thirty-six cents mo'. De small change gits me somep'm t' eat. Six dolluhs buys me a railroad tocket. De res' gits purties."

Mistuh Barnabas smiled. It was a coincidence that this black boy should have just a trifle more than the needed amount. However, he wasn't interested in coincidences. His scheme was being rapidly perfected.

"I wonder if you'd mind," he asked pleasantly, "lending a hand with my luggage till we're ashore?" He indicated two suitcases, a hat box, and what looked like an overgrown bird cage. "I've rawther more than I can toddle along under."

Safe back in port again, Shabo was in an expansive and

comradely frame of mind. "Yessuh," he agreed readily. "What you wants me to tote?"

Mistuh Barnabas pointed to the cage. "But just a moment, though." He took a slip of paper from his pocket, made it into a roll, and tied it to the cage. "Now. If you don't mind lugging that, please."

Shabo picked up the cage. "Whicha way?" he asked.

"Take it through that shed—there." Mistuh Barnabas carefully indicated the direction. "Just toddle along. I find I've left something in my room. Go ahead, though, and wait for me on the street. If anyone asks about the cock, just say he's yours. I'll hurry."

From a vantage point on the steamer, he watched. His measure of Shabo Gandy had been uncannily accurate: country-born and bred, utterly unsophisticated, with all the timidity of his kind; frightened, when in a city, of his own shadow; fearful, particularly, of any white man in uniform; doing, tremblingly, the bidding of the first one he met. Naturally, Mistuh Barnabas's scheme was by no means assured of success, but, should any hitch occur in customs, he could hurry forth, offer a convincing explanation, claim the cock, and pay duty. . . .

Shabo, shuffling down the gangplank, was scarcely conscious that he was carrying a chicken. He was enshrouded in visions of his own creating: 'At teasin' brown gal. . . . Couldn't hold out long when she saw him with a gol' finger ring. . . . An' a green leather belt—the slick, shiny kind, with a bright buckle. . . . Pair o' rattlesnakeskin shoes—maybe. . . . A wrist watch, if his money held out. . . . An'——

"Hey, black boy!" Startled, Shabo glanced about. A white gentleman wearing a cap with gold letters on it was beckoning to him. "Over this way."

Some kind of a po-lice, Shabo thought with a sudden inward quaking. Yet, he went toward the man.

"What you got there?" was the question.

"Ch-chicken, Cap'n."

"Yours?"

Shabo shot a glance over his shoulder. Mistuh Barnabas was not in sight. When he looked at the white gentleman again he observed that the latter possessed a hard and piercing eye. Then he forgot Mistuh Barnabas's injunction about claiming

ownership of the cock in remembering—with the same effect—one of the first lessons he had ever learned, to-wit: That whenever you happened to be a strange black boy carrying a chicken in a strange neighborhood and a strange white gentleman began asking you questions about it, you better convince him it was your chicken you were carrying. So, he answered right up:

"My chicken, Cap'n? He sho' is mine, suh! If dey's one thing I don't do, it's not to have nothin' to do wid nobody else's chickens. Yassuh; he's mine. Bought 'im in—in Cuby—an' paid foh him wid cash money."

"All right. Come this way."

Frightened, not even faintly suspecting what was about to happen, Shabo followed till they came to a little window behind which another white gentleman was writing. The first gentleman lifted the cage that contained the chicken.

"Nigger bringing in a Cuban gamecock, Harry," he said carelessly. "How much?"

The other gentleman saw the roll of paper that was tied to the cage. He took it off and opened it. It recited that one Alexandre Barnabas had paid two hundred and fifty dollars for one gamecock in Havana. "Whew!" The man whistled his amazement. He handed the slip to Shabo. "You cockfightin' niggers sure have got your sights high." He did a little figuring and addressed Shabo again. "It'll cost you forty dollars."

Forty dollars . . . ! When he had halfway regained consciousness, Shabo's first impulse was to deny ownership of the cock. But he remembered in time: he had just emphatically declared that it was his; and when a black boy began telling two or three tales about a chicken, white folks were apt to commence actin' kind of onreckless. But . . . Forty dollars! He moistened his lips. He shot harried glances to right and left. Run? Foolishness!—with one hard-faced white gentleman just alongside him and two or three others loafing in the shed. And prob'ly plenty more close by. . . . In a semi-stupor he pulled out all the money he had and handed it to the man behind the wicket, who counted it and returned one dollar and thirty-six cents.

"Just a minute," he said, "and I'll give you a receipt. Let's see: what was that name?"

Automatically Shabo gave the only one he knew: "Shabo Gandy, suh."

The man wrote something on a slip of paper which he handed to Shabo. Mechanically, Shabo accepted it. Then, still in a half trance, he picked up the cage and started toward the street entrance.

The beginnings of a number of thoughts were whizzing around in his brain trying to assume coherent form. Only one, thus far, stood out recognizably: he wasn't being done right by—in large doses. A bald fact, too, stared at him: he had had to pay forty dollars for taking a long-legged skinny chicken offen a boat after he'd been expressly asked to do it. How come? His mind went blank seeking an answer. But there did come conviction: high yaller trickery. Just why, he couldn't figure out. He made no effort to. But . . . where this trick came from there might be others—and worse.

Instinctively his thought turned to the single friend he could claim in Mobile—Bubber Milam, companion of his boyhood. From birth their mutual habitat had been the deep, deep hinterland of Alabama, thirty miles from a railroad. But four years ago Bubber, broken out of a sudden with the town itch, had left the plantation. Shabo had remained in his proper niche—between two plow handles in a cotton field—until two weeks ago. Then, with crops laid by, he had ventured to Mobile with a crew of log raftsmen. It was the first time in all his twenty-one years he had ever been any distance from home, and Mobile was the only thing that he had ever visited that remotely resembled a city. Here he saw his first steamship. And, strangely, deep down within him somewhere he heard the Call to High Adventure.

Pure chance led him across Bubber Milam. Despite the fact that he looked like an exaggerated fashion plate in contrast to Shabo's overalled figure, Bubber was undisguisedly glad to see his old friend. He did not allow the prosperity that clothed him from the top of his brown derby to the soles of his black-and-white leather sport oxfords to make him the least bit uppity. True, he was a bit evasive when questioned as to his occupation, but he was friendly—frankly so. He proved his comradeliness when Shabo confided his desire to go to sea. Bubber pleaded, cajoled, drew vivid pictures of an unhappy

future, but Shabo was obstinate. He had seen an ocean boat—and wanted to ride it.

At last Bubber yielded. He saw some white friends, and the next day Shabo found himself in the rôle of a coal passer on the same steamer that boasted the services of Mistuh Barnabas. His experiences had been, on an exaggerated scale, what he had epitomized to Mistuh Barnabas.

Now, as he stood at the street entrance to the customs shed, he reviewed these events automatically. Maybe, if Bubber Milam were here, he could tell how come something. . . . Maybe. . . .

Mistuh Barnabas came jauntily down the gangplank of the steamer, cream-colored suit faultlessly pressed, broad-brimmed Panama set rakishly, purple silk handkerchief protruding from upper coat pocket. The formality of baggage inspection consumed only a few minutes. Then he hurried away to regain possession of his gamecock.

It ought to be simple: a glib apology to that gawkish black boy; a suggestion that they repair to a café where he could cash a check and make reimbursement for the duty paid. In the meanwhile—he would suggest—since cock and cage formed an unwieldy package, suppose they leave it at, say, that barber shop across the street. Then, once in the café, excusing himself on the plea of cashing his check, he would slip around to the barber shop, take the cock, and vanish. Easy . . . !

But the black boy was not at the street entrance. Mistuh Barnabas was annoyed. He looked on each side of the entrance, but Shabo was not there. Nor did the opposite side of the street yield anything. Mistuh Barnabas showed alarm. Where *could* the stupid lout have gone? He hurried to one end of the street, looked up and down the intersection. Nothing there. He quickened his pace, almost ran to the opposite end. Another water haul.

Alarm gave way to panic as a panorama of possibilities flashed before his mind's eye. With an ignorant yokel parading around with a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar gamecock, particularly with the waterfront streets thick with Negro fanciers who knew something of the values of game fowl, anything might happen!

Right there Mistuh Barnabas started a frantic search for

one unsophisticated black boy and one imported Red Cuban gamecock. He combed highways and byways. He went into strange places and asked questions. He halted passers-by. But neither did he see nor hear anything of the objects of his search.

The day was hot. Perspiration streamed down his face and wilted his collar. His cream-colored suit was clinging to him in spots. The purple handkerchief had long since become wringing wet. The brim of his Panama hat began to droop shapelessly. It was in this sartorial disarray that he came, after an hour's search, to a colored pool room. The first person he saw here was Bubber Milam. Bubber seemed to be in charge of the place.

It was evident at once that these two were not upon terms of comradely intimacy. This might be accounted for by the fact that, had Mistuh Barnabas been asked to point out Mobile's leading colored game-chicken fancier, he would have admitted that laurels in that sport rested with him, whereas, on the other hand, a similar question put to Bubber Milam would have brought a similar confession regarding himself. Yet, Mistuh Barnabas essayed an unenthusiastic "Cheerio, Milam," as he leaned against the cashier's desk and mopped his streaming face.

Bubber waved a hand in careless greeting.

"What's on yo' mind—dis time—Barnabas?" he asked.

"I'm distressed, Milam. Very foolishly I entrusted a valuable gamecock to a strange black boy, and he's disappeared ——"

"Mos' any black boy would," Bubber interrupted unsympathetically, "when a stranger entrus'es him wid a fine cock."

"Don't remind me!" Mistuh Barnabas shuddered. "I admitted it was foolish. Thought maybe you had seen someone with a cock——"

"Seed one black boy——"

"Yes? Where? Which way was he going?"

"He come in here."

"And then? Where did he go from here?"

"Over to Gunboat's place." Bubber pointed to the barbecue stand of Gunboat Nixby, across the street, who was himself a fancier of gamecocks. "He'd had one o' Gunboat's Roun'heads out, exercisin' it."

"Pshaw!" Mistuh Barnabas had straightened at first; now he collapsed against the desk again. "Don't be spoofing, Milam. This is serious."

"Sho' is. But lemme think a minute." Bubber leaned a finger against his forehead. "Was it a shawt, bow-legged little nigger had 'im?"

"No; he was tall and lank—and very black."

"Uh-huh. Was he carryin' a Window-White Hackle Cock?"

"No; my cock is——"

"Was it a Mugwump?"

"No; he was——"

"A Tormentor?"

"No! Let me say what I'm trying to—*please!* The cock is a Red Cuban, and cost me two hundred and fifty dollars in Havana."

"Two-fifty? Whew-w-w!" Bubber's whistle was not of amazement, for he knew as well as does any other real dyed-in-the-wool fancier that, when he finds a bird that takes his eye, the proper price to offer for it is all the money he has—whether it be five dollars or five hundred dollars. Bubber was merely leading up to further kidding of Mistuh Barnabas. "Tryin' to git exclusive in yo' cockfightin'? Aimin' to drive us Mobile pikers out? Who you have den, to win money offen?"

"Oh, nothing like that. I wanted this bird chiefly for breeding. Blood tells, you know, even in chickens."

"Yeah; it tells in chickens—too."

"But I'm not getting anywhere." Mistuh Barnabas mopped his face again. "Seriously, you haven't seen a cock or a boy like I've described?"

"Dey ain't no tall black boy with a Red Cuban been round here. Had a-been I'd seed 'im. You know I's kinder got a weakness foh dem red birds myse'f."

"I remember." Mistuh Barnabas smiled fleetingly. "Well, I'll toddle along. No time to hunt further for the cock—now. If he's in Mobile, of course, I'll find him, sooner or later. Have to hurry now to get ready for this afternoon." He started toward the doorway, but turned. "See you out at *the place*, of course?"

"Not dis time." Bubber shook a mournful head. "I can't——"

"Wha-a-at? Missing the biggest hack we've had?"

"Don't rub it in!" Bubber groaned. "Dey ain't a cock-fightin'er cullud man in Mobile dan me—an' you knows it. But—business befo' pleasure is de stern motto what I keeps ever befo' me. I jus' turned me a lot o' money loose to buy dis here ee-lyte pool pahloh. Got nobody to stay here. Can't negleck business, eben foh cockfightin'." Bubber's lips set in a firm straight line. "Don't temp' me"—as Mistuh Barnabas seemed about to speak. "Mos' pos'tively, I can't git away!"

"Too bad!" Mistuh Barnabas was in the doorway. "See you later, then. Cheerio!"

Mobile's colored citizens had Mistuh Barnabas to thank for the revival of cockfighting in their midst. Shortly after his coming to the city he had routed out some former devotees of the sport. Embers of interest that was only slumbering were quickly fanned into flame. The infection spread. Followers of the game of Skin, argus-eyed watchers of the galloping dice, permitted their interest in these to wane before the greater action of the more red-blooded game. Every one of them who could by wile or wisdom gain either temporary or permanent possession of one or more fighting cocks had hurried to do so. Cockfighting formed the chief topic at every gathering. Hack fights were gone over in the minutest detail among dock laborers, truck drivers, saw-mill workers, and servants in private homes. Mobile's colored sports had the game-chicken-pox—and had it badly.

Mistuh Barnabas had been the gainer. At the last hack he had won nearly four hundred dollars. To-day he hoped to do even better. Most of the bets would be small—two dollars, five, ten—but placing them in pools, they mounted sizably. He was disappointed that that Milam person was not going to be there, for Bubber backed his faith in his birds with real money. Bubber's limit, notoriously, in betting on his cocks, was all the money he could raise.

Four miles outside the city of Mobile a little-used road branches from the main highway, to straggle for several furlongs, finally to meet and be swallowed up in what was once a cultivated field, but which is now covered with a thick stand of second-growth pines. It makes a most excellent place

for any kind of *sub-rosa* assemblage. In a slight natural depression a space one hundred feet in diameter had been cleared, and in the center of this a ring, twenty feet across, the grass worn away with much tramping, had been enclosed with eighteen-inch chicken wire.

They had begun to gather—those of Mobile's colored sporting fraternity who were smitten with the gamecock-fighting fever. They varied in type, age, color, occupation. Old-timers, with mere fringes of gray hair encircling bald pates—relicts of a day when cockfighting was almost universally popular—argued heatedly over the merits of nearly every known breed of gamecocks under the sun. Goggle-eyed, brass-buttoned elevator and bell boys stood by, drinking in enlightenment. Dock workers in overalls, chauffeurs in natty uniforms, janitors and mail carriers, delivery boys and ditch diggers—they were all there, all of them looking wise, all of them pretending to know the finer points of cockfighting. Two out of five of them carried gamecocks either under an arm or in sacks. Not that all of them, by any means, expected to enter birds in the hacks. Many of the fowls, indeed, were worn-out and battle-weakened birds, discarded by white fanciers, but snapped up eagerly by enthusiasts who knew that possession of any sort of gamecock on such an occasion gave one an unquestioned prestige.

Mistuh Barnabas bustled up presently, accompanied by three hirelings who carried his birds. One of these was also his handler. He looked carefully over the crowd, more than half expecting to see Bubber Milam, despite the other's positive insistence that he would not be present. He knew the appeal that such an event held for any cockfighter. But, to his disappointment, Bubber was nowhere in evidence.

Preliminaries were speedily arranged. Swishblade Johnson —so named because of his well-known dexterity with an implement which some persons use for shaving—was unanimously chosen referee. His reputation assured respect for his decisions; besides, he was as square as he knew how to be.

Swishblade announced certain special rules that had been agreed to by the pitters. Then the milling began.

In the first hack Mistuh Barnabas showed a Clairborne, Gunboat Nixby a cross-bred Roundhead. It was tame, the

Roundhead, after one weak fly in the third pitting, running to hunt its mother.

Birds belonging to two other entrants were then pitted. The fight lacked color, both cocks being old, and in the fourth pitting it was called a draw.

Then Mistuh Barnabas took the spotlight again. In his second hack his entry, a Ginn Grey bull stag, killed his opponent, a Blue Traveller. In succession three other fights went to him. He was cleaning up in bets, having won a hundred and fifty dollars in his five fights. Then the other pitters began to get cautious. Although Mistuh Barnabas's air of general superiority made him universally unpopular, and every man there would have liked to humble him, it was beginning to look too much like a Barnabas day. Bettors were losing their eagerness; gloom was rapidly settling upon the assemblage.

Then Mistuh Barnabas began to get real cocky. He brought a bird from its cage. "Barnabas showing a five-two Sid Taylor," he announced. "Taking on any cock within the weight."

But there was not the deluge of small bills that there had been; instead there was silence.

"Speak up, gentlemen! Speak up!" Mistuh Barnabas's tone was insultingly caustic. "No sporting money here?"

There was only a buzz of discontented murmurings. Pitters gazed at Mistuh Barnabas, at the cock he held under one arm, at the birds they carried themselves, writhing inwardly—and looked glum.

"Challenging all and any." Mistuh Barnabas fondled his Sid Taylor showily. "Nobody here thinks enough of his cock to risk a little money?"

There was a commotion on the opposite side of the pit. A voice spoke up: "I got some cocks—an' a little money." Someone was forcing his way through the crowd. It was Bubber Milam. Under one arm he carried a reddish-colored cock. "I'll pit a Red Cuban—at de weight—'gainst yo' Sid."

Mistuh Barnabas glanced at the bird—and laughed. He knew that cock. Once it had been good. Once. Still, he remembered, Milam, strangely enough, had always been crazy about that particular Cuban. Perhaps, if taunted sufficiently, he might risk some real money on it. . . .

"Still lugging around that old Cuban relic, Milam?" he asked, and laughed irritatingly.

"He ain't no relic," Bubber retorted with spirit. "He's a good cock."

"Yes?" Mistuh Barnabas laughed again. "Improved since three weeks ago?"

"He wasn't in no condition, den!" Bubber defended hotly.

"Just good enough to lose, eh?"

"Looky here, Bahnabas!" Bubber flared up. "I ain't come here to have my cocks low-rated by you, nor nobody else." He faced the crowd. "You pitters an' han'lers git dis: Bahnabas turnin' loose some big talk. I's a cockfighter. Offerin' to pit a five-two Red Cuban 'gainst his Sid Taylor, same weight. Now, if he aimin' to crawfish——"

"Crawfish?" Mistuh Barnabas sputtered. "If you're so sure you've got a good cock, how much money is going to back your judgment?"

Bubber ran a hand into his pocket, pulled out a roll and, flipping the notes back one at a time, counted them: five twenty-dollar bills.

"A hundred dollars!" Mistuh Barnabas scoffed. "I thought you believed in your birds. Let's don't be pikers. Let's show these gentlemen some real sporting blood. Say we lay—two hundred and fifty?"

For just a moment Bubber seemed to hesitate; then he shifted hold on his cock, ran his other hand into his pocket and brought out some more bills. He counted off fifteen ten-dollar notes.

Both of them glanced at the referee.

Swishblade addressed the crowd. "Mistuh Bahnabas showin' a five-pound, two-ounce Sid Taylor; Mistuh Milam a Red Cuban, same weight. Bet, two hund'ed an' fifty dolluhs, subject to our reg'lar rules an' reg'lations." He looked at the pair for confirmation; each bowed assent. "Han' de money to de stakeholder," he commanded. They obeyed.

"De bets is so laid an' so ordered," Swishblade announced. "Gemmen, git ready."

Then a most extraordinary thing occurred. Bubber Milam handed the cock that he had been holding to a bystander. He reached behind him and pulled forward a wicker cage. From this he brought out a bird—a cock that was a rich brick red,

except for silver-gray hackle and black feathers that tipped wing and tail. Its comb was little more than a red streak. But the feature about it that caught the attention instantly was its eyes: piercing, coal black, the most passionately wicked eyes that ever sat in a gamecock's head.

Mistuh Barnabas, who had been watching the performance, let out a shriek. "My cock!" He started across the pit toward Bubber Milam. "My Cuban!"

"What's 'at?" Bubber's voice, his manner registered a sort of stupefied amazement. Yet something in his expression caused Mistuh Barnabas to halt several feet distant and stand there, pawing the air foolishly. "I—I don't understan', Mistuh Bahnabas. You ain't claimin' dis cock?"

"Claiming it?" Mistuh Barnabas sputtered. "I don't have to claim it! That's the very cock I was telling you about. It's mine. It——"

"Mistuh Ref'ree!" Bubber turned appealingly to Swishblade. "Dey seem to be some misunderstandin' wid Mistuh Bahnabas. Puss'nally, I kin show by what autho'ity I's han'lin' 'is here cock. But jus' foh Mistuh Bahnabas' peace o' mind, le's git dis here thing straightened out. Let 'im state his contention formally to de ref'ree."

"What is yo' contention, Mistuh Bahnabas?" Swishblade asked.

"My contention?" Mistuh Barnabas was rapidly becoming apoplectic. "I bought the cock in Havana, Cuba. Paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it. That man has absolutely no right to it."

"You bought it in Havana?" Bubber asked. "Did you git you a bill o' sale?"

"Yes."

"You has it wid you—on yo' pusson?"

"N-no; I left it on the ship."

"How did you bring de cock f'm Cuba?"

"On the ship—of course!"

"Mistuh Bahnabas"—Bubber's voice was sternly reproving—"ain't you know it's 'gainst de law to smuggle in gamecocks?"

"I didn't smuggle it!"

"Oh-h! You brang it th'ough de customs?"

"Certainly!"

"Den maybe—" Bubber's voice was irritatingly soft—"maybe you kin show yo' customs receipt?"

Mistuh Barnabas turned a sort of pea green; he attempted to speak, gurgled wordlessly, and choked. Intuitively, now, he sensed that this Milam person, in some way, had learned a great deal more about one Red Cuban gamecock than he was putting out. But he had no earthly way of proving anything.

His premonition of what was coming was fulfilled in the next instant, when Bubber took a slip of paper from his pocket which he extended to Swishblade. "Submits dis, Mistuh Ref'ree," he said, "as exhibit Number A, accountin' foh de presence o' me an' dis cock here."

Swishblade read the slip laboriously. "Exhibit Number A," he announced, "recites dat one Shabo Gandy, as owner, paid impoht duty on one Red Cuban gamecock." He glanced from the slip to Bubber. "Who is dis here Mistuh Gandy?"

"Puss'nal friend o' mine," Bubber answered glibly. "Unable to be here, but auth'rized me, as his han'ler, to enter his impohted Red Cuban gamecock in dis here hack." He turned smilingly upon Mistuh Barnabas. "Jus' another case o' mistaken indemnity. Nachel error on yo' paht, Mistuh Bahnabas. So many gamecocks looks so much alike——"

"I'm not mistaken!" Mistuh Barnabas shouted. "That's my cock!"

"Den prove it." Swishblade Johnson broke in sharply. He was becoming annoyed at the delay; the crowd, too, showed signs of restlessness. They had come to see cockfights—not listen to a debate. "Gemman comes here, enterin' a cock. You says it's yo'n. He submits documenta'y evidence. You submits nothin'. Prove up—or shut up."

"Then I demand the right to withdraw my bet!" Mistuh Barnabas blustered. "On the ground of misrepresentation by Milam of the cock he was entering."

"Who?—me?" Bubber seemed grieved by the accusation. "Me misrepresent?"

"Yes, you did! You said you were going to enter the cock you had under your arm, and——"

"Jus' one moment!" Bubber turned to the crowd. "I leaves it wid de pitters. Gemmun, did I ever say anything to Mistuh Bahnabas specific'ly specifyin' 'at puhtickluh cock as de one I was goin' to pit? Did I?"

There was a moment's wait for thought. Then a chorus:

"You sho' didn't, Bubber!"

"Not a word!"

"Milam's right!"

Swishblade nodded his approval of the verdict.

"This is an outrage!" Mistuh Barnabas stormed. "I'm going——"

"What you is gwine to do is to subside." Swishblade spoke softly, but he towered above Mistuh Barnabas, six feet, three inches of brown menace. He was refereeing as honestly as he could. He was utterly ignorant of the things that Bubber Milam and Mistuh Barnabas knew about that cock. He could rule only upon the evidence offered. "I's ref'ree here—by anonymous choice, Mistuh Bahnabas." Then to the crowd: "De ref'ree 'ficially rules all bets standin'. We will puhceed wid de pittin'."

"You mean," Mistuh Barnabas protested weakly, "that I've got to stand here and see one of my cocks fight another of my cocks, with a chance of losing——"

"Not a tall, Mistuh Bahnabas," Bubber Milam broke in sweetly. "You kin shut yo' eyes, if you wishes."

Mistuh Barnabas subsided—outwardly. Inwardly, he boiled. The possibilities! There was just the slimmest chance that his Sid Taylor might win over the Cuban without maiming the latter hopelessly. But it was the faintest outside possibility. He knew both birds. Each was of the temperament that fought to the death. That Cuban would never quit as long as he could draw breath. The Sid was just as game.

Should the Cuban win, two hundred and fifty dollars of Mistuh Barnabas's money would go to that detested Milam person. If the Sid won—and something told Mistuh Barnabas that he could win only by killing the other bird—the same amount of money, paid in Havana for one gamecock, would be a total loss. Over all this, like a nightmare, hovered the most devastating of all possibilities: suppose—as frequently happened—each cock should kill the other? A two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar imported bird dead, and the best of his Alabama cocks, too, only a memory. . . .

He heard, as from a great distance, Swishblade's peremptory command:

"Han'lers ready."

Bubber Milam, holding his cock fast in the crook of his left arm so that only its head and neck were free, right hand grasping the steel-gaffed heels, entered the pit. Mistuh Barnabas gestured weakly at his handler, who took the Sid and followed Bubber's example. The two of them came to a line in the center of the pit and stood, their left sides towards each other, the heads of the cocks within striking distance. Instantly the two birds began a vicious pecking—or billing, as it is known in gamecock circles.

Swishblade's voice came again:

"On yo' marks!"

Each man drew away to another line that was parallel to the center mark, but four feet distant from it.

"Pit yo' cocks!"

Both handlers knelt, right hands holding the fowls under their breasts, the cocks' toes barely touching the ground. The instant the birds were loosed they left the pitters' hands flying. They met four feet in air—red-breasted Cuban and mottle-breasted Sid. Black eyes shot venom, pink eyes spurted flame. A flash of feathers and flying steel. The action was too fast for the eye to follow.

The Sid was a shuffler, the kind that goes into action with heels moving like the spokes of a revolving flywheel. As does the smashing prize fighter, he hopes by speed and an unceasing rain of blows to disable or wear down, then to finish, an opponent. The Cuban was a single-stroker, cooler, more crafty, dodging, ducking, fending off, as a finished boxer spars, awaiting his chance to end the combat with a single deadly blow. He is the more rare—but the more dangerous—type of fighting cock.

Each kind had its backers at the pit-side. "Hot dawg!" It was an excited voice. "Shuffler 'gainst single-stroker! Two dolluhs on de single-stroker."

"Fades yo' two dolluhs," said another voice. "An' seekin' mo'."

"Mo'? Five dolluhs, den, say de Cuban win."

"Gimme some dem five dolluhs!" There was another eager bettor near by. "My money on de shuffler. Shuffle 'im, you Sid, shuffle 'im!"

"Better shuffle 'im while he kin. 'At Cuban jus' waitin' his chance to git some action."

"He gwine git action—an' whar!"

There was action—in plenty. Two gamer cocks, two with greater stamina, never shed feathers in a pit. They were mixing it at a terrific pace. Something must happen soon.

In a lucky fly, the Sid, by a chance stroke, drove a gaff through the Cuban's wing. They came to earth, coupled, lay there, billing each other. Swishblade's voice rang out:

"Han'le yo' cocks!"

Each man grasped his bird with the utmost care, lest in handling them the gaff might be torn out, this inflicting a more serious wound than had been delivered legally. The steel was carefully pulled out. It had gone only through the fleshy part of the wing; until soreness should set in, the Cuban would not be materially handicapped.

The Sid would have been a terrible punisher had his slashes been accurate, but his timing was poor. He was aggressive, shifty, a hard hitter, but he was shuffling entirely too rapidly for results. And, too, he was more excitable; he was striking wildly, doing a world of kicking, but very little cutting. The Cuban, on the other hand, though always willing and eager, stuck to his ducking, dodging tactics, escaping serious injury.

The crowd had jammed in, breathless, about the pit's edge. Comment had ceased. Here was a real cockfight. Two hundred popping eyes were glued on the spectacle in that wire-fenced enclosure.

The end came in the fifth pitting. Consistently the Sid had been topping his opponent. Now, for the first time, he missed. His terrific activity had slowed his speed. He left the ground just a split second behind the red bird. The Cuban topped him. Then it happened. In the flash of time that he poised above the Sid, his gaff, with a single, sure stroke, found a vital spot. The other cock was practically dead when he struck the ground.

Mistuh Barnabas's complexion went from dark lavender to the color of a half-green orange and back again. He stared helplessly as Bubber Milam picked up the victorious cock, tucked it under one arm, and accepted his winnings from the stakeholder. And just as he stuffed the money in his pocket, there came a cry that will break up any cockfight. It was sounded by a bandy-legged little Negro who was already under full steam before he gave voice:

"*Po*-lice! *Po-o*-lice!"

Instantly there was a scattering as a half dozen county officers plunged into the crowd. Bubber Milam ducked under one outstretched arm of the law, pirouetted just out of reach of another, and was away, with the cock and his winnings, to a good start.

For four hours Shabo Gandy had sat in the chair nearest the front door of Bubber Milam's ee-lyte pool parlor. Long ago he had quit trying to figure out how come anything. All his thinking merely reviewed happenings: his hour's search for Bubber—and finding him here. . . . An attempt to tell his story, to be interrupted suddenly by Bubber grabbing the cage and staring—like his eyes were almost ready to pop out of his head—at the chicken in it. . . . Bubber asking for the slip the white gentleman had written on. . . . Slapping his hand on his head, grabbing the cage. . . . Saying he wanted to borrow the chicken. . . . Explaining nothing. . . . Just saying wait till he got back. . . . Sailing out the front door like he was late for a train. . . .

Shabo had waited, with a dollar and thirty-six cents in his pocket, a growing appetite, and the Teasin' Brown Gal Blues.

Someone came through the doorway of the pool room. Shabo glanced up. It was Bubber, shooting an apprehensive glance over his shoulder—and in a hurry, again! He hustled over to Shabo, dropped the chicken cage into his lap.

"I brang 'im back," he said breathlessly. Hurriedly he began counting out more five- and ten- and twenty-dollar bills than Shabo had ever seen. "An' here's yo' split."

"My which?" Shabo's lower jaw dropped. "How come ——"

"No time foh 'how comes' now." Bubber forced the money into Shabo's hand. "I got to git travellin'. Come round in de mawnin'. Splain den."

He strode toward the doorway. "Whar at," Shabo called after him, "kin I git me somep'm t'eat?"

"Up dis street." Poised in the doorway, Bubber pointed. "Three blocks. Dey's a sign—Bon Ton Café. But I fohgot—you can't read signs. Jus' count three blocks. Can't miss it."

He slid outside. Because of the raid on the cockfight, it

behooved him to lie low until the matter had blown over. Explanations to Shabo would necessarily have to be detailed, laborious, and time-consuming. They could wait. Temporarily Bubber must seek sanctuary.

For almost a minute Shabo tried to think. That Bubber Milam was the hurryingest cullud man he'd ever seen. . . . In a hurry this morning—in a hurry now. . . . No time to explain nothing. . . . But—they did things fast—and funny—in Mobile. . . . You drop forty dollars in one place. Later, 'long comes a friend and dumps you out a lapful of money. . . . .

Hunger called him. He rose from his chair. Something about the cock attracted his attention. It seemed to be utterly ambitionless. He peered into the cage. "Looky here, chicken, is you sick?" He left the pool room. Farther up the street he peered at the cock again. "Daggone if I don't b'lieve you is sick or somep'm."

Mistuh Barnabas, too, had evaded the officers. Back in town again, he did not rest till he had found Bubber Milam. Of all things in the world, he wanted most, right then, that Cuban cock. Bubber informed him that the cock had been returned to Shabo Gandy. But at last, feeling perhaps that Mistuh Barnabas had been punished sufficiently for once, Bubber told him where he might find Shabo, first extracting his repeated hope-he-might-die assurance that he would repay Shabo's forty dollars.

Mistuh Barnabas hurried away. The experience of the afternoon had been chastening. He came up to the Bon Ton Café just as Shabo was emerging.

"Oh, I say, Gandy, old top, I'm due you an apology." His manner was frank enough to have been genuine. "I never for a moment intended for you to pay duty on that cock. But I was detained on the steamer, and when I came off you had disappeared. Annoying, really! Let me reimburse you. Forty dollars, wasn't it? Here!"

He handed Shabo two twenty-dollar bills. Shabo stuffed the money on top of nearly one hundred and twenty-five other dollars which had recently belonged to Mistuh Barnabas.

He smiled ingenuously. "De chicken," he said, "got to lookin' kinder sick, an'——"

He picked up a cage that sat on the sidewalk. Mistuh

Barnabas reached for it eagerly. At last! His cock! His Cuban! His two hundred and fif——

He gave one look—and very nearly swooned!

". . . kinder sick," Shabo continued, "but I was lucky 'nough to swap 'im to a cullud gemman what didn't know nothin' 'bout chickens" —he chuckled at his own cleverness— "foh dat gen-you-wine, full-blooded, dominecker pullet."

CIDER OF NORMANDY

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

FROM *Cosmopolitan*

BOOTH TARKINGTON

is the Dean of American Letters. Ever since 1899, when he first began "fussin' with literachoor," he has been concerned with the interpretation of American life and has recorded the varied aspects of this vigorous and amazing age in more than twenty-five novels. One of his most remarkable stories, "Alice Adams," won the Pulitzer Prize in 1921.

ONE day in Paris I asked a French friend to help me understand the puzzling behavior of some of my compatriots, transient visitors in that city. My friend seemed qualified to solve the mystery, for, though he indulged in painting as an avocation or amusement, his real business, a family one, was the export of cheeses to America. He was only twenty-six, but had visited the United States several times on business; moreover, he studied Americans, consorting much with those resident in Paris, and although his disposition seemed at times of a Gallic liveliness almost fantastic he was capable of a little seriousness when pressed.

His name is Emile Buzot, and he had come to my rooms in the Rue de Tournon to go with me to hear a string quintet in the house of an American woman in the Avenue Henri Martin. "Yes, I know exactly what you mean," he replied, from my workroom, to the question I had called through the open door of the dressing room. "You wish to know why a respectable, quiet, dignified American business man which go to church with his family in the States will come to Paris and sometime' pretty soon conduct himself like a child lunatic escape' from a nurse. You ask me is it something in the man himself or in Paris itself. Which has the element, Paris or the American, which make' a explosion when the two come into a fusion? I am right? This is what you wish to inquire of me?"

"Yes, something like it."

"I will explain it to you," Buzot said promptly. "It happen' mos' to the American who is made to come to Europe by his wife and the daughters for the firs' time and perhaps the only time.

"He speak only American; he know' nobody, and when his wife and the daughters have drag him through the Louvre, to Notre Dame, to Versailles and Fontainebleau about which he know' nothing and give him a headache, they spend their time buying a thousan' thing' to wear, putting new wave' in the hair, going to the opera, which he will not after once, and he is left nearly all the time to himself. At no time at all has

he somebody to talk with except the wife and the daughters, which an American father seldom think' to be talking in the interesting sense of that word. Well, you see, there you have a man in a desperate condition. Am I clear?"

"You seem to be so far," I said. "But you haven't——"

"I haven't finish'," Buzot interrupted. "The man is desperate inside him, not realizing his own condition. Remember, too, he is a shrewd man about a few simple thing'—his own town at home, his loan from the bank, his taxes, his golf club, perhaps his church—those few simple thing' are the complete element in which he immerse his life. But now he is far, far out of that element; he has no experience at all of the new element in which he find' himself, yet he still has the impression that he is a shrewd fellow, and then all at once the contagion of liberty that is in the air of Paris infiltrate' his soul. He find' himself in the middle of an enormous city full of people which cannot ever tell anybody of his acquaintance anything he do; he behol' before him as much freedom as if he were an invisible man. Bom! He walk' out and proceed' to explode. You see?"

"Well—yes——"

"I also see something," Buzot said. "It is not a coincidence that you ask me this question to-day jus' as we are starting like good boys to go to Mrs. Pinney's music where we shall find among the guest' Mr. and Mrs. Alexandre W. Ellis. You are wishing that on account of poor Sharlie Day an explosion would occur to Alexandre W. Ellis. Do I read your thought?"

I laughed and told Buzot, as I came out to join him and we set forth, that he was right; I had indeed been thinking of our troubled friend, Charlie Day, and wishing that Paris might have at least a mollifying effect upon Mr. Alexander W. Ellis. Buzot and I, like most of our friends, thought Day one of the best young landscape painters in the world; he had won several medals not lightly esteemed among his fellows, and although his earlier years in Paris had been of an economic stress cheerfully borne, he was now far from destitute. He was the most likable of men; everybody who knew him respected him, and there was nothing against him in the world, yet Mr. Alexander W. Ellis would have none of him.

This was important only because Mr. Ellis strangely hap-

pened to have a lovely daughter about whom poor Day saw the universe revolving in a faint and distant background.

Fanchon Ellis had spent the spring in Paris with her aunt, Mrs. Pinney; in May she had written home, asking her parents' consent to her engagement to Day, a consent immediately and decisively refused by cables now followed in June by the inflexible appearance of the parents themselves upon the scene. Mrs. Ellis, we learned from the distressed Charlie, was not really an opposition; Alexander W. Ellis was one of those dominating Americans, less rare than is legendary, who are the heads of meek and defeated households as well as of triumphant and successful businesses. His objection to Charlie Day was upon broad, impersonal grounds, so to say; he would never allow his daughter to marry anybody so foolish, useless, impractical and effeminate as to spend his life painting pictures. Mrs. Ellis, in her early married life, had taken lessons in painting flowers upon china, and the results had not greatly interested her husband. His conception of painters was based upon her instructor, and he did not feel that a painter could rightly be called even a professional man.

Thus, he had made his first voyage across the ocean indignantly and not for purposes of culture or entertainment, but with the determination to wrench his daughter out of her hallucination and to take her home in a strictly unengaged condition. Brought up to be obedient, or, more accurately speaking, to be afraid of her father's finding out when she was disobedient, Fanchon was in distress and saw her troubled lover only surreptitiously. Here, then, in brief, was an ancient state of affairs and the oldest of triangles: the tyrant father, the damsel with a breaking heart, and the banished, wretched lover.

At Mrs. Pinney's, while the quintet supposedly concentrated the attention of some thirty or forty of us upon lovely but rather too easily anticipated Eighteenth Century harmonies, I spent a little more time in the observation of Mr. Alexander W. Ellis than had been afforded by the moment of my introduction to him. He was across the room from me, but I had a clear view of him, and my first impression was that I had seen him hundreds of times, he was so completely of the type that must always be alarmed and even horrified by the thought of a family connection with an artist. He had all the

marks: the stoutness, the dryness, the visible prosperity, the eye that says "No," the neat gray hair and the golf-club tan. Buzot sat beside him; the music evidently was a tedious affair to both of them, and during the intervals they conversed, Buzot with apparent sprightliness and Mr. Ellis with a dry condescension. My surmise was that their subject had been winningly suggested by Buzot and that it concerned the American tariff upon cheeses.

My chair, at the end of a semicircular row, almost touched a pair of closed portières that excluded the too-glaring light of a small glass conservatory, and I was a little startled when a pale hand issued from between the curtains and tugged urgently at my coat sleeve. At the same time my name was whispered huskily in company with the words, "Come out here!" I obeyed, slid unobserved between the portières and found myself upon the other side of them, among potted plants and facing a haggard and burning-eyed Charlie Day. "One of her aunt's housemaids did this for me," he whispered, with a gesture toward an open window behind the foliage. "I'm really pretty desperate. I haven't seen her for two days, but this morning she got a note through to me—they're to sail a week from Tuesday. She's sitting in the row behind you and only two chairs to your left. For heaven's sake, find some way to get her to come out here!"

No one could have looked at him without compassion; I immediately passed through the portières and resumed my seat in Mrs. Pinney's salon. Then, as the quintet tuned for a fresh number and the audience stirred and buzzed in the interregnum, I leaned back and to my left and spoke to the pale, preoccupied Fanchon. "Charming of your aunt to give us this Mozart," I said. "It seems as characteristic of her taste as the plants in her exquisite little conservatory. Have you looked at them lately?"

She stared at me, her lovely, pained eyes seeming incredulous. "Why, naturally I see them every day. I don't see what——"

"I meant the new one there, Miss Ellis," I interrupted. "A fine specimen, but wilting, I fear, and needing attention."

"Oh—does it?" She stared harder; her lips parted and the lower one trembled. Then she closed them, murmured "Pardon" to the old French lady with whom she had been per-

functorily talking, glided to the curtains and disappeared through them. Without difficulty I was able to picture the tragic little scene that must be taking place upon the farther side of those symmetrical folds during the covering music, and I did not see Fanchon emerge. I had no further sight of her, indeed, until the end of the afternoon, when Buzot and I were in the act of departure, and I caught just a glimpse of her over Mrs. Pinney's shoulder and heard her say to her small, fat, disturbed mother, "I'm going up to my room; I can't stand any more—I can't."

"You chose a peculiar entertainment for your afternoon," I said to Buzot as we walked homeward. "Talking the whole time to an old scoundrel who pleases himself by breaking two gentle young hearts!"

"Oh, he's not so bad," Buzot returned surprisingly. "He inquire' all the figure' of the annual exportation of Buzot et Cie; then we talk of collections. He is a collector. At home he has two musket' from the battle of Bonker Hill, a pocket compass use' by your General Grant, a pair of spectacle' worn by the firs' Governor of Missesota and other objects. Here in Paris he has discover' one place which please him, the Tomb of Napoléon. In his youth he has read a Life of Napoléon, he forget which and also what was in it, but the Tomb has remind' him he once had an admiration for the Emperor and some day he think' he will read that book again to refresh himself upon the information. Upon art he say' the French have waste' too much time, but historically he has heard not only of Napoléon but of Charlemagne and Lafayette. Yes, and others! He say to me, 'Let me see, Jo-ann of Arc, she was a good while *before* Mary Antanette, wasn't she?' You see, his visit to Paris begin' to agitate inside him chemically. Something ought to be done with that for the sake of poor Sharlie Day."

"Ought it?" I asked rather coldly. "You seem to enjoy talking nonsense, and I'm sorry not to be able to fall in with your mood."

"No nonsense at all. I am serious. What is more, I ask Alexandre if he enjoy' our wines; but he inform' me that he is no bigot but even on foreign soil conform' to the law of his own nativity. Mrs. Alexandre W. Ellis naturally is buying many thing' for herself, and evidently he has instruct' her

and Mrs. Pinney to surfeit Fanchon with new adornment and the theater—Alexandre himself is much alone and has discover' bottle' cider from Normandy at the Devon Bar in the Rue Daunou. Cider he can drink with a law-abiding conscience, you see. Well, you take the chemical working of this cider and combine it inside of Alexandre with the historical bubbling he begin' to experience, and it seem' to me a true frien' of Sharlie Day might find a fiel' of action there. You still think I am talking nonsense?"

"I do, indeed!"

"No," he said reproachfully. "I am thinking. I suppose it would be impossible to convince you of this?"

I told him it would, and, upon that, as we had reached the Rue de Tournon, he departed from me somewhat plaintively. I did him injustice, feeling that he took the amorous misfortune of a friend too lightly; but poor Day's haggard face and my final glimpse of his piteous sweetheart were painfully vivid in my mind's eye. They had not faded from it, a few nights later, when Day rapped at my outer door and, admitted, dropped into a chair with the heaviness of an exhausted man.

He'd been lurking for some hours in the Avenue Henri Martin, he told me, all to catch a misty glimpse of Fanchon departing for the theater and returning in custody of her mother and her aunt. Probably anybody would think him a fool, he said, to care so much, but he couldn't help it. Daudet had written "*L'Arlésienne*," hadn't he, to show that people could still die of being in love? Day laughed ruefully at himself but said he thought he could do it and he was afraid Fanchon could, too, although she seemed to lack the decisiveness necessary for an elopement. She could wear away into a thin white wraith of herself, as he had seen—but she just didn't know how to tell her father to go to the devil, and walk out of the house. There were only four days left.

I was helpless to do anything except listen, and when he left he couldn't even promise me to go home and try to sleep. I told Buzot gloomily of this visit, a couple of days later, when he presented himself at my rooms in the afternoon, and at first I again did him the injustice to think him unsympathetic.

"One mus' respect this Alexandre," he said. "An American who has such medieval power over the females of his family,

when all the time a poor Frenchman is tol' what admirable slaves the husbands and fathers of your ladies are! You and I mus' be inspire' to seek further acquaintance of such a master. Let us go to the Devon Bar in the Rue Daunou. I have taken a pain to know that Alexandre will be there, as he is every day from about three o'clock. Come! We will sit at a table and look at him and admire him!"

"Thank you, no!"

"Listen to me," Buzot urged. "Why has Alexandre grown so fond of that bottle' cider from Normandy? Do I need to tell you the difference between such cider and the cider of your New England? Is it from me you are to learn that a great deal of the champagne you may buy in Paris will have a more quieting effect than a great deal of the cider? I inform you with authority that after spending the hour' from three to seven every afternoon at the Devon Bar Alexandre W. Ellis go back to the Avenue Henri Martin wearing a stern expression in his taxi. He wear' that stern expression in order to have any expression at all. You grasp my meaning?"

"Not enough to make me want to look at him."

"Listen to me," Buzot repeated, with the same urgency. "We will sit at a table and after a time Alexandre will notice us and remember he has had the honor of meeting us at Mrs. Pinney's. We will join him and make him mellow with our intelligent appreciation. We will lead him to talk of business and the pair of spectacle' once belonging to the Governor of Missesota; then, when we have sweeten' him and he think' we are fine fellow', we will speak diplomatically of a great frien' of ours which he ought to know because our frien' make' so much money by the sale of his painting'. If it is a forlorn hope, at leas' it is a hope—and you know that they are sailing the day after to-morrow?"

The end of it was that he persuaded me, and I went with him to the Rue Daunou. The Devon Bar is a quiet place usually, an ample, walnut-paneled room furnished with comfortable chairs set at square tables, and the bar itself is unobtrusive at one end of the room. Buzot and I took a table against the wall; not many of the others were occupied, though at one of those that were, we recognized two friends from the left bank of the Seine, Resford-Fford, the well-to-do and voluminously unpublished English poet, and young Julius

Sohms, the American socialist essayist. Mr. Alexander W. Ellis, a little flushed, sat at a central table upon which were two quart bottles of Normandy cider, two large glass goblets freshly replenished, and two objects of unequal size wrapped in blue paper. Mr. Ellis had a companion at the table, an emaciated, elderly man, with yellowish-gray mustaches like the tusks of a walrus, long, mottled hands, and a hooked, pendulous nose rising high between watery but inscrutable eyes.

"Who in the world is that?" I asked Buzot.

"It is the Baron de Prad, a Belgian dealer in antiques. I do not know if he is a baron; but his card make' that declaration. He has no shop but an intelligent method; he will pick out a client from the newspaper list' of arrival', send him a letter, study his taste and sell him something remarkable. Observe the expression of Alexandre—highly in gratification. He and the Baron have been negotiating for some day' perhaps, and now Alexandre has made a purchase more important than the pair of spectacle' of the Governor of Missesota, I am positive. Those two package' of blue paper obviously contain the treasure which give Alexandre that amiable, proud expression of a new possessor, with the cider assisting. But listen to him!"

Mr. Ellis' voice, naturally a little loud, had become somewhat louder, and what he said was easily audible in all parts of the room. "Well, I tell you frankly, Baron, now that it's all done and paid for, I've got some pretty good things at home, but I never did expect to be the owner of any such relics as these. I guess we'll just have to drink another glass of this good old cider to the deal, Baron! What say?"

"With pleasure," the Baron murmured deferentially, touching his glass to Mr. Ellis'. "Indeed, you are to be congratulate', my dear sir."

"Certainly am!" Mr. Ellis, having emptied his goblet and glanced at the depleted bottles, called loudly, "Waiter! Garsun! Two more bottles doo seeder doo Normandy sivvaplay!"

"Yes, sir, at once," the waiter responded, hurrying forward.

When he had obeyed this patron's order and was returning toward the bar, he was stopped by Buzot, who called to him.

"Waiter! You may bring me also a bottle of that cider. I think I will follow Mr. Ellis' good example."

Mr. Ellis' attention was arrested by the mention of his name. He glanced round, stared at Buzot, and a not unpleasurable recognition slowly became evident in his expression. "Oh, hello!" he said amiably. "I remember you—I don't just call your name to mind——"

"Buzot! Of Buzot et Cie.!" Buzot jumped up, smiling, made him a bow, and advanced to shake hands with him. "I had the pleasure of a conversation upon commercial and historical topic' with you at the house of your relative in the Avenue Henri Martin."

Mr. Ellis smiled affably. "Yes, of course—in the export business. Cheese. Glad to see you again—glad to see you. Sit down and have that cider on me; I've got something to show you."

"Delighted!" Buzot said, and turned toward me. "If I may bring my frien', whom you will remember also meeting at the house of your relative——"

"Certainly, certainly!" Ellis said, greeting me cordially as I rose and came to his table. "Remember your face perfectly. Glad to see you again. Gentlemen, sit down, have some of this splendid, pure cider with me and let me show you something that'll surprise you. This is the Baron de Prad, gentlemen."

"Delighted!" Buzot murmured, and, as we sat down, he bowed formally to De Prad, although I had supposed the two were already acquaintances. "You say you have something interesting to show us, my dear sir?"

"Certainly have!" Ellis returned beamingly. "Waiter! Garsun!" he called. "Make it four bottles instead of two doo seeders sivvaplay!" Then he patted exultantly the larger of the two blue-wrapped bundles. "Gentlemen, I could give you a thousand guesses as to the nature of this object, but you'd never make the right one. Now what do you suppose it is? I'd like you just to try."

"Something very valuable?" Buzot inquired. "A work of art?"

"Art? No!" Ellis replied emphatically. "I don't get caught that way, Musseer! I never saw an artist yet that had even a glimmer o' common sense or practicalness or had enough

business capacity to come in out o' the rain! The way I look at it, Art, that's women's work. A full-grown man that would spend his days making pictures of cows standing around a pond and then try to peddle them around to get enough to keep his family in shoes and potatoes—— No, I better not get started, because it's a subject I happen to be pretty sensitive on right now! Let's get back to something that means something. You try another guess about this little object!"

"Historical?" Buzot ventured. "No, but that is impossible, of course. No great French historical relic is possible to be obtain' in these day'. It could not be."

"You think it couldn't." Ellis' expression was of a sly and cunning mockery, the look of a man whose superior shrewdness has given him, as usual, a triumph. "Well, maybe it couldn't—not unless I happened to pick out the right man, like the Baron here, for instance, to nose around for me."

Buzot looked with earnest inquiry at De Prad. "Something really important?"

The Baron inclined his head gravely; but Ellis made the vocal reply. "Important! Say! Listen! Musseer Buzot, here's a question I want to ask you. Did you ever happen to hear that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte had a mask taken of his features after he passed away on the Island of St. Helena?"

Buzot looked solemn and dramatic. "What!" he said. "But no! The death mask of the Emperor was made, yes—that is history—but it could not——"

"Couldn't it?" Ellis inquired sarcastically. "Just ask the Baron de Prad what became of that mask, if you want to know! It got lost when they were moving Napoleon and all his things to bury him in the Tomb here, and it's *been* lost ever since, over a hundred years, with heaven knows how many Frenchmen poking around for it all that time and nobody ever looking in the right place. It'd be funny, wouldn't it, if a plain American business man would come over here for the first time and just take a glance around and pick out the right man to find it for him!"

Buzot leaned back in his chair. "No!" he said, with the effect of gasping. "Do not tell me such a thing is possible! I could never believe——"

"Couldn't you? All right, we'll just drink down another

glass of this seeder doo Normandy all round and I'll show you!" Then, when the potation he suggested had been completed and he had sent the waiter for more cider, he triumphantly removed the blue paper from the object before him. "Just cast your eye on that!" he said. "Take a good little look at it and see if you can tell me what it is, Musseer Buzot!"

The revelation was of a plaster copy of the death mask of Napoleon, which is in the Musée Carnavalet. The copy Mr. Ellis had just purchased from the Baron de Prad had been colored a dirty, dark brown and then, "antiqued" with a dry, gray paint, which gave the impression of the ingrained dust of years. In American coin it was worth about forty cents, and similar copies may be obtained at that price, and by the dozen, if desired.

Mr. Ellis looked first at Buzot, then at me. "Got any idea at all o' what this is?" he asked, waiting for our amazement.

My natural impulse was to tell him; but I suppressed it as Buzot gasped again and then, leaning forward over the colored plaster, uttered a half-choked cry. "What! No! Good heaven', it *is!* The death mask of Napoléon! By heaven, it *is!*" He appeared to examine it almost tremblingly. "How have you come upon such a thing?" he asked huskily of De Prad. "*When* was it discover'?"

Mr. Ellis laughed condescendingly and winked at De Prad. "That's our secret, I guess. The Baron and I don't want to get anybody into trouble. Now we'll just show you this other little thing, Musseer Buzot. Open it up, Baron!"

Upon this, De Prad gravely and carefully removed the blue paper from the second object, displaying before us a small green-glass box, or case, with rounded corners and curved edges; three rather bad lilies appeared in white upon the top, or cover, and such little green glass boxes may be had in quantity for a few francs at several shops in the Rue de Rivoli.

"How about *that*, Musseer Buzot?" Mr. Ellis asked triumphantly. "You seem to know your onions. Recognize that little relic from the history of your own country? Any idea what it is?"

Buzot rose, bent over the box and examined it earnestly.

"Astonishing!" he said. "It is a remarkable piece—an immensely remarkable piece—but I do not recognize it. It could not also be something of the great Napoléon?"

"No, sir!" Mr. Ellis returned emphatically. "That box isn't and it never was anything of Napoleon Bonaparte's. Want me to tell you what it is?"

"Indeed, yes!"

"Mary Antanette's soap dish!"

"What!"

"Yes, sir, Mary Antanette's soap dish, found in her own bedroom at the palace right after the massacre!"

"Massacre?" Buzot looked dangerously emotional. "Which —which massacre?"

"The one when they had the Revolution," Mr. Ellis informed him. "The Baron's great-grandfather was there; he came in one door just as Mary Antanette was hurrying out of the other, and he saw this soap dish on the washstand and thought he might just as well keep it for a souvenir. It's been in the Baron's family ever since, and that's why he didn't like to part with it; but it's in the Alexander W. Ellis family now and going to stay there!"

Buzot dropped back in his chair and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. "I am overcome! To think such relic' should be here right in the midst of us and even the government unknowing where to find them! It is a marvel!"

Mr. Ellis, much warmed by this open admiration and by the cider also, slapped Buzot heartily upon the shoulder. "Think so? Strikes you as kind o' funny, does it? Surprises you that a stranger to the country, like me, could just walk in and get hold of a couple o' trifles like this by knowing how to pick my man?" He glanced amusedly at De Prad, who, with great promptness, looked depressed. "Well, the Baron here, he's a pretty good bargainer; but the truth is I guess I kind o' caught him when he was a little hard up and needing quick cash. Like to know how much——"

"No! No!" Buzot protested. "Do not tell me! I could not bear it! I——"

But the triumphant collector of relics, laughing boisterously, interrupted him with another boisterous slap upon the shoulder. "Don't be downhearted, Musseer! You can tell all your friends you had a look at 'em anyway. Tell 'em old man

Ellis just came over here once and didn't stay long, but anyhow gave you a look at Mary Antanette's soap dish and old Napoleon's mask before he took 'em along home with him. You tell 'em that and see what they say!"

Buzot seemed to revive; he seized the collector's hand and shook it heartily. "What could they say? They would be speechless! I am speechless myself. The only thing in the world I can think of is more cider! You have discover' the cider, too, my dear sir, this beverage so invigorating but unintoxicating."

"That's exactly the beauty of it," Mr. Ellis, now indeed flushed, agreed warmly. "It's just what you say—invigor'ing but unintoxicating. Waiter—— Garsun——"

Buzot interposed and gave the order himself. "This time," he said gayly, "you mus' permit me the privilege of being the hos', and I wish also to beg another favor. It has happen' that I recognize two frien' of mine at another table—two gentlemen of a deep interest in historical relic'. Would it be too much to ask if they might have one look at the mask of Napoléon and the soap dish of Marie Antoinette before such an opportunity is close' to them forever?"

"Certainly, certainly!" the gratified Mr. Ellis responded. "Let 'em look all they want! Friends o' yours? Tell 'em to join us—glad to have 'em!"

Buzot looked round at the table where sat Resford-Fford and Julius Sohms. "Gentlemen——" he began.

But they did not notice him or seem to be aware that he addressed them. Apparently they were engaged in an argument of some sharpness. "You can't put that over on me—I claimed it first!" Julius Sohms said in a low voice, but one audible to us. "*I'm* going to have his watch!"

"You are not!" Resford-Fford returned darkly, with a covert glance at Mr. Ellis. "You can take his wallet, but *I'm* going to have the watch!"

"Gentlemen!" Buzot said more loudly. "Come to this table, be present' to the mos' remarkable man in Paris to-day, the Honorable Alexandre W. Ellis, drink some cider and prepare yourself to be astonish'!" The two immediately jumped up and came to our table. Buzot spoke their names for the benefit of Mr. Ellis and the Baron; they sat down, and Buzot placed before him the plaster mask and the green-glass box.

"Tell Mr. Ellis what you think these objects are, my frien'."

Julius Sohms touched the glass box with a forefinger. "I have read a description of this article in the works of the historian, Lenôtre," he said firmly. "Besides, there is an accurate drawing of it in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Unless I am badly mistaken, it is the long-missing soap dish of the Empress Marie Antoinette."

"By George!" Mr. Ellis exclaimed. "You certainly are a pretty smart young man! American, aren't you, too?"

"I think I must be," Sohms replied gravely. "I suppose the soap dish has been temporarily borrowed from some enormously important collection. This other article seems to be the portrait of a person, but I do not recognize it."

"I do," Resford-Fford said in a thoughtful tone. "At least I think I do. It isn't a bust or something of the Emperor Louis Fourteenth or maybe Oliver Cromwell, is it? No; don't tell me! Ah-ha! I have it! It is a portrait bust in wax of Mr. Alexander W. Ellis himself!"

"Wrong! Absolutely wrong!" Buzot cried. "What you see before you is the mask of Napoléon made from his own feature' at St. Helena——"

"Which Napoleon?" Resford-Fford interrupted. "Napoleon who?"

Mr. Ellis, annoyed, struck the table. "Napoleon *Bonaparte!* My goodness!"

"Why, *you* know," Julius Sohms said, addressing Resford-Fford mildly. "It's the one I adapted the song about into French. I want to sing it for Mr. Ellis. Would vou like me to sing it for you, Mr. Ellis?"

Ellis looked at him suspiciously. "I don't know whether I would or not."

"Of course he wouldn't," Resford-Fford added. "Look at his forehead, all bumpy with intelligence. Of course he wouldn't."

"I see," Julius Sohms said, nodding. "It goes like this." Immediately he began to sing the adaptation he had made into his own remarkable French.

"Enfin! Dis donc! Il faut que je m'en aille.
Vite! Vite! Napoléon! Il va pleurer.
Ohé! Ohé! La foin n'est pas ramassez!
Entrez quand vous êtes à la ferme encore."

Mr. Ellis suddenly decided that he liked the song. "That's good, that part about Napoleon. I'd like to learn it myself."

"Learn it?" Buzot cried enthusiastically. "We shall all learn it and sing it together! It has an ardor, a military fire, especially when one sing' the passage, '*Vite! Vite! Napoléon!*' which make' it appropriate to the great occasion, the memorable day, when our frien' Alexandre acquire the great mask and soap dish! We mus' not let it pass like an ordinary occasion; we mus' do honor to it. Here we are, a remarkable gathering of men who should have become intimate long ago, and the mos' distinguish' among us has a triumph of acquirement! We celebrate together because we are already dear to one another."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" Mr. Ellis protested, frowning heavily, and he pointed at Resford-Fford. "I'm not sure whether I'm going to like *him* or not yet. Maybe I will and maybe I won't. I kind o' think not."

"Dear me!" Resford-Fford looked melancholy. "I was the one that could hardly tell him and the bust apart, too. Well, it's the old story: nobody ever does like me!"

"Don't say that!" Mr. Ellis said promptly and surprisingly. "*I* like you."

"Bravo!" Buzot cried. "The reconciliation is complete! Now I will go to the telephone and speak with my uncle, Buzot of Buzot et Cie., and borrow from him the very larges' of his automobile'. We shall all get into it and go and dine in the branches of a tree at Sceaux."

"Tree?" Mr. Ellis said, frowning again. "Tree? I haven't been in a tree for years and years. What's more, I never ate my dinner or any other meal in a tree, and I don't want to. Anyhow, it's about time for me to be getting along toward my sister-in-law's. I'm not going to climb any——"

"No, no! No climbing," Buzot explained. "It is a little house in a tree approach' by a stairway. There is excellent food and more cider—beautiful, splendid, pure cider. While I am at the telephone I will speak to the Avenue Henri Martin for you and tell them you have met some business frien' from Detroit." He clapped Mr. Ellis upon the shoulder. "Ah-ha? That does it? You recognize that I have acquire' the magic formula of the American who remain' out to dinner and tele-

phone home? An unexpected encounter with some gentlemen invariably from Detroit. I shall not be gone five minute'."

He went lightly upon this errand, and Mr. Ellis set down upon the table a goblet freshly emptied. "Detroit—that's right," he said, and then looked earnestly at Julius Sohms. "I'd like to get hold of a translation of that song you sang about Napoleon. The tune sounded kind o' familiar and it ought to have American words put to it."

"I'll sing it for you in American," Julius said. "As Buzot was saying, it sounds more military in French; but you can decide which you like best."

Forthwith he sang:

> "Well, I swan! I must be gittin' on.
> Git ap! Napoleon! It looks like rain.
> Well, I'll be switched! The hay ain't pitched!
> Come in when you're round to the farm again."

"That's good," Mr. Ellis said, nodding in serious approval. "Now sing it in French again. Sing real loud when you come to the part about Napoleon."

Julius complied, and this time Resford-Fford sang with him. "And now," Julius said, when they finished, "we'll sing it half in French and half in American."

They had not quite accomplished this feat, when Buzot returned. "Gentlemen! Up with you!" he cried in his liveliest manner. "The automobile of my uncle is already at the door, and we mus' be off! To Sceaux, gentlemen, and dinner in the tree in honor of Napoléon and our dear Alexandre. Up with you!"

M. le Baron de Prad did not accompany us to Sceaux. Instead, he unobtrusively melted himself in the passing street-throng after having quietly placed in the tonneau of Buzot's borrowed, open automobile a large valise that had been under the table at which we had been sitting. The others did not appear to notice this valise; we rolled away gayly, and twice before we reached the environs of Paris Buzot stopped the car to make purchases. One was of a second-hand snare drum, the other of a small parcel of combs, with which he furnished thin paper. Thus we sped onward through the warm sunset light, emitting, to the obvious pleasure of the population, the martial strains of the "Washington Post" march.

Arrived at Sceaux, and happily installed in the branches of the great tree, we found our honored guest's mood increasingly genial; he placed the plaster mask and the green-glass box in the center of the table and requested that "Veet! Veet! Napoleon!" be sung again by Julius Sohms, Resford-Fford, and himself. This having been done, or attempted, he broke off to object to an item of the dinner Buzot was ordering.

"Wine? Certainly not!" he said sternly. "I don't drink. I'm no bigot; but I don't drink. If you other gentlemen want wine for yourselves, all right; but don't expect me to touch it. All I require is a little seeder doo Normandy sivvaplay, because the beauty of it is, it's invigor'ing but nonunintox'-ing."

His wishes were respected; cider of Normandy in quantity was one accompaniment of a dinner that passed off merrily and somewhat musically. Of the remarkable evening thus begun, sequential details are not requisite to the purpose of this recital, nor could space be found. It may be mentioned, however, that after dinner Buzot and Mr. Ellis danced folk dances in the moonlight under the great tree, with paper-and-comb and snare-drum music furnished by musicians on the stairway, and seldom have more industrious caperings been seen, I think, among those silver-bordered shadows.

The dancing ended in an embrace, with the mask of Napoleon interposing between the bosoms of the two performers, as the owner never allowed himself to be parted from either it or the soap dish, even in the madness of the dance. Separating himself from Buzot, Mr. Ellis lifted the mask on high.

"You know what this puts in my mind?" he inquired earnestly. "It's a mask, isn't it? Well, then, what do you think it makes me think of?"

"What, Alexandre? What does it make you think?"

"We ought to go to a masquerade!"

"Bravo!" Buzot cried. "What a brain! We have a mask; it follows that we proceed to a masquerade! Alexandre, we shall do it!"

"My idea entirely," Mr. Ellis returned. "Do you know what I am? I'm a new man—a new man all invigor'ed but wholly not untoxicated. I left my hat up in some tree. Wait till I get it." As he spoke, he began to ascend the stairway

but unfortunately stumbled, and there was a sound of breakage. "Oh, my soul!" he gasped, as we went to assist him and there fell to the ground three separate chunks of plaster. At the same time he thrust his hand into his coat pocket and brought forth several pieces of broken green glass. "Oh, my soul! Six hundred and fifty-eight dollars! Oh, my soul!"

"Six—six hundred and fifty-eight——" Buzot obviously struggled to control a powerful emotion. "Magnificent!" he cried. "Magnificent! But do not think of your loss for one moment, my frien'! We shall gather all the pieces and repair them with cement to-morrow; in the meantime you shall have absolutely fresh relic' in perfect condition! Wait only a second!" He ran to the waiting automobile, stationed close by, opened the valise that was in the tonneau, and returned, bringing with him not only another "antiqued" plaster mask of the Emperor's features, but also a green-glass box in nowise detectably different from the broken one. "Behol', Alexandre!" he cried. "Yours was from St. Helena; but this is precisely the same, only finer, because it was made when that great man pass' away the firs' time in exile on the Island of Elba. More! Do you think anybody so luxurious as Marie Antoinette would have had only one soap dish? No, my frien'! This one also was discover' by another great-grandfather of that splendid Baron de Prad. It is for you, my frien', and also the mask of Napoléon from Elba. Take them, take them, my frien'!"

With that, he thrust them into the hands of Mr. Ellis, who looked puzzled. "Seems remarkable," he said. "I do remember reading somewhere about his getting exiled to the Island of Elba, though." Then he placidly tucked the plaster copy under his arm and placed the glass box in an inside pocket of his coat. "It won't get broken again in there," he said. "Let's sing that song some more. 'Veet! Veet! Napoleon!'"

Meantime Buzot had been removing the fragments of broken glass from the collector's pocket; he wrapped these in a handkerchief, picked up the three chunks of plaster and, going to the automobile, placed the ruins within the valise. "And now, gentlemen," he called, "off with us again! To the masquerade, Alexandre! To the masquerade!"

We returned to Paris, again enlivening our passage with

the "Washington Post," and, once more in the city, stopped at the Bal Bullier in order, Buzot said, that Alexandre should practice his dancing steps a little before the masquerade. Alexandre, clinging tightly to the Elba mask, went willingly forth among the hundred or more couples already dancing, and practiced his steps with the aid of a lively partner, a Mlle Rose, obligingly introduced by Julius Sohms.

I availed myself of this opportunity to reproach Buzot. I told him that he had once more proved himself to be a hare-brain; I had joined him solely for the purpose of being of use to poor Day, a purpose now frustrated, since it was evident that whatever impression in Day's favor we could make upon Mr. Ellis, in his present pliant mood, there would undoubtedly be little or nothing of it left upon the morrow—indeed, the inevitable after-effect of so much gayety, unnatural sweetness, and cider would probably be an Alexander W. Ellis of greatly increased nervous irritability.

"But wait! Wait!" Buzot said. "We shall not speak to him of poor Sharlie Day at all. That was only a feeble idea I had if we should have found at the Devon Bar that he had not made the purchase' of M. le Baron de Prad. You see, that poor De Prad he is superbly intelligent, a very nice man though in a peculiar way, and has had a great deal of misfortune beside' a large family in Bruges for which I think he is already on the train to see and take a little vacation that he deserve' and can now afford. Do not reproach me; we are engage' in a supreme philanthropic evening. Again I have been to the telephone, and Alexandre shall have his masquerade and——" He interrupted himself, uttering an exclamation and pointing toward the dancing floor where there seemed to be a slight commotion. "Ah-ha! That poor Alexandre appear' to have had another misfortune."

Buzot was correct; Mr. Ellis and Mlle Rose emerged from the little crowd that had collected about them; they came toward us, Mr. Ellis rueful and the amiable Mlle Rose using her skirt as an uplifted apron in which were gathered the fragments of the mask of Elba, shattered in a collision upon the floor. By the time they reached us, Buzot was prepared with a consolation, having hurried out to the automobile and returned with a third copy of the treasure.

"Do not waste a thought upon this breakage!" he said

benevolently. "Again we shall take all those fragment' with us and repair them to-morrow with cement. And once more behol', dear Alexandre! At Fontainebleau almos' the very firs' time our great Emperor has pass' away they also did not neglect to make a mask of the feature'. It is for you, so take it and do not forget that you now have three. Do not pause to be either puzzle' or grateful; it is yours freely. Ah-ha! I read already what is in your thought'. Being a mask, it suggest' to your recollection the fact that we are on our way to a masquerade!"

"Masquerade?" Mr. Ellis repeated inquiringly; then his expression, somewhat clouded, suddenly cleared and became joyous. "Where is one? I don't want to be an Eskimo, though! I went to one at my country club as an Eskimo and Mrs. Ellis wanted to be an Eskimo-ess, but I certainly didn't let her. I don't want to be an Eskimo to-night; it'd be too warm. Somebody else can be an Eskimo; I want to be something cool and invigor'ing. Listen! Is there going to be some nice cool seeder doo Normandy at this masquerade sivvaplay?"

"Alexandre! Look at me!" Buzot exclaimed reproachfully. "Observe my two eye'! Are they those of a wounded gazelle that you could suspect me of not making this provision for you? 'Yes!' you reply. 'Yes, my frien', they are the eye' of a wounded gazelle!' Alexandre, I forgive you! Ah-ha! Gentlemen of the Guard, are we ready to follow Alexandre and Napoléon? Good! We are! Forward, Alexandre!"

Thus, an indulgent portion of the French capital was once more entertained by a rendition of the "Washington Post" march, this time with a vocal obbligato supplied by Mlle Rose, who naturally felt that she had become a member of the party. We drove to Buzot's studio and apartment in the Rue Notre Dames des Champs, and, even as we alighted, perceived how effective his telephoning had been, for music already sounded from his brilliant, open windows above.

When, ascending, we found ourselves in the presence of a merry little company in impromptu costumes, some of them as picturesque as ingenious, and five or six of them adorning young ladies of the utmost comeliness and vivacity, Mr. Ellis glanced about the big room condescendingly from the doorway. "Well, this'll do—for a while, anyhow," he said. "Fassy dr—I mean fancy dress. Too warm for a mask; that's right,

and besides, it'd be better if my face wasn't covered up. Are some o' these people French, maybe?"

"Yes; quite a number of them."

Alexandre nodded majestically but graciously. "Tell 'em who I am!"

"But, Alexandre, they already know!"

"All right. Now get me into a nice cool costume and——"

"Of the cooles'!" Buzot responded instantly. "I think it is all arrange' and waiting. Virginie!" he called to a little Columbine, and, as she nodded and came running to join us, he patted Mr. Ellis upon the shoulder. "You see this kind, pretty Columbine, Alexandre; it is she who has brought that cool costume for you. It is in my dressing room, waiting, and she and your dear frien' Mr. Resford-Fford will help to put it upon you becomingly. Go with them, Alexandre, and trus' them to make you as beautiful as the moon!"

"Moon?" The word seemed to displease Mr. Ellis, and he drew back, frowning. "I don't like the idea. I don't want to go as any moon. When'd you hear me say I was willing to be a moon? The answer is 'No!' Abso—I mean it's final, and I guess likely you've heard that when Alexander W. Ellis says 'No' it doesn't mean maybe. Never changed my mind in my life. No! No moon!"

"No, no!" Resford-Fford reassured him. "Virginie and I aren't going to dress you as a moon. As Buzot said, we're only going to make you that beautiful. Don't you see?"

"Certainly!" Mr. Ellis returned, with one of his surprising, sudden shifts into a happy geniality. "What you waiting for? You two moons come along and get me into that costume, and I'll show these people in here how to cut a few old-fashioned didos! Then we'll go on to the next place. Let's hurry!" He jovially placed one arm about the shoulders of the little Columbine, continuing to clasp the third plaster mask to his chest with the other, and the three, Resford-Fford, Alexandre and Columbine, went merrily down the corridor to disappear through a doorway at the end of it.

As for myself, I remained for some moments at the studio entrance, wondering how in the world all this nonsense was supposed (in the effervescent mind of Buzot) to be of the slightest use to two wan and heartsick lovers. One thing was clear to me, however: I was not an addition to the gayety of

the evening and I had work to do upon the morrow—it was time for me to go home.

Buzot had stepped into his bedroom to make himself as beautiful as the moon, I supposed, and at the other end of the corridor Julius Sohms, in a blue domino he'd picked up in one of the rooms, and Mlle Rose, already wearing a yellow silk window curtain in the manner of a Spanish shawl, were peering delightedly through the partly opened doorway of the room in which Resford-Fford and the little Columbine were arraying Mr. Ellis. Cries of admiration and "Veet! Veet! Napoleon!" came from that quarter, and, as I let myself out and descended the stairway, I heard strains of song in both feminine and masculine voices:

> "Enfin! Dis donc! Il faut que je m'en aille.
> Vite! Vite! Napoléon! Il va pleurer."

At eight o'clock the next morning Mrs. Pinney called me on the telephone and asked me, in an emotional voice, for information concerning her brother-in-law. He had left the Avenue Henri Martin at three upon the previous afternoon, she said. At six M. Buzot had telephoned that Mr. Ellis would dine with business friends from Detroit and had mentioned that I would be one of the party. Mr. Ellis had remained out all night; in fact, he was still out. What, Mrs. Pinney inquired with symptoms of indignation, had I and my friends from Detroit done with and to Mr. Ellis?

I replied, with some feeling on my own part, that no matter what the irresponsible Buzot's telephoning had implied I had been merely an innocent spectator; I had last seen the missing gentleman at M. Buzot's apartment, which I left at possibly a little after midnight. Mr. Ellis was then in good health and spirits, but for any further information I must refer her to M. Buzot. She had already called his number, she told me; he was out, and his servant said that he would not return until about nine, at which time she would try again to communicate with him. To my request that if she succeeded she would let me know the result, she replied with a rather curt assent, and our disturbing conversation ended.

She did not call me again, however; and at half-past nine I was fretfully trying to work, when the cause of the trouble made his appearance. He was as demure and as sleek as a

family cat. "You have a face!" I exclaimed. "To come here after involving me with Mrs. Pinney and the Ellis family requires a certain amount of audacity!"

He placed his Malacca stick, his gloves of the shade called Elephant's Breath, and his hat, of the same exquisite tint, upon my worktable, sat facing me, and waved a hand placatingly. "But my dear fellow, mus' we not all be willing to make these sacrifice' for the sake of that poor Sharlie Day?"

"For the sake of Charlie Day! He was desperate enough before your 'supreme philanthropic evening'; but now heaven knows how much added damage——"

"One moment!" Buzot interposed. "My intentions——"

"Your intentions! Have you returned Mr. Ellis to the Avenue Henri Martin?"

"I? Return' him? I did not have him!"

"Then where is he? What did you do with him?"

"I? What could I? Nothing! I do not comprehend your attitude at all. This American gentleman of whom you speak, a Mr. Ellis, he attend' a little dance at my apartment yesterday evening and appear' to enjoy himself quite loudly. He wear a costume provide' by a little lady who seem' to be a great frien' of his, and at four o'clock in the morning after he has cut up a great deal of dido'—as he say, himself—he become weary and depart', still wearing that interesting and striking costume."

"He did? Where——"

"Let me tell you of the costume," Buzot went on. "You should have remain' to see it, and it satisfy Alexandre because it was cool except about his head upon which they place' a very blond wig all curly. The upper part of him down to the waist they appreciatively leave as it was, unchange'; but for the res' of him that generous little Columbine has brought a beautiful, white, flouncing ballet skirt, which had a superb effect after he remove' his trouser' and they fasten this skirt about the waist. You see how simple it was, merely a blond wig and a ballet skirt."

"Good heavens! You mean he was wearing——"

"He wear that costume precisely," Buzot said, "when he take his departure at four o'clock this morning. For myself I naturally went to bed, as the party was over. I breakfast' early——"

"Stop! Where did Ellis go?"

"Where? He went away with his two great frien', a Mr. Julius Sohms of his own country, and a rich English poet of some obscurity of which the name seem' to be Resford-Fford. You see, by that time, he had been very often to the buffet where there is something to please him, and those two gentlemen feel they mus' go with him."

"Where did they take him?"

"Well, you see that is something a little peculiar," Buzot returned in a thoughtful tone. "It happen' that upon my morning stroll I meet this very man, this Resford-Fford, and so when Mrs. Pinney telephone' me at nine o'clock I have been able to help her in a striking manner because from that Englishman I know the whereabout' of her dear Alexandre W. Ellis. I give her the address and urge her to place herself, her sister and her niece in an automobile and fly to him, as he is in urgent need."

"Where?" I asked angrily. "What address? Where is he?"

"One moment," Buzot said again. "You see, it is fortunate that Sharlie Day have his apartment in one place and his studio in another, and that the good Julius Sohms, with care, happen' since yesterday morning to possess a key which fit the door of Sharlie Day's studio."

"Buzot! Where did——"

"I tol' you," he interrupted calmly. "They take him to the studio of Sharlie Day and leave him in repose there upon a divan, still in costume."

"What! You say——"

"Peacefully in repose, my frien', and of such a slumber that he would not awake for many hour' if undisturb'. Well, there is surely nothing to wake him, at leas' until Sharlie Day come' to the studio, which is his custom at about nine o'clock. You see, it is a little surprise for our poor frien' Sharlie. Picture the tableau! Resford-Fford and Julius have not forgotten to take with them the portmanteau of M. le Baron de Prad; all around Alexandre as he sleep', they have place' the mask' of Napoléon, nine of them unbroken and three broken, and upon a table close beside him they have deposit' eleven perfect soap dish' of Marie Antoinette, and one broken. Upon each of these and upon each of the mask', they have paste' a little placard saying, 'Six hundred and fifty-eight dollar'.' You picture the

entrance of our Sharlie Day upon this unfamiliar scene in his studio?"

I sat staring at Buzot, my mind's eye fixed not upon him but upon the picture his words conjured up before me, and, so perverse our tricky human nature loves to be, my sympathies suddenly transferred themselves from the unhappy lovers to the tyrant father who woke to find himself in so horrible a situation. He, Alexander W. Ellis, potentate and dictator who had condemned and rejected and banned all painters as impractical and effeminate—he, the hard-headed, masculine, stern man of affairs, waking in a curly blond wig and a ballet skirt, and engulfed in a plaster surfeit of Napoleon masks, not to speak of the soap dishes—waking to confront the neat, sad, and inquiring young painter whose guest he had thus disgracefully become and at whose mercy he certainly and practically lay. Simply, this crisis for Alexandre was too acute for the mind to dwell upon.

"In heaven's name," I said to Buzot, "why have you sent Mrs. Pinney, Mrs. Ellis and Fanchon to Day's studio? You gave poor Charlie the chance to extricate the miserable man and win his gratitude; but now with those three arriving upon the scene Ellis is simply ruined with his family and——"

"I shall never win your appreciation," Buzot said, with a melancholy smile. "Give Alexandre W. Ellis a bath, shave him, dress him in his customary garment' and allow him an hour or so to obliterate from his mind that he has spent six hundred and fifty-eight dollar' for two relic' the correct price for which in combination is fifty-eight cent'—I tell you there is too much chance that he will be Alexandre W. Ellis again with the mind that never change'! Oh, no, my frien', we shall not take such a risk! But an Alexandre still in a ballet skirt and blond wig—and surround' by the proof of his own great practicalness in making certain purchase', and explaining how he came to trespass upon the young man he reject' as a son-in-law—explaining it without knowing how it did happen—well, now you eject into this scene the three ladies of his family vociferously questioning him with agitation, and I think you have an Alexandre in no frame of mind but to agree with anything in this world. That scene mus' be about on the point of taking place at this moment; those ladies should be jus' reaching the studio of our Sharlie."

Buzot looked at his watch, and, as he did so, the telephone bell rang. I answered it, and the voice of Day greeted me; he spoke with evident excitement. "I'm trying to find Buzot. He isn't at home——"

"No, he's here."

"Then, for heaven's sake, get him to go back to his apartment and tell him to send Mr. Ellis' trousers to my studio by a messenger."

"What! You don't mean to say——"

"I do!" Day replied emphatically. "There aren't any trousers here in the studio. He thinks he left his at Buzot's, and he's desperate for 'em. How in the world did he ever happen to land here, anyhow? Did Buzot——" Here Day interrupted himself, or seemed to be interrupted, then said hastily, "He says we haven't got time to go into that now. He says tell Buzot to hurry, hurry! Wait! Hold the wire a moment—there's someone at the door."

The telephone became silent; I continued to hold the instrument to my ear, giving Buzot an account of what it had imparted. Finally a voice, not Day's, inquired if I was still there.

"Yes, Miss Ellis. Am I right in thinking that your poor father is safe and sound at Mr. Day's studio?"

"Well, in one sense, he's safe," she said, and there was a musical break in her voice. "He and Mr. Day insist that they spent the night motoring to Chartres to see the cathedral by moonlight and that poor Father is dressed as he is now for Mr. Day to sketch a design for a fancy dress. They're talking to Mother and Aunt Joan at the other end of the room, and Mr. Day whispered to me to tell you to tell M. Buzot to tell the messenger to hurry, hurry!" She was silent for a moment; then, when she resumed speaking, her voice again had that musical break in it—a happier note, I'd have sworn, than it had sounded for many weeks. "Poor Father's making gestures at me, trying to keep Mother and Aunt Joan from seeing him, and I'm sure I know what he means. He means for me to tell you to tell M. Buzot to tell the messenger to hurry, hurry, hurry!"

I restored the instrument to its stand and told Buzot what she had said. "Think of that poor man!" I urged him. "Think of what he is undergoing, standing around in Day's studio

in that condition and trying to make explanations to his wife and his sister-in-law and——"

"Yes, I can see it so plainly," Buzot said in a dreamy tone, crossing his legs and settling himself in the comfortable chair. "Yes, a man without trouser'—well, it is something the more fortunate of us encounter only in a terrible dream. After a while I mus' see if I can find that garment of Alexandre; then I mus' discover a messenger to send to him. It is now some minute' before ten o'clock; but Alexandre shall be able to leave that studio by noon, or jus' a little after, at the lates'. I promise it!"

CHIMNEY CITY

BY CRICHTON ALSTON THORNE

FROM *The Household Magazine*

CRICHTON ALSTON THORNE

is the blonde young mistress of a large plantation in North Carolina, ten miles from a railroad. Here she writes, paints, and collects antiques. Two or three years ago her stories for children began to find their way into the magazines. "Chimney City" was published in both the "Household Magazine" and the "London Sphere."

THE lower edge of a rising moon scraped the sawlike rim of pines and spattered the fish pond with gold. An uncertain wind lulled. The pond uncrinkled its face. Within was a moon, drowned dismally, and three bobbing stars. Silver put down the soap and tin of coffee which he was bringing home to his mother and squatted on the bank. "With a line long enough," he said, "I could fish out all three of you and pull your points straight." The stars waved dolefully back to him and reflections of light running off from the moon changed into little golden snakes.

Frost nipped the early November air. Higher up the hill a light shone from the kitchen window and twinkled through the pines like another star hung lower—Silver's star. Here was Apollo on the brink of a pool. He stood and stretched to the limit of his seven years. A solitary child, he sensed his kinship to earth's little moods. Changing seasons made him glad to be alive and tingle with new air, half remembered, from another long ago.

Bacon frying on the hill sent down a ribbon of fragrance that circled through the pines and reminded him of the package on the grass near him. He stooped to pick it up.

A moving shadow in the pond caught and held his attention.

Slowly a thin, slouched figure with tight-fitting cap and coat-tails emerged like an ancient minnesinger from the bulrushes. Silver was startled and took a step backward.

"Clarkin?" he questioned. "Clarkin!" he cried joyfully, "I thought you were the man in the moon!"

He ran to the old man and clasped one of his hands in both his own. "Clarkin, have you come to stay? Have you, Clarkin? Promise. Oh! I'm so glad you're back! Let me carry the funny old stick and bundle."

Clarkin rested his hand a moment on the child's head. He did not respond to the outburst of welcome, but turned to the pond and bent grotesquely, with coat-tails propping

him kangaroo-wise, over the pallid mirror of water. "Eh! what were you saying, lad?"

"Nothing, Clarkin, just the stars all wobbly in the water." He looked at Clarkin shyly, as though doubtful which way the old man might take. "Come on," the child extended his hand, "Mother's supper is nearly ready, and she's expecting you. She always does."

Clarkin followed Silver up the jutted path which split through the broom-sedge to Borthwick's cottage.

Merla Borthwick looked up from the oven with dancing brown eyes as the two entered the kitchen. She slammed the oven door and greeted Clarkin with outstretched arms. "Bless me and keep me!" she exclaimed, "if it isn't our Clarkin come back!" She brushed a swift kiss on his brown, withered cheek and guided him gently to the fire with her plump arm about his shoulders. "What delayed you? It's the tenth already. Not that chair, Silver, the one in the corner." There was about Merla Borthwick a glow of well-being that was instantly contagious. She lifted a cricket from the hearth for Clarkin's feet and chatted in a breathless and charming fashion. "There, now! Is that comfortable, Clarkin? Hasn't Silver grown, you think?" She shed a ruddiness of approval on the old tramp, and then, thrifty housewife that she was, "How are the shirts wearing? Your bundle seems smaller than usual."

Something spitting on the stove hurried her back across the large, low-raftered room. She smiled back to them and continued to talk and bustle about, setting the small table for three.

Clarkin sat in the old Windsor chair with the dignity of a monarch. He unfolded his legs grandly to the fire and lit a queer pipe. Clarkin's reveries were respected. He dreamed off into wreaths of smoke. Thoughts, gray, half-formed, like cobwebs of heaven; thoughts close to the roots of things. Silver sat forward in his chair, cupping his face in his palms, his eyes as round and alert as a kitten's.

Clarkin turned from his world of unknown thoughts and dreams. The boy was waiting for something. Clarkin smiled slowly.

> "When I find a longing, a longing to come back,
> I'll always find a bright new song strapped within my pack.

"That's what I brought you, lad. . . . Chimney City," he continued, "when winds blow down them too forlornly, I come back then, when fires should be crackling on their hearths and children roasting chestnuts before them. We will go there in the morning." He rose shakily and, clutching a faded coat-tail in either hand before him, warmed his back. Merla Borthwick arrested his attention with an energetic fork jabbing over her smooth biscuits ready for the oven. "I have found the key at last, lad . . . the golden key to the moon where love is."

Merla shook her head and silenced Silver with a warning forefinger. "Have you been well, Clarkin?" she asked. "We have been looking forward to your songs, and you can make a new fig stem for your pipe night times to amuse you. Your rheumatism better?" She waited with head tilted and eyes grown suddenly serious.

Clarkin leaned against the mantel, his white shock of hair looking whiter for the black brows beneath it. There was no reply to Merla's questions. Only a forlornness about the aged figure, as if a song tragic with November winds and things long forgotten was singing silently to the three through him. Silver drew his chair nearer the fire of hickory logs.

Upstairs that night Clarkin slept tucked in like a quaint and ancient child beneath a slanting roof and quilts as fantastic as his own wild dreams. Outside the magnolia trees flaunted long gray hanks of Spanish moss that twisted noiselessly in the wind. Clarkin had stirred in his sleep when Silver brought the lamp into the room. He awoke and rested his head on his arm, listening to the wind. "I came for my pencil, Clarkin. Go back to sleep."

"I am thinking a rhyme, lad." Silver sharpened his pencil on the hearth. When Clarkin thought in rhyme, he thought aloud.

> "Gray moss drips from off the moon,
> Drenching the trees in silver lace.
> There was a June—a far-off June—
> Moon—moss—blown hair, a sweet—sweet face."

Then Clarkin was saying things, chanting things, more terrible and more wonderful than anyone could dream.

"Silver, hurry, Son." Merla stood at the foot of the stairs

and called him. Silver tiptoed from the room, watching his black shadow and Clarkin's glide smoothly into each other there on the plastered wall behind Clarkin's bed and then march diagonally, like giants, toward the ceiling.

Downstairs Silver sat by his mother and found his lessons. The lamplight was kind to the woman and her son. It shone through the loose strands of yellow hair and framed their faces with halos. Merla's hair could remind one of waves breaking on the shore of her low, white forehead. If one could leave the warmth of her eyes long enough.

"Silver," she bent forward swiftly and pointed to a word with the point of her needle, "this is path, p-a-t-h. Don't fidget so, child."

The boy's face burned with suppression. He threw his head back and sighed. "To-morrow's Saturday. I can get my lessons then. Please, I have something to tell you."

"Well, dear, do." Merla closed the book and laid it on the table.

Silver's eyes grew. They devoured the lamplight and glowed with an inner light and wonder. "He says he has found the key, Mother, 'the key to the moon where love is,' and that he's going real soon. And, Mother, Clarkin said," Silver's voice was the thin treble of an awed child's, "that people's hair grows after they are dead, just like a vine, especially golden hair grows back to the sun. Why does he always talk of golden hair, and can it really grow after people are dead?"

"I have heard that hair might grow then." Merla held her needle to the light and snipped a thread with her teeth. "It's not a pretty thought. Let's forget it. Maybe when Clarkin was a young man and could remember like other people he loved someone with golden hair."

"A fairy-tale princess?"

"I don't know, little Son. No one knows where Clarkin came from, not even Clarkin himself. I could believe that he stepped from a dusty old volume. Yes, a fairy-tale princess, if you like. He has come every November since I can remember, but he seems much feebler this time, somehow. Strange that he doesn't forget the way back. Something about the chimneys and November—poor old fellow! I wish he could be contented here all the time."

"Maybe Clarkin likes remembering the chimneys most of the time and seeing them just sometimes. He says that he comes back to comfort them."

Merla smiled. "You reason nicely," she said, and picked up Clarkin's shirt and began again the neat patch on the shoulder where the stick which he carried had worn it.

"Chimney City" rose startlingly desolate against the sky over the second hill from Borthwick's cottage. Ten irregular chimneys of pastel-shaded stones gave to the "city" its name. Most of the chimney tops had tumbled to the earth, caused either by the fire which had burned the houses or the ravages of time and weather. Silver and Clarkin had converted these fallen stones into walls, divisioned rooms, and halls. Only one chimney, the second one, being built sturdier than the others, remained intact. These chimneys remained a riddle to the countryside. No one remembered who had built them or the fire which had swept their houses from them in a single night. Like sentinels they guarded the memory of five houses in which people had lived and loved and hoped. Five old-fashioned square houses, judging from the dimensions of the chimneys, that for fear of virgin territory had seemed to band together.

The chimneys occupied waste land. Now, only Silver and the gentle, doddering Clarkin felt any interest there.

People speculated about the chimneys. Sometimes strange hunters trailing a covey of quail for the first time on the waste lands were astounded at the ten deathlike chimneys that rose starkly to meet them on the crest of the little hill. Almost it seemed as though the soil had produced them, so majestically and naturally they reared above the surrounding fields. Who could have put them there? Who had owned the place fifty years ago? No one knew.

The tale of their creation, with a grain of remaining truth, was that five families had started a colony there and that a tawny-eyed old cattleman had resented such intrusion on free pastureland.

Probably the houses had been built a century before this even; anyway, one night all the houses mysteriously were burned to the ground while a stiff November wind rolling in from the sea assisted in spreading the fire. Now the chimneys

made good play houses for Clarkin and Silver on early winter days; for it was then that Clarkin wandered back as the birds did.

So it was November again, and Clarkin followed Silver through the high, brittle weeds, Silver untangling the way. The sun had dried the dew, and Clarkin nearly stepped on Silver's heels. "Wait, Clarkin," the boy said over his shoulder, "you'll see them in a minute. They haven't run away, you know." Silver came to a clearing of white sand and set the basket of lunch on the ground. He pulled a spiteful briar from his jacket and hurried on to follow Clarkin through the spinney of scrub pines. Then they gained the top of the hill and stopped to wonder at the chimneys. It was always this way. One stopped to look instinctively. Clarkin's gaze was riveted upon the second chimney. That was always the way, too.

"Clarkin," said Silver, "why won't you play at the second chimney? We could bring some bricks from the others and make the walls and clear the bamboo vines away in a little while. That is the only one people remember anything about, and it's the very tallest one."

The old man looked away over the gray gullies of waste land but stood motionless, his body held tensely forward as if listening. Silver watched a slow hawk in the sky. "Come on." He tugged at Clarkin's hand. "We won't have long to stay. I speak for the blue china bits this time, and you can gather wild apples for a grocery store. Next year I am really and truly going to build a fire in the second chimney's fireplace and toast marshmallows. See what a nice big fireplace it is!"

"Second chimney, lad?"

"Yes, Clarkin, the one where Grandma Breel said the lady was burned. The lady who had the baby girl."

Clarkin shook his head.

"Don't you remember? Don't you, Clarkin?" The child looked up into Clarkin's face intently. Clarkin turned away.

"Yes, lad, and when the baby girl's father came back to his home there wasn't anything but chimneys . . . chimneys. . . . See? I remember what you said . . . and after that the fever and nobody remembers any more." He repeated it as a child would recite a difficult lesson. Then he stopped.

"Come on, Clarkin," said Silver, "what are you feeling in

your pockets for? Sing me the song you brought me back."

"Lad, how you prattle! The song I brought you? It is a ragged rhyme that I fished from a smouldering hush with a willowy rod and my key for bait."

"A smouldering hush?"

"Yes, something that threatens to sing, but can't for all the music it knows, because it is a 'hush.'"

"You said the rhyme was strapped within your pack. Do you know it by heart, Clarkin?"

"I am tired." The old man sat on the roots of an oak. Gray moss hung low over his head in a spidery turmoil and shadowed him with a foreboding of fatality. It seemed to strain its tendrils to him, restless tentacles of a gray octopus. Silver sat and watched them all melt into each other. Things, he perceived, had a way of doing that. Certain things attracting one another and then blending indefinitely. He thought his own thoughts and at last felt the distant gaze of Clarkin. "It has grown rankly," said Clarkin with a slight embarrassment, "since last November, or was it next?"

"The song, what is its——"

"'Two Keys,'" answered Clarkin.

"You are always talking of keys. May I see the one you found?"

Silence, as usual, was the answer. Only the pines on the hill, like black candelabra bristling with green flame, soughing their eternal secret to a misapprehending world. Silver squinted at the remaining clutches of green out across the lap of meadow.

"Like green clutches of lace at the throat of spring." Clarkin was talking dreamily. Silver jumped. Clarkin came and went so quietly and so frequently returned with one's own thoughts wrapped neatly in a packet of words! "The song I made for you, lad—

"I made two golden keys to the moon,
One for her and one for me,
But mine will open the moon's closed door—
Hers lies buried secretly.

"I made two golden keys to the moon—
Hers is hidden evermore.
She waits for me on the moon's bright stair,
For only mine can open the door."

All the plaintiveness of a long life of wandering from where to where brimmed up in his cracked voice. The last line rang with a new quality in Clarkin. Silver was a year older. Perhaps last year it had been there and he hadn't noticed it. He did not look directly at Clarkin, for Clarkin had melted into the trees, the broom-sedge, the chimneys which peered over his shoulders.

"The ground's damp." The boy stood suddenly free from the shadows of the oak and stepped into the open sunlight. "That's a nice song, Clarkin. Mother has a little key, but it's a brass key that looks as though it might have unlocked someone's front door. She had it clasped in her fingers the night she was brought and left at Grandma Breel's. But it can't unlock anything. Yours can unlock the moon. Is your key brass and homemade as hers is, or is it really a golden key like Bluebeard's?"

They trudged through the brambles to the phantom city with Silver's questions unanswered. People that Clarkin and Silver had called into being lived at each chimney. These people quarreled among themselves and visited at the other chimneys and were troublesome about borrowing things. Now Silver chatted of "the neighbors," ran a rusty lizard under a log and poked him out again.

Clarkin scampered away from him and zigzagged between the silent chimneys, unmindful of briars tearing at his clothes. He hummed joyfully and gathered twigs for his "fire." Clarkin stopped at the second chimney. Never before since the chimneys had been their pleasure had Clarkin chosen that one. "Mrs. Whither" had always lived there with her blow-away silver hair like a burst milkweed's pod. Silver suddenly feared Clarkin. He seemed as wild as the rabbit which he had startled from its bed. He jerked at bamboo and blackberry vines with his naked hands, and Silver saw the angry scratches across the backs of them. Clarkin was wearing himself down without aim. Under the first chimney's rocks lay their hatchet, kept for the new pines that spiked up every year and the undergrowth.

Silver stood still and watched Clarkin. On the horizon of his mind a vague thought took definite form. Clarkin, as high as he could reach, was touching each stone of the second

chimney. Touching them as though laying them in place, studying them, fondling them. Like a connoisseur among his treasures, his head palsied with eagerness, he let his hands play upon them as though putting warmth into these stones. Here was a pilgrim at his longed-for shrine; each stone a deed of love immortalizing someone's household gods. Someone's —whose?

A boy of seven is too young for many words. Rather he soaks in situations. A haunting line whizzed through Silver's being: "I made two golden keys to the moon." That father who had long ago come back to a wife and a little girl who could not be found. A golden-haired wife and a golden-haired daughter. Revelations came to Silver here at his own Chimney City. They surged against his taut perceptions, breaking through into light. Woods, broom-sedge, silent sphinxlike chimneys—ever afterward he would have need of these for his greater lights of understanding.

Things dated back only from the time of "the fever." And here was Clarkin, poor, foolish Clarkin, beset with the thought of golden hair and somehow too subtly connecting it all with the second chimney.

Silver became a god through his own power of reasoning. He snatched his brown cap from his shining tumble of hair and advanced. "Clarkin," he cried, rousing him from his sacred stones, "is my hair as yellow as gold—and Mother's?"

At dusk Merla saw them coming across the hill with a coppery light at their backs outlining them against the sky. She held the door open for them to enter and poured each of them a mug of milk. Like two children worn out with playing, they dragged their feet and strewed their belongings. Silver's voice was too high; Clarkin too flushed. Silver kissed his mother breathlessly. She had been baking, and the heat had drawn her hair into ringlets about her face. When should he tell her? Would it hurt her to know, or would she make everything right quickly, as was her way? He was uncertain and drank his milk in gulps. Merla looked at him apprehensively. Yes, they had played too hard at the chimneys. After this they must only stay an hour or two. Clarkin lit his pipe and smoked by the fire, and Silver talked of "Mrs. Whither" and of "Mrs. Drone."

Under the slanting roof Clarkin slept soundly. Silver was restless. Through the dormer window he watched the pillowy clouds scudder by the moon like frightened sheep.

At last he closed his eyes and slept.

"Lad! lad!" He was snatched back to consciousness. Someone called from beneath his window. In the dim light he saw Clarkin's bed empty. He threw his jacket over his shoulders and with shoes in hand padded down the stairs. The voice was at the kitchen window. Silver raised the window with an effort and looked squarely into the wild, burning eyes of Clarkin.

"Lad, I've found her! Found where they hid her!" Clarkin's voice was tense, husky.

"Found who, Clarkin?"

"Her golden hair had grown from the grave on to a trellis of dogwood there in sight of the city. Not golden as then but silver as moon mist. I will spin a ladder of it—a ladder to the moon. She has waited, lad; waited, for I have the only key."

Silver shivered. He turned from the window and groped for the kitchen lamp. He lit it with icy fingers and held it to one side of the window to keep the wind from blowing it out. Clarkin was racing about in the night, his loose-fitting night clothes flapping like sails. "Clarkin," soothingly, "there's no burying ground near the city. You have been dreaming. Come back to bed, and Mother will make you some tea. Come back now. It's too cold out there for you." A chill shook Silver's voice. His teeth chattered. Clarkin was not hearing him.

Silver ran to Merla's door. "Mother, hurry!" With his free hand he beat the door. "Clarkin is outdoors and sick!"

He hurried back to the window. Clarkin had gone. There was no answer to his call. No mad figure dancing in the night. The night was empty with wind. Clarkin must not go! Silver ran out into the yard and yelled to him. The wind blew his voice back. He felt sure that Clarkin had gone to the city and could not hear him calling. He stopped and put on his shoes. Now the moon was covered. Silver knew every inch of the way. If only he could overtake Clarkin he would tell him something—anything to bring him back. Emptiness engulfed

him, the emptiness of high wind and darkness. Clarkin had vanished. Silver ran, panting and calling, to the foot of the second hill. He stopped to listen—only the winds wailing mournfully through the pines and the cry of a sea gull blown inland.

The dark had swallowed Clarkin.

Winds cleaned off the moon, bringing the trees and hills into sharp relief. Shadows swirled across the night and Silver felt the chilly, creeping fear that one feels alone on a far hill. It commanded "turn around." Silver could not look back with the fear standing there. He ran on toward the chimneys. The fear followed him like a live thing that stopped as he stopped and would not run by. Silver looked back over the fear toward the cottage. Merla's lantern was not coming! Could she have heard his cry for help? What had become of her? A question greater than his fear of the night loomed in his mind. He turned and bolted through the silvery broom-sedge. A flicker of something danced uncertainly through the high reeds and appeared for a glimpse in the clearing.

Silver gained the city. Winds raving and sobbing down its ten chimneys. He must not listen to it. It sang words, words that could drive him as mad as Clarkin.

The dark was swallowing and belching Clarkin. Through a clabbery rift in the sky he saw him with outspread arms whirling through the broom-sedge. If the clouds would not cover the moon so often perhaps he could follow him. Then, he was too tired to move; too tired to care; and he dropped, spent, on a pile of rocks near a clump of willows.

The moon brought back the shadows.

Clarkin was within the thicket of willows! He was laughing to himself and tearing gray moss from a small dogwood tree. So this was the silver hair, silver as moon mist. Silver cringed on the pile of rocks and hid his face in his arms. He could not bear to look. Where was his mother? Suppose Clarkin should discover him there? Then he heard Merla calling . . . calling against the wind.

Merla Borthwick ascended the winding stairs to Silver's room. She was thinking to herself, "wrapped in moss tightly as a cocoon; dead in a cemetery no one knew of or suspected." She smiled thoughtfully. "So like Clarkin to choose his own

shroud." She sat on the window sill and bowed her vivid head in the gray veil of misting rain. Trenches worn by last night's anxiety were in her forehead. She had not known that Silver followed Clarkin. The lantern had needed oil. Minutes counted so last night.

Silver stole to her side. "Mother, you won't let the 'Home' bury him?"

"No, darling, Clarkin was our guest. Run back and sit with the minister."

Merla gathered the disheveled covers in her arms to carry down. A thumbed notebook fell from beneath the pillow. Whimsical old rhymer. What if some great hand could have cleared his dimmed memory! Merla opened the book. "I made two golden keys to the moon," she read, and looked away. There lay Clarkin's pipe on the candlestand, here on the bed was his white shirt ready for another day. Fastidious and neat, this Prince of Tramps, even his songs unflecked with the dust of tramping. Suddenly she was proud of him. He was always so happy to get back to her, so gentle with Silver. Her lips trembled.

"Clarkin," she whispered, "what is it? Why is it?—This unanswered question of your past and mine? What invisible tie drew you to the chimneys and to me?"

She sat on the bed with Clarkin's faded coat in her lap. Her hand caressed the sleeve, collecting lint as it passed. Lint from yesterday when he had played with Silver at the chimneys. Something hard beneath the lining stayed her fingers. She turned the sleeve quickly. There sewed together was a brass key and a ringlet of yellow hair.

"My key?" she asked. Trembling and eager, she carried the key down to her bedroom. She fumbled behind the clock. She found the little brass key in its accustomed covert! She placed the two keys side by side on her palm. They would unlock the same door. They would unlock the moon—Clarkin's moon. "Why," she sobbed, "why did I have to learn too late?"

She must pull herself together. Cartwheels creaked outside. A last lingering look and Clarkin would go back to the cemetery which he had sought all these years. She brushed blindly past the minister and stood above Clarkin. Silver looked at her dumbly. No, he would never hurt her with yesterday's

awakening. Now she must never guess or know. Then he saw the two keys in her hand.

"You have a New Testament, ma'am, to lay on his breast?"

Merla shook her head. She slipped the two keys into Clarkin's folded hands. "These will unlock his heaven," she said.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE LISTS

Before consulting the appended lists, please note the following abbreviations:

Ac.	*Action Stories*
Ad.	*Adventure*
Am.	*American Magazine*
Am. Merc.	*American Mercury*
Ar.	*Archive*
Atl.	*Atlantic Monthly*
B. B.	*Blue Book Magazine*
B. M.	*Black Mask*
B. S.	*Black Swan*
Book.	*Bookman*
Brief S.	*Brief Stories*
Clues	*Clues Magazine*
C. G.	*Country Gentleman*
C. H.	*College Humor*
C. L.	*College Life*
C. T.	*Chicago Tribune*
C. W.	*Catholic World*
Col.	*Collier's Weekly*
Cow.	*Cowboy Stories*
D.	*Delineator*
D. F. W.	*Detective Fiction Weekly*
D. S. M.	*Detective Story Magazine*
Elks	*Elks Magazine*
Ex.	*Excitement Magazine*
F.	*Forum* (and *Century*)
Fr.	*Frontier*
G. H.	*Good Housekeeping*
H.	*Harper's Magazine*
H. B.	*Harper's Bazaar*

H. I. and C.	*Hearst's International* and *Cosmopolitan Magazine*
Hol.	*Holland's*
Home	*The Home Magazine*
House	*The Household Magazine*
J. T.	*The Jewish Tribune*
L.	*Liberty*
L. H. J.	*Ladies' Home Journal*
M. H. L.	*Mother's Home Life*
McCall	*McCall's Magazine*
Men.	*Menorah Journal*
Mid.	*Midland*
N. A. R.	*North American Review*
N. Y.	*The New Yorker*
Op.	*Opportunity*
P. M.	*Parents' Magazine*
P. R.	*Pictorial Review*
P. T.	*Plain Talk*
Pop.	*Popular*
Pr. S.	*Prairie Schooner*
R. B.	*Redbook Magazine*
R. D. T.	*Real Detective Tales*
S. E. P.	*Saturday Evening Post*
S. S.	*Short Stories*
Scr.	*Scribner's Magazine*
Sea	*Sea Stories*
Smart Set	*Smart Set Magazine*
Strat.	*The Stratford Magazine*
T.	*Top-Notch Magazine*
V. Q. R.	*Virginia Quarterly Review*
W.	*West*
W. H. C.	*Woman's Home Companion*
W. T.	*Weird Tales*
W. V. R.	*The West Virginia Review*
War	*War Stories*
Westm.	*Westminster Gazette*
W. W.	*Woman's World*
Y.	*Young's Magazine*

N. B. The order is alphabetical by authors; the months July, August, September, October, November, December are of 1930; the months January, February, March, April, May are of 1931.

LIST I

Stories ranking highest:

Adams, Bill, Eat Drink and Be Merry (*Ad.*, Nov. 1); Skipper's Orders (*Ad.*, Jan. 1).
Aiken, Conrad, Mr. Arcularis (*H.*, Mch.).
Akers, Arthur K., Gladstone Assists the Worm (*R. B.*, Aug.).

Bailey, Temple, A Man Can't Live on Hyacinths (*McCall*, Dec.).
Beems, Griffith, Leaf Unfolding (*H.*, Feb.).
Beer, Thomas, He Had Another Apple (*S. E. P.*, July 19); The Black Kind (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 11); International (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 29); The Victorian Blush (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 14).
Benét, Stephen Vincent, A Life at Angelo's (*S. E. P.*, May 2).
Bercovici, Konrad, Gita (*G. H.*, Jan.).
Boyd, Thomas, A Resident of Purgatory (*H.*, Aug.).
Bradford, Roark, The Hallelujah Woman (*D.*, Aug.); The Ring Sing Twins (*V. Q. R.*, Jan.).
Bradley, Mary Hastings, The Five-Minute Girl (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 10).
Brand, Anna, Enter Vicente (*D.*, Jan.).
Brennan, Frederick Hazlitt, Now I'll Tell One, Scheherazade (*Col.*, May 23).
Broadhurst, George, M'sieur Smeeth (*H. I. and C.*, Sept.); A Great Lady (*H. B.*, Dec.).
Brush, Katharine, Good Wednesday (*H.*, Sept.); Blond Widow (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 7).
Buckley, F. R., Of Possession (*Ad.*, Oct. 1); Slippage (*Elks*, Dec.); Caliban (*Ad.*, Dec. 1).
Butler, Ellis Parker, Mr. Barfin Decides (*C. T.*, Feb. 15).

Canfield, Dorothy, The Saint of the Old Seminary (*D.*, Jan.).
Carman, Dorothy Walworth, Cock Crow (*R. B.*, Mch.).
Carroll, Gordon, The Uhlan (*Ad.*, Mch. 1).
Clements, Colin (See Ryerson, Florence).
Cobb, Irvin S., A Treeful of Hoot Owls (*H. I. and C.*, Aug.); January Thaw (*H. I. and C.*, Jan.); Br'r Rabbit, He Lay Low (*H. I. and C.*, May).
Coe, Charles Francis, Aftermath (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 4).
Corley, Donald, The Dance of the Drowned (*F.*, Jan.).

Courtright, Eugenie, "Kinda Lonesome" (*Atl.*, Nov.).
Crosby, Jane Snowden, Balboa and Thunder (*Fr.*, Nov.).

Davis, Elmer, New Leaf (*R. B.*, Apr.).
Dobie, Charles Caldwell, The False Talisman (*H.*, Oct.); Cold Roast Lamb (*H.*, Apr.).
Douglas, Marjory Stoneman, By Violence (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 22).

Edmonds, Walter D., Water Never Hurt a Man (*H.*, Dec.).

Faulkner, William, Thrift (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 6); Dry September (*Scr.*, Jan.); That Evening Sun Go Down (*Am. Merc.*, Mch.).
Fitzgerald, F. Scott, One Trip Abroad (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 11).
Flandrau, Grace, Faith (*Scr.*, Feb.).
Forbes, Esther, Bailey's Beach (*F.*, Oct.); Land's End (*F.*, Jan.).
Ford, Corey, The Twenty-Million-Dollar Kid (*Col.*, Aug. 23).
Fraser, Ferrin L., On Time (*Col.*, Jan. 3).

Gilkyson, Walter, A Prisoner of Memory (*H.*, Nov.); A Partner for Life (*Scr.*, Apr.).
Gilpatric, Guy, The Genii of Gibraltar (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 14).
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Gordon, Caroline, The Long Day (*Scr.*, Aug.).
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Grant, Captain George H., A Ship Goes Down (*Atl.*, Dec.).

Hamot, Esse, Mountain Meadows (*H.*, Aug.).
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Hartley, Roland English, Borderland (*H.*, Nov.); In Loving Memory (*H.*, Jan.).
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Loomis, Alfred F., Professional Aid (*All.*, Aug.).

March, William, Fifteen from Company K (*Mid.*, Nov.-Dec.).
Marquand, John P., Obligations (*S. E. P.*, July 5); The Same Things (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 2); The Master of the House (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 27); Golden Lads (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 14).
Marquis, Don, The Other Room (*H.*, Oct.).
Morris, Gordon, Mothers of Men (*D.*, Feb.).
Mygatt, Gerald, A Six-Letter Word Meaning Trouble (*G. H.*, Mch.).

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Peattie, Donald and Louise, Pride of India (*Elks*, Oct.).
Perry, Jennings, Poker Face (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 4).

Rice, Laverne, Wings for Janie (*New Copy*, Columbia University Annual, 1931).
Rodger, Sarah-Elizabeth, The Truant (*H.*, May).
Ryerson, Florence, and Clements, Colin, Miss Jezebel (*Strat.*, Sept.); Useless (*W. W.*, Oct.); Sea Gypsy (*Strat.*, Jan.); Daft Michael (*Strat.*, Feb.).

Sanford, Sanchia, Opus No. 1 (*House*, Mch.).
Schnabel, Dudley, Load (*Mid.*, May).
Seifert, Shirley, Trailing a Winner (*Elks*, Nov.); Condemned (*McCall*, Jan.).
Sheean, Vincent, Detectives in the House (*S. E. P.*, July 26).
Singmaster, Elsie, Miss Adrienne and Clarence (*P. R.*, Nov.).
Smith, Edgar Valentine, "Cock-a-Doodle-*Done!*" (*Elks*, July).
Smith, H. M. K., Lilies of Jade (*N. A. R.*, Mch.).
Stait, Virginia, In India Ink: The Wild Dogs (*Ar.*, Oct.).
Steele, Wilbur Daniel, Can't Cross Jordan by Myself (*P. R.*, Aug.); Diamond Wedding (*W. H. C.*, Sept.); Light (*L. H. J.*, Nov.); Renegade (*L. H. J.*, Feb.); The Body of the Crime (*L. H. J.*, Mch.); Daughter of the Soil (*P. R.*, Mch.).
Swain, John D., One Head Well Done (*T.*, First Nov. No.).

Tarkington, Booth, Hour of Peril (*H. I. and C.*, July); In a Silver Frame (*Am.*, Aug.); Cider of Normandy (*H. I. and C.*, Nov.); The Old Red Barn (*H. I. and C.*, Jan.).
Terrell, Upton, George Slant (*Fr.*, Nov.).

Thomas, Elizabeth Finley, "2388" (*H. B.*, Nov.).
Thorne, Crichton Alston, Chimney City (*House*, Nov.).

Upson, William Hazlett, Devil's Gulch (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 22); Divine Curiosity (*S. E. P.*, May 9).

Walsh, William Thomas, Gold (*C. W.*, Aug.).
Wetjen, Albert Richard, Pride (*Ad.*, July 15).
Wharton, Edith, Diagnosis (*L. H. J.*, Nov.).
Wilkinson, Lupton A., Sundown Sings (*N. A. R.*, Feb.).
Williams, Ben Ames, The Lie with Circumstance (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 2).
Winslow, Thyra Samter, The Sign (*P. R.*, May).
Wylie, Philip, Darkness (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 22).

LIST II

Stories ranking second:

Adamic, Louis, The Man with the Big Head (*P. T.*, Aug.).
Addington, Sarah, Ship's Magic (*D.*, July).
Ade, George, Loafer's Lullaby (*H. I. and C.*, Jan.).
Akers, Arthur K., Who Crows Last (*B. B.*, Sept.); No School for Scandal (*R. B.*, Sept.); They Shall Not Pass (*R. B.*, Oct.).
Aldrich, Bess Streeter, It's Never Too Late to Live (*D.*, Jan.).
Aldrich, Darragh, Good Scouts (*House*, Oct.).
Amior, Maurice, Right, as Usual (*C. H.*, Feb.).
Annixter, Paul, Tiger Hound (*T.*, First Aug. No.); King of the Kelp Beds (*T.*, Second Jan. No.); Chinook (*L.*, Feb. 28); Fallen Monarch (*Ad.*, Mch. 1).
Augsburg, Paul Deresco, 11th Avenue Cowboy (*H. I. and C.*, Feb.).
Avery, Stephen Morehouse, Southern Waters (*Col.*, Nov. 22); The Most Beautiful Girl in the World (*Col.*, Dec. 20); Break Away (*C. T.*, Feb. 22); Any Two You Name (*Col.*, May 30).

Backus, W. Elwyn, The Phantom Bus (*W. T.*, Sept.).
Balestier, Elliot, The Return of Philip (*T.*, Second Sept. No.).
Ball, Calvin, Mosquito Bound (*Ad.*, Jan. 15).
Ballou, Robert, Look After Your Own (*R. B.*, May).
Balmer, Edwin, Wedding Day (*C. T.*, Nov. 30).

Banning, Margaret Culkin, Red-Flannel Petticoats (*S. E. P.*, July 12); A Woman Like You (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 2); This Month's Bills (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 13); Chain Living (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 8); His Private Life (*Am.*, Dec.).

Banning, Margaret Culkin, and Brown, Bernice, Better Than a Horseshoe (*Col.*, July 5).

Barker, Elsa, Reckless (*C. T.*, Aug. 31).

Barry, Josephine, Smooth Passage (*Hol.*, Dec.).

Beach, Rex, The Barbarian (*H. I. and C.*, Aug.); A Man of Honor (*G. H.*, Aug.); Tiger-snake (*H. I. and C.*, Dec.).

Beatty, Jerome, Ladies Can't Swim in Kansas! (*Col.*, Sept. 27); Catfish and the Countess (*Col.*, Nov. 8).

Bedford-Jones, H., The Story's End (*Ad.*, Oct. 1).

Beer, Thomas, Antipathy (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 11); Luxury (*S. E. P.*, May 16); The Devil Listened (*S. E. P.*, May 30).

Bellah, James Warner, Countess Olga's Dancing Slippers (*S. E. P.*, July 5); White Pants (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 23); Shot Gun Riley (*R. B.*, Feb.); The Love Interest (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 21).

Bennett, James W., Due at Midnight (*Ad.*, Aug. 15); Suicide Run (*S. S.*, Dec. 25).

Bentham, Josephine, Carnival (*Hol.*, Oct.); Absolutely Marvelous! (*Am.*, May).

Bercovici, Konrad, The Race (*G. H.*, Aug.); Thirst (*L. H. J.*, Jan.).

Bishop, John Peale, If Only—— (*Scr.*, Mch.).

Blackman, M. C., Saphead (*H.*, July).

Bliss, Tip, Sacred Cows (*War*, May).

Bloomfield, Howard V., Ten Fathoms Down (*B. B.*, Feb.).

Booth, Charles G., The Other Side of the Wall (*Hol.*, Nov.).

Bowen, Catherine Drinker, South Cliff (*H.*, Feb.).

Brackett, Charles, All Modern Improvements (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 31).

Bradford, Roark, Woman up the River (*Col.*, Sept. 20); He Was Her Man (*H. I. and C.*, Jan.).

Bradley, Mary Hastings, Love Magic (*R. B.*, Aug.); If We Only Knew (*Col.*, Feb. 21); Yellow (*R. B.*, Mch.).

Brady, Mariel, A Song Before Breakfast (*G. H.*, Nov.).

Brennan, Frederick Hazlitt, The Day Dreams of Dolores de Voisin-Perella (*H. I. and C.*, July); Horseflesh (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 13); This Football (*Col.*, Nov. 29); Old Man River's Stepchild (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 29); Hands That the Rod of Empire (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 28); When a Man's Eighteen (*S. E. P.*, May 16).

Bromfield, Louis, Tabloid News (*H. I. and C.*, Feb.).
Brooks, George S., And Cheap Enough (*Col.*, May 2).
Brooks, Win, Ice Water (*N. A. R.*, Oct.).
Brown, Guthrie, Stalemate (*B. M.*, Sept.).
Brown, Royal, Miss Lochinvar of Kalamazoo (*H. I. and C.*, Aug.); The Girl in the 5th Floor Back (*H. I. and C.*, Sept.); For the Love of Mike (*H. I. and C.*, Oct.); The Eternal Microbe (*H. I. and C.*, Dec.); Eyes to See (*H. I. and C.*, Feb.).
Bruess, Floria Howard, Along the Trail (*Argosy*, Aug. 9).
Buck, Pearl S., Singing—to Her Death (*Asia*, Aug.).
Buckley, F. R., Of Vanity (*Ad.*, May 15).
Burks, Arthur J., The Coffin Patrol (*Ac.*, Sept.); Man Stuff (*Ac.*, Nov.).
Burlingame, Roger, Cassidy's Christmas Eve (*P. R.*, Dec.).
Burt, Katharine Newlin, Theme in Two Voices (*C. T.*, Sept. 7); Ladder to the Moon (*Am.*, Oct.).
Burt, Struthers, Tomorrow, and Tomorrow (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 28).
Butler, Ellis Parker, Being Happy with Walter (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 25); Ann or Alice (*House*, Feb.); Abode of Splendor (*D.*, Apr.).
Byers, John Reid, Home-Town Laughter (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 29).

Caher, Marion, Party Treat (*L. H. J.*, Jan.); Pukka-Sahib (*L. H. J.*, Apr.).
Cameron, Anne, Parking (*S. E. P.*, July 5); See Mexico Next! (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 15).
Cameron, Margaret, Empty House (*Am.*, Feb.).
Camp, Wadsworth, Christmas Journey (*P. R.*, Dec.).
Campbell, Evelyn Murray, Leavin's (*McCall*, Aug.); Yes, Dear! (*Hol.*, Mch.).
Canfield, Dorothy, The First Grandchild (*W. H. C.*, Jan.).
Carpenter, Margaret, The Pasteboard Star (*Scr.*, Sept.).
Carrington, Elaine Sterne, Slapstick (*H.*, Sept.); The Accident (*P. R.*, Sept.); Sweet as Honey (*Col.*, Mch. 14).
Cary, Lucian, Not So Different (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 27); Going to Bed at Nine (*Col.*, Nov. 22); A Perfectly Beautiful Time (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 6).
Chamberlain, George Agnew, Madness in the Moon (*W. H. C.*, July).
Chidester, Helen Daniels, Dependence (*W. W.*, Nov.).
Childers, James Saxon, Folded Wings (*Am.*, Nov.).

Clark, Valma, A Young Man's Game (*Scr.*, July); The Grotto (*D.*, Nov.); Gold Star Mother (*P. R.*, Nov.).

Clarke, Cyril John, Depression (*Mid.*, Jan.-Feb.).

Clarke, Florence Standish, Cupid and the Day's Work (*C. W.*, Sept.).

Clarke, James Mitchell, Bayou Man (*Ad.*, May 1).

Clausen, Carl, Last Water (*Elks*, Feb.).

Cobb, Irvin S., Cabbages and Kings (*G. H.*, July); The Dark Horse (*H. I. and C.*, July); The Masterpiece (*H. I. and C.*, Oct.); Great Day in the Morning (*H. I. and C.*, Nov.); "Ole Miss" (*H. I. and C.*, Dec.); Arise and Shine (*H. I. and C.*, Feb.); Just a Friendly Game (*H. I. and C.*, Mch.); The Sun Shines Bright (*H. I. and C.*, Apr.).

Cockrell, Francis M., III, The Color of Shrimp (*C. H.*, May).

Coe, Charles Francis, Pennies (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 16); Code of Honor (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 10); Turn About (*S. E. P.*, May 30).

Cohen, Octavus Roy, The Woman Plays (*H. I. and C.*, July); Once in a Wifetime (*C. T.*, Aug. 17); Ball and Jane (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 6); Custard's Last Stand (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 18); Two for One (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 13); Double Play (*Elks*, Jan.); Alma Mater (*R. B.*, Feb.); Among Those Presents (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 7); Snakes Alive (*S. E. P.*, May 16).

Condon, Frank, An Old Spanish Custom (*Col.*, July 26); Family Affairs (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 27); The Gangster's Sweetheart (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 1); Blatherskite (*Col.*, Dec. 6).

Conlon, Ben, Siss—Boom—Ahh! (*T.*, Second July No.); Turkey for Two (*T.*, First Dec. No.).

Connell, Richard, Pitchers Are Peculiar (*Col.*, July 19); The Smith-Jones Letters (*S. E. P.*, July 19); The Duchess of Yorkville (*Col.*, Nov. 1); Midnight at Tony's (*Col.*, Nov. 29); The Polecat's Pal (*Col.*, Jan. 24); Spring in the Heart (*Col.*, Apr. 4); The Gaff (*C. T.*, May 3); A Moose on Roller Skates (*Col.*, May 9).

Conner, Grace Brooks, So Close to Fame (*House*, Jan.).

Cooper, Courtney Ryley, The Mud Cure (*S. E. P.*, July 19); A Million Apiece! (*Am.*, Sept.); Nobody's Business (*R. B.*, Dec.); Old Timer (*Elks*, Dec.); A West Wind (*Col.*, May 9).

Corbett, Elizabeth, The Portrait (*Scr.*, Sept.).

Corcoran, William, The Way of the City (*Ad.*, July 15); The Blue Wall (*Ad.*, Aug. 1); The Last Ride (*Ad.*, Nov. 1).

Corliss, Allene S., Compromise (*McCall*, May).
Cottrell, Dorothy, Tiddlywinks and the Train Wrecker (*L. H. J.*, May).
Cozzens, James Gould, October Occupancy (*Am.*, Oct.); We'll Recall It with Affection (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 4); The Guns of the Enemy (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 1); Fortune and Men's Eyes (*W. H. C.*, Feb.).
Cram, Mildred, The Perfectly Charming Ghost (*P. R.*, Oct.); Girls Together (*C. H.*, Feb.); Lucky (*W. H. C.*, Feb.).
Cranston, Claudia, Lady's Own Goods (*G. H.*, Aug.).
Craven, Margaret, Clemenceau's Snuff Box (*D.*, July); The World Is Mine (*D.*, Feb.); The Compleat Letter-writer (*W. H. C.*, May).
Creel, George, Set a Rogue (*Elks*, Aug.); The Tough Break (*Col.*, Nov. 1); The Piccolomini Pearls (*Elks*, May).
Croghan, Harold, A Good Boy (*Mid.*, Jan.-Feb.).
Curtiss, Philip, The Diving Venus (*W. H. C.*, Oct.).

Dale, Virginia, You Never Married? (*R. B.*, Oct.); A Little Increase (*L. H. J.*, Feb.).
Davies, Oma Almona, Investments in Matrimonies (*S. E. P.*, July 26); Mr. Tuggy Drives His Buggy (*Col.*, Jan. 24).
Davis, Elmer, All or Nothing (*R. B.*, Oct.); As Cheaply as One (*Col.*, Mch. 7).
Davis, Howard Ellis, Bread on the Waters (*Ad.*, Oct. 15); Value Received (*Ad.*, Feb. 1).
Davis, H. L., Flying Switch (*Col.*, Aug. 2).
Davis, J. Frank, Rainbow's End (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 11).
Davis, Legare, Sweet Chariot (*Hol.*, July).
Davis, Margaret, Career (*The Agora*, Sept.).
DeFord, Miriam Allen, Under the Oleander (*Every Week Magazine Page*, Nov. 30).
Delano, Edith Barnard, You've Got to Know How (*Col.*, Aug. 30).
Delmar, Viña, Close-Up (*L.*, Sept. 27); Forces (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 27).
Deutsch, Hermann B., The Pink Tea Champion (*Am.*, July).
De Voto, Bernard, The Precarious Attitudes of Robeson Ballou (*S. E. P.*, July 26); You Jack o' Diamonds (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 10); Civilized People (*R. B.*, May); Webersham: The Leland Affair (*S. E. P.*, May 2).
Dial, Patterson, Putty in a Woman's Hands (*Am.*, Feb.).
Dobie, Charles Caldwell, Illusion (*G. H.*, July).

Doherty, Edward, The Rap (*L.*, Nov. 22); A Pair of Stockings (*L.*, May 16).
Douglas, Marjory Stoneman, The House on Caroline Street (*C. T.*, July 6).
Driggs, Col. Laurence L., The Decoration (*R. B.*, Oct.).
Duganne, Phyllis, Beautiful and Dumb (*L.*, Dec. 13); Marry in Haste (*Col.*, Jan. 3).
Dunn, Violette Kimball, Playing Safe (*G. H.*, May).
Dwyer, James F., Love Among the Chimney Pots (*P. R.*, Feb.).

Eastman, Rebecca Hooper, The Perfect Stranger (*C. H.*, Dec.).
Edgar, Day, The Sucker (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 21).
Edgerton, Constance, The Girl Who Did Not Grow Up (*C. W.*, Nov.).
Egan, Cyril B., Spanish Castle (*C. W.*, Oct.).
Eliot, George F., Reprisal (*War*, July).
Ellerbe, Alma and Paul, West of Main Street (*McCall*, Mch.).
Ellsberg, Commander Edward, S—54 (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 11).
England, Elizabeth, The Buggy Ride (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 17); Penthouse (*D.*, May).
England, George Allan, Moriarty (*L.*, May 30).
Erskine, John, The Private Life of Pocahontas (*H. I. and C.*, Dec.).

Falstaff, Jake, Absolutely Square, (*Col.*, May 30).
Faulkner, William, Red Leaves (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 25).
Fellows, John, Pounding Feet (*T.*, First July No.).
Ferber, Edna, Meadow Lark (*H. I. and C.*, July).
Fisher, A. E., A Night at Sligo's (*Mid.*, Jan.-Feb.); A Fine Woman (*Mid.*, May).
Fitzgerald, F. Scott, The Bridal Party (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 9); A Woman with a Past (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 6); A Snobbish Story (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 29); The Hotel Child (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 31); Babylon Revisited (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 21); Indecision (*S. E. P.*, May 16).
Flanagan, Dorothy Belle, Hilda Jane (*C. H.*, Feb.).
Flynn, T. T., Skoal! (*S. S.*, Aug. 25); Valhalla (*S. S.*, Sept. 25); Breakaway (*S. S.*, Oct. 25).
Foree, Kenneth, Jr., Cotton Honor (*S. E. P.*, July 26); Red Cotton (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 17).
Fraser, Ferrin, "Pardon My Glove!" (*Smart Set*, July); Amuse the Lady! (*L. H. J.*, May).

Frisbie, Robert Dean, The Ghost of Alexander Perkins (*Atl.*, May).
Furniss, Ruth Pine, Triangle (*H. B.*, July).

Gale, Zona, Charity Comes Home (*W. H. C.*, Mch.).
Gelzer, Jay, The Perilous City (*Col.*, Aug. 9).
Gessner, Robert, Powwow (*Scr.*, Nov.).
Gilbert, Rodney, The Fragrant Worm (*L.*, Jan. 24).
Gilkyson, Phoebe H., The Light (*P. R.*, Feb.).
Gilpatric, Guy, The Missing Link (*S. E. P.*, July 5); Nach Paris! (*L.*, July 26); He Might Have Been a Rooshan (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 13); The Snyke in the Grass (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 25); The Bold Man of Dunvegan (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 8); Ghosts of Spain (*Col.*, Nov. 15); The Flaming Chariot (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 27); Cock o' the North (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 17); Darby and Jones (*Col.*, Mch. 21); Barking Dog (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 18); Free Publicity (*S. E. P.*, May 2); A Doll for the Maharanee (*L.*, May 9).
Givens, Colonel, The Poor Boy (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 20); Twilight Song (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 28).
Glass, Montague, He Never Had a Failure (*H. I. and C.*, Nov.).
Glenn, Isa, "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" (*H. B.*, Mch.).
Goldman, Raymond Leslie, Fifty-Eight Thousand Dollars (*Elks*, Apr.).
Gove, Carmony, Black Wireless (*S. S.*, Dec. 25).
Gowen, Emmett, Fiddlers of Moon Mountain (*P. R.*, Sept.); Hot Blood (*P. R.*, Jan.).
Green, Walton, The Two Matildas (*Elks*, Jan.).
Greene, L. Patrick, Allies (*Ad.*, Oct. 1).

Hale, Agnes Burke, The Stag at Eve (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 20).
Hall, Holworthy, Meet the Aunt (*H. I. and C.*, Nov.); Chorus (*S. E. P.*, May 30).
Hall, James Norman, Death on an Atoll (*Atl.*, Mch.).
Hallet, Richard Matthews, The Frigate (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 23).
Halper, Albert, Young Writer, Remembering Chicago (*Men.*, Nov.-Dec.).
Hamilton, Richard, A Pinch-Iron for Eugenie (*J. T.*, Aug. 1).
Hanlon, Brooke, The Blot on Bennersville (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 9); Man Crazy (*C. H.*, Dec.); Pattern (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 13).
Hanlon, John, The Mother (*Y.*, Aug.).

Hardin, Lelia, This Day a Stag Must Die (*C. W.*, Apr.).
Hatch, Eric, Dinner Guest (*Col.*, Aug. 16).
Haycox, Ernest, Dolorosa, Here I Come (*Col.*, Feb. 28).
Hayum, L. H., A Minister in the Making (*Y.*, July).
Hecht, Ben, Baby Milly and the Pharaoh (*S. E. P.*, July 12); The Champion from Far Away (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 9).
Held, John, Jr., Show Pony (*H. I. and C.*, July).
Hellman, Sam, Drawbridge (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 13); One a Minute (*S. E. P.*, May 23).
Hemingway, Ernest, Wine of Wyoming (*Scr.*, Aug.).
Herbst, Josephine, A Bad Blow (*Scr.*, July); As a Fair Young Girl (*Scr.*, Nov.).
Hergesheimer, Joseph, The Limestone Tree—The Long Hunter (*S. E. P.*, July 12); Lala Ottinger (*P. T.*, Aug.); Gammon (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 17); Fine Apparel (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 14).
Hess, Leonard, Man Hater (*D.*, July); The White Cabin (*H.*, Jan.).
Hillman, Gordon Malherbe, Gloucester Girl (*W. H. C.*, Jan.).
Hofman, Gibbs, Red Roses (*L.*, Sept. 13).
Hogue, Ellen, Teach Me the Music (*H. I. and C.*, Dec.).
Holland, Alma Boice, Hex Doctor (*W. W.*, Nov.).
Holt, George E., Basha's Treasure (*Ad.*, Mch. 15).
Holton, Priscilla, The Little Shepherd (*P. R.*, Dec.).
Hope, Edward, Fast Worker (*L.*, July 26); Sunrise (*L.*, Nov. 29); Ten Grains of Aspirin (*L.*, Feb. 21).
Hopper, James, Why Be Mean? (*W. H. C.*, July).
Howard, Robert E., The Children of the Night (*W. T.*, April-May).
Hoyt, Nancy, The Jewel (*H. B.*, Nov.).
Hughes, Rupert, The Ambassadress Dances (*H. B.*, Oct.).
Huston, McCready, Carrie (*H.*, Feb.); Cold Shoulders (*P. R.*, May).

Irwin, Will, Mr. Sunderland Says "No." (*Am.*, May).

Jacks, L. V., White Grapes (*Scr.*, Feb.).
Jackson, Margaret Weymouth, Perfectly Impersonal (*W. H. C.*, July); Professional (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 30); "This Way, Please" (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 13); A Hum in the Llamarada (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 27); Business Piano (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 11); The Stars in Their Courses (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 25); Blonde (*L. H. J.*, Feb.); Love Story (*McCall*, May); Not So Newfangled (*S. E. P.*, May 9).

Janis, Elsie, Texas Love (*R. B.*, Oct.).
Jenks, Almet, Midwinter (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 18).
Jerard, Elise, Oh, Lucky Star! (*P. R.*, Nov.).
John, William M., I-and-My (*L. H. J.*, Apr.).
Johnson, Dorothy Marie, Bonnie George Campbell (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 18).
Johnson, Nunnally, There Ought to Be a Law (*S. E. P.*, July 26); It's in the Blood (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 30); Women Have No Sense of Humor (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 13); The Lowest Form of Humor (*Am.*, Jan.); Dixie Belle (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 28).
Johnson, Owen, The 13th Hole (*Am.*, July); Handcuffed (*L.*, Oct. 4); Six Inches of Water (*H. B.*, Nov.).
Johnston, Mary, Lion Loose! (*L. H. J.*, Oct.); Doctor Barbary's Vision (*P. R.*, Dec.).
Jones, Eugene, Judgment (*L.*, May 2).
Jones, Paul, Yeah! Quackenbush! (*S. E. P.*, May 2).
Jones, Vara Macbeth, The Affectionate Nemesis (*C. W.*, Aug.).
Jordan, Elizabeth, Connie's Christmas Visit (*C. T.*, Dec. 28).
Josselyn, Talbert, The Finisher (*Col.*, May 23).

Kahler, Hugh MacNair, Help Yourself (*Col.*, Sept. 13); Just a Couple of Lambs (*Col.*, Oct. 25); City Simple (*Col.*, Dec. 6).
Keene, Faraday, Between Men (*Am.*, May).
Kelland, Clarence Budington, Brown Double-Breasted (*S. E. P.*, July 5); All in the Day's Work (*W. H. C.*, Sept.); Scattergood Takes a Shore Excursion (*Am.*, Oct.); By-Products (*L. H. J.*, Oct.); The Silver Jupiter (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 22); Scattergood Among the Old Masters (*Am.*, Dec.); The Spirit of Christmas (*L. H. J.*, Dec.); The Hypothesis of Artemis (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 6); The Greek Amphora (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 20); Dog Eat Dog (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 11); The Majority Rules (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 25); Of All Places (*Am.*, May).
Kemp, Harry, Don Juan's First Lesson (*Y.*, Dec.).
Kennedy, John B., Headwork (*Col.*, Dec. 20).
Kenyon, Theda, The House of the Golden Eyes (*W. T.*, Sept.).
Kerr, Sophie, The Good Cat Percy Perkins (*L. H. J.*, Jan.); Phony (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 7); The Best Joke (*S. E. P.*, May 23).
Kilbourne, Fannie, Dot Catches a Burglar (*Am.*, July); Men Are So Simple (*McCall*, Aug.); Lochinvar Does It Again! (*Am.*, Sept.); Love Won't Pay the Rent (*McCall*, May);

A Father Can't Win (*L. H. J.*, May); Ferd Was a Lamb (*S. E. P.*, May 9).

Kirk, R. G., The Mugger and the Shadow (*Col.*, Aug. 2); Mad Dog (*L.*, 27); Cinder Dump (*S. E. P.*, May 23).

Klahr, Evelyn Gill, Happiness through Crime (*W. H. C.*, Dec.).

Knight, Chatfield, Castaway, Set Sail (*Fr.*, Jan.).

Knowlton, Don, Red Larsen's Romance (*N. A. R.*, July).

Komroff, Manuel, The Arrest of Prince Basil (*Col.*, Oct. 4).

Kyne, Peter B., Blood Will Tell! (*H. I. and C.*, Sept.); The Goat of Private Hibbs (*R. B.*, Sept.); Soft Picking (*G. H.*, Oct.); Racing Luck (*R. B.*, Oct.); Miracles (*H. I. and C.*, Nov.); Money from Home (*H. I. and C.*, Jan.).

Lambert, Reita, Charlie Buys a Present for His Girl (*McCall*, July); Shopworn (*McCall*, May).

La Mountain, Marion, Eight Bells (*W. H. C.*, July).

Lane, Rose Wilder, A Man in the House (*G. H.*, Mch.).

Lardner, Ring, Words and Music (*G. H.*, Aug.).

Lea, Fanny Heaslip, Care American Express (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 18).

Lean, Cecil, The Devil's Slide (*Col.*, Sept. 20).

Lebar, John, Just a Habit (*H. I. and C.*, Feb.).

Leenhouts, Grant, Salt's Dream of Bliss (*P. T.*, Sept.-Oct.).

LeMay, Alan, Kindly Kick Out Bearer (*Col.*, Oct. 18).

Lester, William, "Tabby Cat" (*Cow.*, Mch.).

Lesueur, Meridel, Spring Story (*Scr.*, May).

Lewis, Sinclair, Noble Experiment (*H. I. and C.*, Aug.); Bongo (*H. I. and C.*, Sept.); Go East, Young Man (*H. I. and C.*, Dec.).

Lieferant, Henry and Sylvia, Cloth of Gold (*P. R.*, Mch.).

Lincoln, Joseph C., The Castaway (*G. H.*, Nov.).

Littell, Edmund M., Blood of a Foreign Crew (*Elks*, Aug.); Missing —One Ingot (*S. S.*, Oct. 25); Man Stuff (*S. S.*, Dec. 25).

Long, Frank Belknap, Jr., The Black Druid (*W. T.*, July).

Longstreth, T. Morris, The Nipper Napoleon (*Am.*, Dec.).

Lorimer, Graeme, The Brother from Mu (*P. R.*, Sept.).

Lorimer, Graeme and Sarah, Good Girl (*L. H. J.*, May).

Ludlam, George P., A Shot for Genevieve (*Hol.*, Dec.).

McCall, Mary, Jr., Subway Diamonds (*R. B.*, Oct.); Scandal (*P. R.*, Jan.); Cresseida Calls (*P. R.*, May).

McCallum, Mella Russell, Hearts and Charts (*C. T.*, May 17).

McKenna, Edward L., In Forty-eighth Street (*W. H. C.*, Sept.), Flying Birds (*L.*, Jan. 17); Knight Errant (*L.*, Mch. 7).

McMorrow, Thomas, 1930—Being a Chapter from an Ancient History of the Year 25,000 (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 20); King Gun (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 25); Bittersweet (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 6); Mother, It Is I (*S. E. P.*, May 2).

McMullen, Dysart, Mandarin's Head (*T.*, Second Sept. No.).

Mabie, Louise Kennedy, Hebe (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 17); Mrs. Cheever of New York (*S. E. P.*, May 23).

Macdonald, Hazel Christie, Tomorrow Always Comes (*Hol.*, July).

MacIsaac, Fred, Snug Harbor (*L.*, July 5); The Unscrupulous Young Lady (*L.*, Nov. 15).

Mackintosh, Charles Henry, Guardians of the Guavas (*W. T.*, Sept.).

Mahin, John Lee, Jr., Back to Glory (*L.*, Feb. 7).

Maize, Lillian Taft, Pepper Puts One Over (*W. W.*, May).

Malcom, George, The Last Laugh (*House*, Feb.).

Manning, Marie, Mr. Canning Escapes (*H. B.*, July).

March, William, Miss Daisy (*Pagany*, Spring).

Marks, Percy, Diamonds in the Daytime (*C. T.*, Nov. 9); One Swell Airedale (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 22).

Marquand, J. P., There Is a Destiny (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 8).

Marquis, Don, The Boy Who Made Good (*Col.*, Aug. 2); The Crack of Doom (*Col.*, Sept. 6); Not the Nicest People (*Col.*, Nov. 1); Goofy Gets out of a Jam (*Am.*, Jan.); Fed Up (*Col.*, Jan. 3); No Matter What They Think (*Col.*, Feb. 7).

Mason, Grace Sartwell, A Friend from Home (*W. H. C.*, May).

Mason, Travis, Viennese Caprice (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 8).

Mathison, Volney G., Alaskan Shanghai (*Ad.*, Feb. 1).

Mercein, Eleanor, The Faun (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 18); Inshallah (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 1); Légende (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 3).

Mersereau, John, The Stranger (*B. B.*, Sept.).

Michener, Carroll K., An Idyl of Antofagasta (*C. W.*, Nov.).

Miller, Alice Duer, One Emerald (*L. H. J.*, Dec.); Brown Hussy (*Am.*, Jan.).

Miller, Laura, Alone He Built It (*W. H. C.*, Sept.).

Miller, Warren Hastings, Camphor Island (*B. B.*, Feb.).

Mitchell, Ruth Comfort, Nothing Will Ever Happen to Me Again (*W. H. C.*, Aug.).

Montross, Lois Seyster, We View with Alarm (*P. R.*, July); The Romantic Husband (*R. B.*, Feb.).
Moore, David William, Mr. Tooby's Boys (*House*, Dec.).
Moore, Olga, With Love from Anne (*D.*, May).
Morgansmith, Walter, Deponent Sayeth Not (*Scr.*, Oct.).
Morris, Gouverneur, Snowed in at Baychester (*C. T.*, Mch. 1).
Mowery, William Byron, Pine Song (*Am.*, Dec.).
Mumford, Clara Dana, Conquest (*P. R.*, May).
Munro, Graham, The Real Thing (*Atl.*, Aug.).
Munyan, Arthur T., Beef Stew (*L.*, May 16).
Mygatt, Gerald, New Silhouette (*P. R.*, Sept.); Incognito (*P. R.*, Dec.).

Nason, Leonard H., Fishers of Men (*S. E. P.*, July 12); The Alguacil's Wife (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 13); The Covered Stairs (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 18); An Issue of Blankets (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 21); The X Boat (*S. E. P.*, May 2); A Night in the Hay (*S. E. P.*, May 30).
Neal, Bigelow, The Long Flight (*B. B.*, Feb.).
Neidig, William J., Matched Pearls (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 25); Maumee Pearls (*S. E. P.*, May 30).
Newsom, J. D., Duty (*Ad.*, Apr. 1).
Nicholson, Meredith, Moonlight on the Susquehanna (*H. I. and C.*, Dec.).
Norris, Kathleen, A Woman Who Could Not Be Tempted (*G. H.*, Sept.).
Norton, Roy, The Lonely Spring (*Pop.*, Mch.).

O'Donnell, E. P., Like a Man (*Col.*, May 23).
Olson, Ted, The World Beyond the Hills (*Fr.*, Nov.).
O'Neale, Albert Lindsay, Jr., The Chiropractor (*Am. Merc.*, Jan.).
O'Neil, George, What's This I Hear about the Duchess? (*W. H. C.*, 'ct.).
Orbison, Olive, The Willow Plate (*Hol.*, Aug.).
Orr, Edith, The Last Witness (*L.*, Nov. 8).
Overbeck, Alicia O'Reardon, The Penitent (*P. T.*, Aug.).

Parker, Maude, A Little Boat (*C. T.*, Oct. 19).
Parrott, Ursula, Love Affair (*C. H.*, Aug.); Meeting at Midnight (*L.*, May 23).

Parry, Richard Edward, Odessa, 1923 (*W. H. C.*, Apr.).
Partridge, Pauline, Happy Princess (*P. R.*, July).
Perry, Lawrence, Please Go to the Net (*L. H. J.* Aug.).
Perry, Ralph R., The Big Boss (*Ad.*, Oct. 15).
Petersen, Elizabeth Benneche, West Wind (*G. H.*, Sept.).
Peterson, Martin S., Harvester (*Fr.*, Nov.).
Pladwell, E. S., The Phantom Empire (*Ac.*, Nov.).
Poole, Ernest, Station T N T (*Am.*, July).
Portor, Laura Spencer, There's Something about Men (*W. H. C.*, Oct.).
Post, Mary Brinker, Holiday (*Fr.*, Mch.).
Post, Melville Davisson, The White Patch (*Am.*, Sept.); The Passing of Mooney (*R. D. T.*, Jan.).
Putnam, Nina Wilcox, The Terrible Jam (*S. E. P.*, July 19); There Is So Justice (*W. H. C.*, Jan.).

Quail, Ann, Sweet Innocents (*P. R.*, Feb.)

Reed, Leighton, There Was a War! (*L.*, May 9).
Reyher, Ferdinand, Johnny on the Spot (*Elks*, Sept.).
Rhodes, Eugene Manlove, Maid Most Dear (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 16).
Rice, Laverne, Just One Great Love (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 7).
Richardson, Norval, Fruit Out of Season (*P. R.*, Jan.).
Rogers, Bogart, They Say It's Golf (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 11); September 23d (*L.*, Feb. 7); Only God Can Make a Tree (*C. T.*, Apr. 5).
Roof, Katharine Metcalf, A Million Years After (*W. T.*, Nov.).
Ross, Virgilia Peterson, Honesty (*Scr.*, Dec.).
Runyon, Damon, Butch Minds the Baby (*Col.*, Sept. 13); The Lily of St. Pierre (*Col.*, Dec. 20); The Brain Goes Home (*H. I. and C.*, May).
Rutledge, Maryse, All Expenses Paid (*H. B.*, Oct.); The Little Man of Bon Dieu (*D.*, Feb.).
Ryan, Stella, Eve of Departure (*P. R.*, July); Little White Dog (*G. H.*, Jan.); Fighting Blook (*W. H. C.*, Feb.); Separate and Alone (*W. H. C.*, Mch.).

St. Bernard, Helen, The Quality of Mercy (*W. W.*, May).
St. Johns, Adela Rogers, Show Me My Rival (*L.*, Jan. 17).
St. Mars, F., Satin and Scimitars (*Ad.*, Mch. 15).

Sanborn, Ruth Burr, The Whole Truth (*Col.*, July 12); The Wagon and the Star (*Col.*, Sept. 20); Drop in Any Time (*W. H. C.*, May).
Sangster, Margaret, Very Little Difference (*D.*, Jan.).
Sass, Herbert Ravenel, Captain Africa (*Col.*, Sept. 6); Wild Swan (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 11).
Saunders, John Monk, The Episode of the Little Stone Hearts (*L.*, Dec. 13).
Saunders, Lawrence, Sly Puss! (*L.*, Sept. 27).
Scott, Evelyn, The Lover (*Scr.*, Oct.).
Shannon, Robert Terry, Teach Me to Swim (*Col.*, July 19).
Sheean, Vincent, Violette (*H.*, Aug.); Banco (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 28).
Sherwood, Robert E., Romance in Purple (*P. R.*, Nov.).
Sholl, Anna McClure, Safety (*C. W.*, July).
Shumway, Harry Irving, The Young Verminologists (*House*, Dec.); The Good Ship Ozonia (*House*, Feb.).
Simko, Michael V., Tin Magic (*C. W.*, Mch.).
Simpson, Robert, The Left Hand of Bendi (*Ad.*, Feb. 15).
Slesinger, Tess, The Friedmans' Annie (*Men.*, Mch.).
Smith, A. de Herries, North Bounty (*Ad.*, Feb. 15).
Smith, Faith Ellen, Beauty (*House*, Aug.).
Smith, Gordon Arthur, Ruin (*H.*, July).
Snody, Allan, Red, White and Green (*McCall*, July).
Somerville, A. W., Gravy Train (*Ad.*, July 15); Muddlers of Public Opinion (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 23); On One Side (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 28).
Speare, Dorothy, Studiopidity (*L. H. J.*, Feb.).
Spears, Raymond S., Preferred to Trial (*Ad.*, July 1).
Sprunt, Alexander, Jr., Hell Cat (*Am.*, Aug.); The Silver Stranger (*Hol.*, Nov.).
Squier, Emma-Lindsay, Don Constanzio Dares! (*Col.*, Oct. 18); The Golden Prison (*G. H.*, Nov.).
Stait, Virginia, In India Ink: Memsahib (*Westm.*, Dec.).
Steele, Wilbur Daniel, The Hills of Heaven (*G. H.*, Jan.).
Stevens, James, Timber Fighter (*Elks*, Feb.).
Stock, Ralph, The Long Arm (*Hol.*, Sept.).
Stone, Elinore Cowan, The Gritty Little Devil (*Am.*, July).
Swain, John D., Beans (*T.*, First Jan. No.).
Swet, Pearl Norton, To the Far Ports (*W. W.*, Feb.).
Synon, Mary, It's All in a Summer (*G. H.*, Sept.); What Would You Do? (*R. B.*, Feb.).

Tarkington, Booth, Carola's Causes (*H. I. and C.*, Aug.).
Tarleton, Fiswoode, Hill Magic (*Ad.*, Feb. 1).
Taylor, Katharine Haviland, His Folks (*Am.*, Mch.).
Terhune, Albert Payson, A Hero Named Chips (*L. H. J.*, Nov.); Chips for Ransom (*L. H. J.*, Feb.); "The Very Strong Man, Kwasind" (*Elks*, May).
Terhune, Anice, A Flyer in Pearls (*Atl.*, Oct.).
Terrill, Lucy Stone, The Project (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 13).
Thomason, Captain John W., Jr., Woman's Reason (*H. I. and C.*, Nov.).
Thompson, Graham, Squaring the Circle (*Ad.*, Sept. 1).
Thurber, James, The Remarkable Case of Mr. Bruhl (*N. Y.*, Nov. 15).
Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor, The Come-Back (*Am.*, Oct.); One Big Family (*L. H. J.*, Nov.); Three Rooms and Bath (*W. H. C.*, Jan.); Yimmy Yohnson (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 7).
Torgerson, Edwin Dial, Rough Roads in Heaven (*McCall*, Aug.); Son-in-Law (*L.*, Jan. 31).
Train, Arthur, The House That Tutt Built (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 7).
Troy, Elizabeth, The China Pig (*C. T.*, Oct. 26).

Upson, William Hazlett, The New Model (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 23); Technical Stuff (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 6); In the Enemy's Country (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 11); Horse Play (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 6); We're Going to Ruin the Lower Classes (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 24).

Vance, John Frazier, Stand-Up (*C. L.*, May).
Van de Water, Frederic F., Private Settlement (*Col.*, July 19).
Van Slyke, Lucille, When Your Lamp Burns Down (*C. T.*, Nov. 16).
Volney, Dex, Ocean's Law (*S. S.*, Oct. 25); The Long Trek (*Ac.*, Apr.).
Vorse, Mary Heaton, The Romantic Man (*H.*, Oct.).

Walker, Ewing, The Side-Purse (*B. B.*, Feb.).
Walker, Isabel, Leading Strings (*All-Story*, Dec. 27).
Waltner, Ruland V. E., Scarred (*C. W.*, July).
Ward, Millard, A Gentleman's Agreement (*Col.*, Feb. 14).
Ware, Edmund, Vagabond (*Am.*, Jan.).
Warren, Dale, Father and Son (*House*, May).

Wasson, Mildred, The Cross-Roads (*Scr.*, Oct.).
Watkins, Mary F., Love Song of Bavaria (*D.*, Mch.).
Wead, Frank, Gilroy and Son (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 6).
Weber, Leonora Mattingly, What Is It the Mom Does? (*G. H.*, July); A Hug-Me-Tight with Sleeves (*G. H.*, May).
Weiman, Rita, Tragic Eyes (*L.*, May 2).
Wertenbaker, Charles, You Can Have the Turkey (*S. E. P.*, May 23).
Weston, George, Jailbirds of Paradise (*Col.*, Oct. 11); Girl Missing (*Col.*, Dec. 6); Gallant Gentleman (*H. I. and C.*, Jan.); Let's Get Married (*Col.*, May 9).
Wetjen, Albert Richard, On the Beach (*Col.*, Aug. 23); The Error (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 24); A Family Affair (*S. E. P.*, May 16).
Wharton, Edith, Pomegranate Seed (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 25).
White, Ared, The Duel at Charleville (*Ad.*, Dec. 1); Devil Buster (*Ad.*, Feb. 15).
White, Nelia Gardner, The Song of Marydee (*Hol.*, Dec.); Mama's Boy (*P. R.*, Dec.).
White, Stewart Edward, The Long Rifle—The Grandmother (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 20).
Wilde, Hagar, Sardines and Boned Chicken (*Col.*, Sept. 13); Taxi Ride (*Col.*, Oct. 11); Don't Wait Upon Me (*Col.*, Oct. 18); Reckless Driving (*Col.*, Nov. 29); Kansas Kid (*Col.*, Jan. 24); Too Many Smiths (*Col.*, Feb. 28); That Egg (*Col.*, May 16).
Wiley, Dwight Mitchell, John Had a Complex (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 6); The Putt Putt Country Club (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 17).
Wiley, Hugh, The Copper Mask (*S. E. P.*, July 19); The Smile of Kwan Yin (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 20); Microphony (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 31); The Lighted Path (*H. I. and C.*, Apr.).
Wilkinson, Max, Money on the Boy (*Elks*, July).
Williams, Ben Ames, The Wild Calf (*S. E. P.*, July 19); Guesswork (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 30); Adventure (*Elks*, Oct.); The Fog Blew over the Mountain (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 6); Cash in Hand (*S. E. P.*, May 2).
Wilson, Forrest, October Occupancy (*H. B.*, May).
Wimberly, Lowry Charles, White Man's Town (*F.*, Mch.).
Winslow, Horatio, Old Pal (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 2); Golden Words (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 20); To Be Continued (*S. E. P.*, May 9); The Seer of Sunny Seville (*S. E. P.*, May 23).
Winsmore, Robert, But Tomorrow! (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 23).

Woodrow, Mrs. Wilson, and Waddell, C. C., Atchison Always Wins! (*Col.*, Aug. 16).
Woolrich, Cornell, Soda-Fountain Saga (*L.*, Oct. 11).
Worts, George F., No More Tomatoes (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 16); The Heart of a Cameraman (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 6); The Breaks in the Game (*S. E. P.*, Oct. 4); The Pink Elephant (*S. S.*, Oct. 25).
Wright, Sewell Peaslee, Man-wise (*Am.*, Nov.).
Wylie, Philip, Maid of Manhattan (*R. B.*, Dec.); The Rest Must Perish (*L.*, Apr. 4); Twenty Cigarettes (*L.*, May 23).

Yost, Charles, Holiday (*Scr.*, July).

LIST III

Stories ranking third:

Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell, Seated One Day at the Organ (*W. H. C.*, Mch.).
Adams, Maria Platt, 'Twixt Cup and Lip (*Snappy Stories*, Feb.).
Addington, Sarah, Triangle (*D.*, Nov.); Sooner or Later (*D.*, Apr.).
Akers, Arthur K., You Can't Argue with the Evidence (*B. B.*, Oct.); The Royal Robe of Office (*R. B.*, Dec.); Five Rounds to Live (*B. B.*, Feb.); Crisis in Clairvoyance (*R. B.*, Feb.).
Allen, John, Escape (*S. S.*, Sept. 10).
Allen, Sally Elliott, In League with the Stars (*Fr.*, Mch.).
Altschuler, Alice, Apartment Vacant (*Hol.*, Mch.).
Anderton, Seven, Red to the Rescue (*B. B.*, Sept.).
Annixter, Paul, Off the Make (*C. H.*, Sept.); The Vanishing Herds (*Hol.*, Oct.); Square All Round (*L.*, Oct. 4); The Trade Rat's Santa Claus (*T.*, First Jan. No.); Deer-Slayer (*L.*, Jan. 31); Dust Devil (*T.*, First Feb. No.).
Anthony, Norman, The Mind-the-Taint Girl (*H. I. and C.*, Oct.); Love Hazard (*H. I. and C.*, May).
Aswell, James, Bacardi Bride (*C. H.*, Sept.); Baby Be Good (*C. H.*, Dec.); Temperature—Air 76° Water 64° (*C. H.*, May).
Atlee, Benge, The Camels Are Coming! (*War*, Mch.).
Augsburg, Paul Deresco, The Grand Old Man (*C. T.*, Nov. 23); The Grief Hound (*W. H. C.*, Dec.).
Autumn, Anthony, No Escape (*War*, Sept.).
Avery, Stephen Morehouse, Synthetic Honeymoon (*Col.*, Aug. 23).

Baldwin, Faith, Chorus Man (*C. H.*, Nov.).
Ballard, Todhunter, Was She a Honey? (*C. H.*, Sept.).
Ballou, Robert, Don't Be a Girl Like That (*R. B.*, Dec.).
Banister, Mayell, Marriage by Contract (*P. R.*, Oct.).
Banning, Margaret Culkin, Tears in Her Cup (*Am.*, July); An Honest Penny (*Smart Set*, July); The Lipstick Mood (*L. H. J.*, Aug.); The Beautiful Goose Girl (*L. H. J.*, Mch.); A Cent a Point (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 14); Love Letter (*R. B.*, Apr.).
Bargelt, Louise, Reason for Pursuit (*Y.*, May).
Barker, S. Omar, Borrowed Tracks (*Cow.*, Aug.); The Grizzly Graplers (*Cow.*, Feb.); Songbird Hoskins (*Western Adventures*, May).
Bartlett, Virginia Stivers, Heart Money (*Touring Topics*, Dec.).
Beach, Rex, Black Pearls (*H. I. and C.*, Mch.).
Beatty, Belle, The Governor's Lady (*Y.*, Nov.).
Beatty, Jerome, It's the Cats (*C. T.*, Aug. 10); A Bracelet for Maribell (*Col.*, Oct. 25); I Can't Understand Marriage (*Col.*, Nov. 15); She Got off at Albuquerque (*Col.*, Jan. 17); She Who Got Spanked (*Col.*, Feb. 14).
Bechdolt, Frederick, The Man in the Yellow Cab (*B. B.*, Oct.).
Bedford-Jones, H., The Last Imposture (*Clues*, Second Oct. No.); Siamese Gold (*S. S.*, May 25).
Beer, Thomas, Modesty (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 10); Thirty-Five Minutes (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 14).
Belitt, Ben, Tzo-Lin's Nightingales (*W. T.*, Feb.-Mch.).
Bellah, James Warner, Believe It or Not (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 7).
Benjamin, Rose F., She Shall Rule (*Hunter College Echo*, Nov.).
Bentham, Josephine, Just at That Age (*W. H. C.*, Nov.).
Bercovici, Konrad, Song of the Eagle (*L.*, Mch. 28); Wisdom of the Desert (*D.*, May).
Bernstein, Abraham, All in the Night's Work (*Col.*, Jan. 17).
Bird, Will R., Beyond the Wire (*Col.*, Apr. 11); Kind to Dogs (*War*, May).
Bliss, Tip, Aw, Tripe! (*War*, Mch.).
Blochman, L. G., An Overt Act (*Ad.*, Apr. 1); Flashlight (*Ad.*, Apr. 15).
Blood, Leighton H., Siwash Charlie (*Pop.*, Mch.).
Boone, Charles M., Voodoo Haitienne (*Excitement*, July).
Borden, Captain Frederic, Out of Papua (*Far East Adventure Stories*, Oct.).

Boyd, Thomas, Bright-Faced Danger (*Col.*, Apr. 25).
Brackett, Charles, What Have You? (*S. E. P.*, July 19).
Bradford, Roark, True Love Tracks (*Col.*, Apr. 4).
Bragin, Moe, Cake (*Mid.*, Jan.-Feb.).
Braley, Berton, Breaking Home Ties (*W. W.*, Sept.); The Altering of Abigal (*W. W.*, Dec.).
Brand, Anna, The Honor of Benito (*G. H.*, Apr.).
Brand, Max, The Golden Day (*L.*, Apr. 25).
Braue, Frederick, Home Talent (*C. H.*, Aug.).
Bray, W. D., The Man Who Chased Himself (*B. M.*, May).
Brennan, Frederick Hazlitt, God's Gift to Women (*L.*, July 19); Baseball's Bad Boy (*R. B.*, Sept.); Eye of the Beholder (*Col.*, Oct. 4); Then She Met the Navy (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 10); The Jet Black Sheep (*Col.*, Feb. 7); The Heart Hazard (*Col.*, Feb. 21).
Brewer, Gil, Bullets or Bayonets (*Ac.*, Feb.).
Briggs, John, Men Never Die Twice (*S. S.*, Sept. 25).
Bromley, Al, The Twelve Cobras (*R. D. T.*, May).
Brooks, George S., All Fixed Up (*L.*, Feb. 21); Mrs. Jungle Smith (*L.*, May 23).
Brooks, Jonathan, Cupid on Cleats (*C. L.*, Winter No.).
Brown, Beatrice Bradshaw, A Heart for a Purse (*P. R.*, Oct.).
Brown, Guthrie, Rights (*Ad.*, Dec. 15).
Brown, Royal, The Count of Nine (*H. I. and C.*, July); His Private Practice (*McCall*, July).
Buckley, F. R., One-Man Sheriff (*Col.*, Feb. 21).
Burgess, Gelett, Riches to Rags (*Am.*, Nov.).
Burnet, Dana, It's Just Life (*Col.*, Dec. 27); Patient Number Thirteen (*Col.*, Mch. 14).
Burnett, W. R., Between Rounds (*Col.*, Aug. 30).
Burt, Katharine Newlin, Bitter Sweet (*McCall*, July).
Burtis, Thomson, The Game (*Ad.*, Oct. 15).
Butler, Bret, The Boss at Point Louis (*T.*, May 15 No.).
Butts, Walter E., Jr., Tamarack (*House*, Sept.).

Caffrey, Andrew A., The Million Dollar Shirt (*Ad.*, Nov. 15).
Cameron, Anne, Slippery Road (*S. E. P.*, Sept. 20); The Snipe Hunters (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 24); Corpus Delicti (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 11); The Wedding Party (*S. E. P.*, May 9).
Campbell, Evelyn Murray, Fruit (*Hol.*, Oct.); Father's Son (*C. T.*, Apr. 12).

Carleton, Warren Elliott, Swordsmen of the Deep (*T.*, First Jan. No.); Hoof and Claw (*T.*, May 1st No.).
Carlin, John, Outside (*Excitement*, July).
Carr, Robert V., The Bridge of a Thousand Backs (*Ad.*, July 1).
Carrington, Elaine Sterne, Fifty-Odd (*G. H.*, Feb.).
Carroll, Gladys Hasty, Seven Weeks After (*House*, Aug.).
Carse, Robert, Man Power (*Ad.*, Mch. 1).
Cary, Lucian, Food After Midnight (*Col.*, Dec. 13); What New York Is Really Like (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 11).
Cassidy, Bart, Gunman's Rep (*Ac.*, Sept.).
Caulfeild, Hester, Men Have to Be Shown (*G. H.*, Aug.).
Cave, Hugh B., Bring Me His Blood! (*S. S.*, Nov. 25); The Thirty Swords (*S. S.*, May 10).
Chamberlain, Wm., Faces Forward (*S. S.*, Apr. 10).
Chambers, Canby, Noon Chimes (*C. T.*, Sept. 21).
Chambers, Maria Christina, A Son of the Tropics (*House*, Jan.).
Chambers, Whitman, Officers and Gentlemen (*Snappy Stories*, Feb.)
Christensen, R. Craig, A Peanut Diet (*Cow.*, Apr.).
Chunn, Culpeper, Old Bill and the Polekitty (*Cow.*, Sept.).
Clarage, Eleanor, Episode (*Snappy Stories*, Feb.).
Clausen, Carl, Gall of the Wild (*The Pocket Magazine*, Dec.).
Coates, Grace Stone, Stubborn Thistles (*Mid.*, Jan.-Feb.).
Coe, Charles Francis, A Gentle Sock on the Jaw (*H. I. and C.*, Sept.); Flowers (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 4).
Cohen, Octavus Roy, The Circuit Writer's Wife (*Col.*, Aug. 9); Last Resort (*McCall*, Sept.); Step Brothers (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 15); Fly Paper (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 11).
Cole, Hilda Stanley, He Was an Idle Gentleman (*C. H.*, Mch.).
Collins, Nancy, Street of the Red Lanterns (*Y.*, May).
Condon, Frank, Some Do and Some Don't (*Col.*, July 12); The Lady Who Never Got Tired (*Col.*, Jan. 10); Travel's So Broadening (*Col.*, Feb. 14); Max and Min (*Col.*, Feb. 28).
Connell, Richard, Sacrifice Hit (*Col.*, Aug. 30); Humble Pye (*C. H.*, Nov.); Regular Fellows (*S. E. P.*, May 23).
Connor, Glenn A., Cowman Jim (*Cow.*, Apr.).
Cooper, James T., After Many Days (*Y.*, July).
Corbett, Elizabeth, The Four Leaf Clover (*W. H. C.*, Dec.).
Corliss, Allene S., Call Melrose 7800 (*McCall*, Nov.); Kiss and Run Away (*McCall*, Mch.).
Corning, Kyle, Silent Code (*D. S. M.*, Oct. 25).

Cranston, Claudia, The Ready-to-Wear (*G. H.*, Jan.); Only a Contingent (*G. H.*, Mch.); C. O. D. (*G. H.*, May).
Craven, Margaret, String Bean (*D.*, Mch.); Hollyhock Lane (*Am.*, Apr.).
Crawford, Griff, Regulation 415-A (*S. S.*, Jan. 25).
Creel, George, Wild Geese (*Col.*, Jan. 17).
Cross, Ewart C., The Dive to Doom (*Ac.*, May).
Cruickshank, Harold, Stretcher Bearer (*War*, Apr.).
Cunningham, Eugene, Border Guns (*B. M.*, Nov.); The Tejanito (*Ac.*, Feb.).
Cunningham, Louis Arthur, The Fall of David (*C. L.*, Winter No.); Men Never Tell (*C. L.*, May).

Dacolta, Ramon, Enough Rope (*B. M.*, July).
Daingerfield, Foxhall, The Unknown Quantity (*L.*, Apr. 4).
Dale, Thea, His Son (*Y.*, Aug.).
Dale, Virginia, The Girl in the Window (*R. B.*, Jan.); His Little Affair (*H. I. and C.*, Feb.); Love in a Lift (*H. I. and C.*, May).
Dalmas, Herbert, Not for Love (*L.*, Oct. 18).
Daly, Carroll John, Black Turns White (*D. S. M.*, Aug. 16).
Davenport, Hal, Men of the Mississipp' (*S. S.*, Dec. 25).
Davies, Oma Almona, Infernal Complications (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 4).
Davis, Elmer, Free Soil (*R. B.*, Sept.); Dying Gladiator (*Col.*, Sept. 6); They Drew the Line (*L.*, Nov. 22); The Label (*Elks*, Mch.); Mr. Peters Makes His Train (*Col.*, Apr. 18).
Davis, Martha King, Jade Earrings (*Hol.*, Aug.).
Day, Houston, Song of Hate (*War*, Sept.).
Dazey, Frank Mitchell, "Plus ca Change——" (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 14).
Dearden, Harold, They're Never Too Old to Love (*H. I. and C.*, Jan.).
De Bra, Lemuel, The Clue of La Mano Nera (*B. B.*, Oct.).
De Forest, Mary Ann, The Other Woman (*Y.*, Sept.).
DeHuff, Elizabeth Willis, Maria Santissima (*Hol.*, Mch.).
Dellinger, E. S., Home Is the Boomer (*Ad.*, Apr. 15).
Delmar, Viña, The Age of Chiselry (*L.*, Aug. 30); Does He Get the Girl? (*L.*, Nov. 8); The Lavender Limousine (*C. H.*, Mch.).
De Polo, Harold, Too Wet (*D. F. W.*, Aug. 30).
Detzer, Karl W., Smoke Eater (*S. S.*, Aug. 10); The Dog's Bark (*S. S.*, Sept. 10); The Demon's Daughter (*Elks*, Nov.);

Boatline (*S. S.*, Nov. 25); The Getaway Job (*Ad.*, Dec. 1); Arson Squad (*S. S.*, Jan. 25); The Fire Racket (*Ad.*, Mch. 1); Salvage (*S. S.*, May 25).

DeVoto, Bernard, Back Bay Nights (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 15); The Frivial Wick (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 28).

Dinsmore, Reg, Covered Tracks (*T.*, Apr. 1st No.).

Dockstader, Charlotte, Spud McGee's Danger Signal (*D. S. M.*, Aug. 2); Grave Evidence (*D. S. M.*, Aug. 16).

Doherty, Edward, The Woman Hunt (*L.*, Oct. 18).

Donahey, Mary Dickerson, The Mysterious Banditts (*Hol.*, Oct.).

Donahue, Jack, The Last Letters of a Hoofer (*H. I. and C.*, Jan.).

Donald, Paul, Bitter Spring (*C. L.*, Winter No.).

Donegan, Sylvia E., Success (*C. W.*, Dec.).

Dow, Dorothy, Ritz Man (*R. B.*, Aug.).

Drummond, Dave, He Was My Pal (*War*, Apr.).

Du Bois, Theodora, When in Paris Be Gay! (*P. R.*, Oct.).

Duganne, Phyllis, The Return of the Prodigal (*R. B.*, Jan.).

Dunn, Violette Kimball, Four Goes into Twos (*G. H.*, Feb.).

Du Soe, Bob, We Are Legionnaires! (*War*, Apr.).

Edholm, Charlton L., Death Grins Beyond That Door (*Excitement*, Oct.); "Modern" Smith, Cloudbuster (*T.*, May 1st No.).

Ellerbe, Alma, Six Blocks Away (*W. W.*, Feb.).

Elston, Allan Vaughan, He Held the Bag (*Ad.*, Aug. 1); Booked for Murder (*Ad.*, Jan. 1).

Erskine, John, But What About Mrs. Paul Revere? (*H. I. and C.*, Apr.).

Erskine, Laurie York, Mother Fear (*L. H. J.*, Jan.); With the Best Intentions (*Col.*, Mch. 14).

Evans, Ida M., Little Wren (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 28); The Boss's Daughter (*H. I. and C.*, May).

Fairbanks, Marion Lyon, Burned Out (*Y.*, May).

Farley, Mark, Licking Vengeance (*D. S. M.*, Oct. 25).

Farrell, Cliff, Checkered Flag (*S. S.*, May 10).

Fellows, John, Net Results (*T.*, First Sept. No.); Fighter's Choice (*T.*, Apr. 1st No.); The Cinder Test (*T.*, Apr. 15th No.); Ring Test (*T.*, May 15th No.).

Ferguson, Blanche Smith, Big-Big (*House*, Dec.).

Fist, Gladys, Pick-Up (*C. L.*, Winter No.).

Fitzgerald, F. Scott and Zelda, Poor Working Girl (*C. H.*, Jan.).

Fitzpatrick, Collins, Little Lady of Poverty Street (*C. W.*, May).
Flagg, Francis, The Picture (*W. T.*, Feb.-Mch.).
Flynn, T. T., Honor Roll (*S. S.*, Aug. 10); The Water Cure (*S. S.*, Mch. 25).
Folda, Olga, The Dowry (*Pr. S.*, Fall).
Footner, Hulbert, Captain (*L.*, July 12).
Ford, Corey, Sailor, Beware! (*Col.*, May 2).
Ford, T. W., Son of Texan (*Ac.*, Aug.).
Fortescue, Granville, Little Sister (*L.*, Jan. 24).
Fraser, Ferrin, The Deadline (*R. D. T.*, Aug.); Gangster's Wife (*Col.*, Aug. 23).
Freeman, C. A., Man Hunter (*Ac.*, May).

Gale, Zona, Holly at the Window (*Col.*, Dec. 27).
Gardiner, Lieutenant Edgar, The Galley Slave (*W. T.*, Jan.).
Gayden, Forest, Steel and Pearls (*S. S.*, Sept. 10).
Gelzer, Jay, They Make a Fine Couple (*G. H.*, Nov.); Little Ann (*G. H.*, Apr.).
Gery, R. V., Finnegan (*Ad.*, Apr. 15).
Gilbert, Morris, Portuguese North (*Scr.*, Mch.).
Gilkyson, Walter, Contempt of Court (*N. A. R.*, Jan.).
Gilpatric, Guy, The Long Grind (*Col.*, Nov. 8); Odds and Ends (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 7); Air-Minded (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 21).
Gleason, Mildred, The Chaste Mrs. Wentworth (*Y.*, May).
Gordon, Homer King, Death in the Hole (*S. S.*, Dec. 25).
Gove, Carmony, He-Man Stuff (*S. S.*, May 10); Top Man (*S. S.*, Apr. 25).
Graf, Nelly M., The Sentence (*American Cookery*, Mch.).
Gray, Mary, Forgiveness (*Y.*, Oct.); Doubling for Richard (*Y.*, May).
Green, Walton, The Gentleman Adjuster (*Elks*, Dec.).
Greene, L. Patrick, Men (*Ad.*, Apr. 1); One Man's Flag (*Ad.*, Mch. 15).
Greene, Ward, Caravan to Mecca (*Am. Merc.*, Mch.).
Gregory, A. S., Fallen Eagle (*Pop.*, Mch.).
Griffin, Earl, Submarine Sauce (*Ac.*, Mch.).
Gurnee, Odgers T., They'll Come Shooting (*Col.*, Jan. 17); Moonlight on the Water (*Col.*, Apr. 11).

Hadley, Irene, "Escape" (*M. H. L.*, Feb.).
Hadley, Iris, Sing-Song Girl (*Y.*, Sept.).

Hale, Agnes Burke, Doubles Is a Better Game (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 27); Heart Trouble (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 18).
Hallett, Richard Matthews, Tumble Down Dick (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 13).
Hamilton, Edmond, Pigmy Island (*W. T.*, Aug.); The Mind-Master (*W. T.*, Oct.); The Horror City (*W. T.*, Feb.-Mch.); Ten Million Years Ahead (*W. T.*, Apr.-May).
Hamilton, H. M., Once a Gentleman (*Snappy Stories*, Feb.).
Hancock, Alice Passano, Waiting Room (*Fr.*, May).
Hanlon, Brooke, The Gift (*W. H. C.*, Nov.).
Hanlon, John, Punishment (*Y.*, Nov.).
Harrington, Joseph, Footloose Goes Astray (*B. M.*, Sept.).
Harris, Foster, Murder Merchants (*S. S.*, Feb. 10); The Oil Pup (*S. S.*, Mch. 10); Horse Driller (*S. S.*, May 25).
Hatch, Alden, Through the Ceiling (*W. H. C.*, Aug.).
Hatch, Eric, Dinner Guest (*Col.*, Aug. 16).
Hatton, Frederic and Fanny, The Baby Racket (*Snappy Stories*, Feb.).
Held, John, Jr., The Wearin' o' the Green (*H. I. and C.*, Oct.).
Hellman, Sam, Point of Contact (*R. B.*, Aug.); Old Hole in One (*S. E. P.*, Aug. 9); Point with Pride! (*R. B.*, Sept.); Slicing through Georgia (*R. B.*, Jan.); Films and Flapjacks (*R. B.*, Feb.); What Is This Thing Called Love? (*R. B.*, Mch.).
Hendryx, James B., The Wrong Man (*S. S.*, Aug. 25); After Many Years (*S. S.*, Nov. 10).
Hill, Grimes, The Kill (*B. M.*, Mch.); The Spot and the Lady (*B. M.*, May).
Hill, James L., The Lid to Hell (*S. S.*, Apr. 10).
Hill, Weston, What Price Medals (*R. B.*, Feb.).
Hilton, Francis W., Heel Flies (*Cow.*, July).
Hoag, Doane R., Crown Fire (*S. S.*, Feb. 25).
Hobart, Donald Bayne, Orchid of the Moon God (*T.*, Second Aug. No.).
Hogue, Alexandre, Dave Cantry's Dog (*Hol.*, July).
Hohoff, Tay, The Longest Day (*W. H. C.*, July).
Holland, Alma Boice, The Surgeon (*W. W.*, July).
Holmes, Janet A., Jeffrey Stalks a Lion (*C. H.*, Nov.).
Hood, Esther M., The Specter of Van Norden (*C. W.*, Mch.).
Hope, Edward, In a Big Way (*L. H. J.*, Feb.); Paradise Regained (*H. B.*, Mch.).

Hopkins, Tom J., The Coffin Filler (*Ac.*, Apr.); Trigger Talk (*Ac.*, May).
Hopper, James, Wags (*W. H. C.*, Nov.).
Hopper, Lieut. John, Sergeant Hardboiled (*T.*, Apr. 1st No.).
Houghland, Wright, Man's Size (*T.*, May 15th No.).
Hovey, Priscilla, Seven League Boots (*W. W.*, Nov.).
Huddleston, Blanche, Expressing Her Type (*House*, May).
Hughes, Llewellyn, Heartbreak (*L.*, Apr. 25).
Hume, Cyril, Roué (*C. H.*, Sept.).
Huse, Harry G., The Joke (*Ad.*, Aug. 15).

Ingram, John Burke, To Be Hanged (*S. S.*, Feb. 25); The Three Uncles (*R. D. T.*, Apr.).
Irvine, Bryan, Three Minutes to Go (*D. S. M.*, Aug. 16).
Irwin, Wallace, The World's Worst Sweetheart (*P. R.*, Mch.); Very Old People (*P. R.*, May).
Irwin, Will, Faithful Fido (*L.*, Apr. 11).

Jackson, Evalene Parsons, The Dark Boy (*Pr. S.*, Fall).
Jackson, Margaret Weymouth, The Soul's Necessity (*C. T.*, July 27); Mortar and Pestle (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 25); A Canary in a Sock (*W. H. C.*, May).
Jacot, B. L., A Party in the Park (*Col.*, May 2).
James, Francis, Pearls of Loot (*Ac.*, Oct.).
Jamieson, M. C., Them Was the Days (*S. S.*, May 10).
Janis, Elsie, Perfect Confidence (*L.*, Jan. 3).
Jarrell, Sanford, The Sixteenth Hole (*Pop.*, Mch.).
Jeffries, Hugh, The Dust of Death (*W. T.*, Apr.-May).
Jenkins, Ainslee, Men of Steel (*W. T.*, Dec.).
Jepson, Edgar and Margaret, Mr. Amagee Vaccinates (*Hol.*, Oct.).
Jerard, Elise, King of Hearts (*P. R.*, Apr.).
Johnson, Dorothy Marie, Highways Are Happy Ways (*Fr.*, Mch.).
Johnson, Nunnally, A Woman at the Wheel (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 27); Nightmare (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 4).
Johnson, Owen, It Can Happen in Boston (*H. B.*, Jan.).
Jones, Paul, The Things of a Child (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 18).

Kahler, Hugh MacNair, Just Dumb Enough (*Col.*, Mch. 28).
Kantor, MacKinlay, The Girl Went Over the Mountain (*L.*, Sept. 20); The President's Thumb (*L.*, Oct. 25).

Kavanagh, Marcus, The Strange Return of Barbara Lee (*L.*, Mch. 14).

Keen, Alice, Arthur Maverick's Son (*P. M.*, Oct.).

Kelland, Clarence Budington, Scattergood's Adventures in Africa (*Am.*, Aug.); The Masaccio Panel (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 8); The Colleoni Dagger (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 3); Scattergood Comes Back from Europe (*Am.*, Feb.); Nincompoop (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 14); Churns and Chickens (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 28); A Dinner Engagement (*W. H. C.*, Apr.); Business Is Business (*Col.*, Apr. 11).

Kelsey, Elsie, Dancing Girl (*L.*, Sept. 6).

Kennedy, John B., Path of Glory (*Col.*, July 19).

Kennedy, Kay, Wise Guy (*R. B.*, Feb.); May I Help You? (*R. B.*, Mch.).

Kent, W. H. B., The Lost Hand (*B. M.*, July).

Kilbourne, Fannie, Peace Without Victory (*Am.*, Nov.); We Tell Each Other Everything (*McCall*, Nov.); You Can't Explain to a Mother (*McCall*, Jan.); Dot Finds a Man for Polly (*Am.*, Mch.); There's No Harm in Asking (*W. W.*, May).

Kirkham, Stanton Davis, His Swan Song (*Strat.*, Aug.); The Conversion of Hop Lun (*Strat.*, Oct.).

Klahr, Evelyn Gill, Two Ghosts Walk (*G. H.*, Oct.); The Bad Sheep (*G. H.*, Mch.).

Klee, Victor LaRue, Made in Old Kentucky (*Col.*, Mch. 7).

Klein, Abraham, The Meed of the Minnesinger (*J. T.*, Dec. 5).

Knapp, Martin, The Big Idea (*Hol.*, Sept.); Small-Town Stuff (*Am.*, Feb.).

Knibbs, Henry Herbert, Hic! Pericles (*S. S.*, July 25); Five Miles to Perdition (*S. S.*, Sept. 10); Young Pete Pays a Bill (*S. S.*, Mch. 10).

Kyne, Peter B., Range Bully (*R. B.*, Aug.); Come Across (*H. I. and C.*, Oct.); Wild Horse (*H. I. and C.*, Mch.).

La Mar, Bud, Fox Hunt (*R. B.*, May).

Lambert, Reita, It Happened in Paris (*McCall*, Jan.); Old Man Solvency (*G. H.*, Apr.).

Lamm, Earl, Men from Hell (*Ac.*, Apr.).

Lardner, Ring, Cured! (*R. B.*, Mch.).

Larkin, Margaret, Francisca (*House*, Apr.).

Lawrence, Joseph Ivers, The Sacrament of Fire (*B. B.*, Feb.).

Lea, Fanny Heaslip, Fireflies (*R. B.*, Sept.); Here Is My Heart (*R. B.*, Mch.).
Leach, Doug., Old Ugly Face (*War*, Apr.).
Leamy, Edmund, Good Morning, Miss (*Y.*, May).
Lean, Cecil, Allez Oop! (*Col.*, July 12).
Le Gallienne, Richard, The Street of the Old Dream (*H. B.*, Jan.).
Leinster, Murray, The Hand of God (*S. S.*, July 25).
LeMay, Alan, Trail Driver's Luck (*Col.*, July 5); One Charge of Powder (*Col.*, July 26); To Save a Girl (*Col.*, Sept. 27); The Braver Thing (*Col.*, Jan. 17).
Lemon, Robert S., Bird-Dog Days (*Elks*, Oct.).
Leroy, Violet M., Synthetic (*Y.*, Sept.).
Leslie, Burt, Gold (*S. S.*, Sept. 10).
Lester, William, Mavericks (*Cow.*, Apr.).
Leveque, James Howard, Nigger Loon (*B. M.*, Oct.).
Liebe, Hapsburg, The Genuine Devil (*Cow.*, July); Purple Breeches (*Cow.*, Dec.).
Littell, Edmund M., Even Stephen (*S. S.*, Sept. 25).
Long, Frank Belknap, Jr., A Visitor from Egypt (*W. T.*, Sept.); The Rajah's Grandmother (*Oriental Stories*, Feb.-Mch.).
Loos, Anita, Viola Tells All to Elmer (*H. I. and C.*, Sept.); Nothing but the Truth (*H. I. and C.*, Feb.); The Better Things of Life (*H. I. and C.*, Mch.).
Lorimer, Graeme and Sarah, Marriage Is a Compromise (*L. H. J.*, Aug.).
Lovelace, Delos W., Short-Legs (*Hol.*, July).
Lubitz, Beatrice, Croon, Baby, Croon (*H. I. and C.*, Aug.).
Lyle, Eugene P., Jr., Fool's Gold (*S. S.*, Apr. 10).
Lytton, Grace, Flames (*Y.*, Dec.).

McAvoy, Mary Carey, Greater Than Ourselves (*C. W.*, July).
McBride, Edward H., Johnny-Come-Lately (*C. W.*, Sept.).
McCabe, Lauretta, Dark Chapter (*Y.*, May).
McCall, Mary, Jr., Wooden Shoes (*R. B.*, Aug.); Mr. Nolan's World (*Col.*, Nov. 8); Second Choice (*P. R.*, Mch.).
McGee, Lillard, On the Morning Dew (*House*, May).
McGuirk, Charles J., Airedale (*Smart Set*, July); "Beautiful" (*L.*, Aug. 9); By Air (*C. T.*, Jan. 11).
McKenna, Edward L., A Harp from Tin-Pan Alley (*L.*, Sept. 27); The Judge and the Marine's Wife (*L.*, Nov. 1); The Inside Dope Concerning Capt. Jean-Baptiste (*L.*, Dec. 27);

A Bachelor Inspects the Future (*R. B.*, Mch.); A Little Touch of Will-Power (*L.*, Mch. 21); A Cupid from the Cunard Line (*L.*, May 2).

McLaughlin, Fred, The Cinco Kid (*Cow.*, Apr.).

McLellan, Howard, The Sardine's Teeth (*Col.*, Oct. 4).

McMorrow, Thomas, The Art of Mr. Sanzio (*Col.*, Oct. 11); The Alchemist (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 20).

McNary, Herbert L., Gypped (*S. S.*, Feb. 25).

MacCreagh, Gordon, Quill Gold (*Ad.*, Feb. 1).

MacDowell, Syl, The Big Kick (*War*, Jan.).

MacIsaac, Fred, The Line of Beauty (*L.*, Aug. 16); Dog in the Manger (*L.*, Oct. 25); The Wilful Miss Wilson (*L.*, Jan. 24); The Protective Instinct (*L.*, May 9).

Magruder, Mary Lanier, A Friend to Husbands (*Y.*, May).

Marmur, Jacland, Shipmates (*S. S.*, Sept. 10); Fidelity (*S. S.*, Feb. 25); The Village of Death (*S. S.*, May 25).

Marquand, J. P., All Play (*W. H. C.*, Apr.).

Marquis, Don, The Other Woman (*Col.*, Dec. 13).

Marquis, George Bruce, Toolaps, the Joker (*T.*, Apr. 15th No.).

Martin, Nell, Rotary Realty (*T.*, Second Sept. No.).

Marzoni, Pettersen, Fifty-Fifty (*S. S.*, May 25).

Mersereau, John, The Jinx Goes Home (*S. S.*, May 25).

Milburn, George, A Pretty Cute Little Stunt (*Am. Merc.*, Feb.).

Miller, Alice Duer, Cinderella's Slipper (*L. H. J.*, May).

Miller, Dorothy, Many Waters (*Hol.*, Aug.).

Miller, Franklin P., Forward the Engineers! (*War*, Mch.).

Miller, Helen Topping, Precious Women (*McCall*, Nov.); The Window under the Roof (*McCall*, Mch.).

Miller, T. Samson, The Gold Chained Buzzard (*Ad.*, Dec. 15).

Mintzer, Murney, Boarders Away (*Elks*, Oct.); "Walk Back the Cat" (*Col.*, Nov. 1); Man Overboard (*Am.*, Mch.).

Moloney, Margaret C., Leave It to Mike (*C. W.*, Apr.).

Montanye, C. S., Conquest (*Y.*, May).

Montross, Lynn, Yours with a Punch (*McCall*, Sept.).

Montross, Lynn and Lois, The Love Life of Porky (*C. H.*, July); The Bishop and the Calliope (*C. H.*, Sept.); Andy Protheroe's Technique (*C. H.*, Oct.).

Mooers, Horatio, "Here Am I When Thou Callest" (*The American Foreign Service Journal*, Mch.).

Moore, David William, Parson Words (*House*, Jan.); Joe Tupper and His Ole Singin' Mule (*House*, Apr.).

Moore, Captain Frederick, Ambush (*Ad.*, Aug. 1); A Noose of Pearls (*Ad.*, May 15).
Morgan, Howard E., Wolf Justice (*Cow.*, July); Footsteps in the Dark (*Detective Action Stories*, Oct.); The Black Wolves of Merida (*Cow.*, Apr.); The Fighting Heart (*T.*, Apr. 15th No.).
Moroso, John A., The Cat and the Bolster (*L.*, Jan. 3).
Morton, Robert, Yankee Noodle (*War*, Apr.).
Mowery, William Byron, Wolf Pass (*R. B.*, Sept.).
Mundy, Talbot, Black Flag (*Ad.*, May 1).
Munyan, Arthur T., But I'd Like to Go A-Rollin' (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 13).
Murphy, Adrian, Shortchange of Mind (*C. H.*, Nov.).
Mygatt, Gerald, Through the Window (*Am.*, Sept.); Happy Birthday (*Am.*, Mch.); Barbara and "the Major" (*L.*, Mch. 21).

Nafziger, Ray, The Killer Roundup (*Cow.*, Feb.).
Nason, Leonard H., Collision (*S. E. P.*, Nov. 15); Business Courtesy (*S. E. P.*, Dec. 6); High Power (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 14); The Dog of Decarade (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 18).
Neidig, William J., Front Does It! (*Col.*, Dec. 20); The Double Cross (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 21).
New, Clarence Herbert, Free Lances in Diplomacy (*B. B.*, Feb.).
Newsom, J. D., Targets (*Ad.*, Nov. 1).
Norton-Taylor, Duncan, Men Are Like That (*W. H. C.*, Mch.).

O'Connell, Wilkeson, Against All Tradition (*Ad.*, Apr. 15).
Olmsted, Harry F., Bullet Dust (*Ac.*, Feb.).
Olsen, Charles Oluf, The Purple Stain (*T.*, Second Dec. No.).
Olsen, James P., Horror Hacienda (*B. M.*, Nov.); Honor of the Show (*B. M.*, Dec.); Gun Loco (*Ac.*, Apr.); Boom Town (*Ac.*, May); Paul Bunyan Pays Off (*T.*, May 1st No.).
O'Neail, N. J., The Flame Fiend (*W. T.*, Sept).
Orcutt, Eddy, Smoke Money (*S. S.*, Dec. 25); The Grizzly and the Rat (*S. S.*, Jan. 25); The Other Fat Boy (*S. S.*, Mch. 10).
Ott, Estrid, Buying Happiness (Y., Mch.).

Paradis, Marjorie Bartholomew, Empty Arms (*Hol.*, Dec.).
Paradise, Viola, Help Wanted (*P. R.*, Feb.).

Parker, Austin, The Sponge Route (*C. T.*, July 20); Twilight in the West (*W. H. C.*, Aug.).
Parker, Dorothy, Here We Are (*H. I. and C.*, Mch.).
Parmenter, Christine, The Little King (*C. W.*, Dec.); Her Ardent Enemy (*D.*, Mch.).
Payne, Stephen, The Biscuit Kid (*Cow.*, Oct.); Rimfire Robbins: Raised a Cowhand (*Cow.*, Dec.); The Death Drive (*Cow.*, Apr.).
Pedrose, Lawrence W., A Dog's Way (*T.*, Second Sept. No.); Kuree, The Live Giver (*T.*, May 1st No.).
Peel, Doris, Miss Tillson (*F.*, Apr.).
Pendexter, Hugh, The Return of Slinky Bill (*S. S.*, Jan. 25); The Collector (*S. S.*, Mch. 25).
Perkins, David H., First Class Angels (*S. S.*, Mch. 25).
Perry, Peter, The Blue Spot (*R. D. T.*, Aug.).
Perry, Ralph R., The Master (*Ad.*, July 1); Squared (*S. S.*, Aug. 10); Pearl Madness (*S. S.*, Dec. 10).
Pessin, Deborah, The Flat Iron (*Hunter College Echo*, Nov.).
Petersen, Elizabeth Benneche, Applewood Madness (*G. H.*, Nov.).
Peterson, Martin Severin, Indian (*Pr. S.*, Fall).
Phillips, John Randolph, Big Dog (*Pop.*, Mch.).
Phillips, Theresa, We Have Met the Enemy (*C. H.*, Aug.).
Pinkerton, Robert E., A Guttersnipe Grows Wings (*Am.*, Apr.).
Pitney, A. de Ford, Leave Us Our Dreams (*R. B.*, Dec.); Big Campus Man (*R. B.*, Jan.).
Pitt, Chart, When Hell Froze Over (*Ac.*, May).
Poate, Ernest M., Mantrap (*D. S. M.*, Oct. 4).
Poindexter, William E., The Sea Devil (*Ac.*, Feb.).
Portor, Laura Spencer, Giants (*W. H. C.*, Apr.).
Putnam, Nina Wilcox, Reply Paid (*Col.*, Sept. 6).

Quinn, Seabury, The Ghost-Helper (*W. T.*, Feb.-Mch.).
Quirk, Dorothy, The Blue Girl (*Snappy Stories*, Feb.).

Raht, Carlyle G., Killer's Eye (*S. S.*, Apr. 25).
Ramos, Eleanor, A Touch of Sin (*Y.*, May).
Redstone, David, A Dead Ringer (*S. S.*, May 10).
Reed, Herbert, Tennis Courtiers (*T.*, First Aug. No.).
Reed, Leighton, Glory Hole (*Am.*, Feb.).
Reinhardt, Charles Gilbert, and Martin, W. Thornton, The Patriot (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 25).

Reyher, Ferdinand, Barking Willie and the Great Gazebo (*L.*, Dec. 20).
Reynolds, Stephen Allen, The Wares of Chin Kew (*T.*, Mch. 1st No.); Soft Steel (*T.*, Apr. 15th No.).
Reynolds, Walter, Adventuresome Lady (*Y.*, May).
Rinehart, Alan, Dangerous Detour (*Col.*, Aug. 30); Volcano (*L.*, Mch. 28).
Roan, Tom, Killer Loose (*Ac.*, Sept.).
Robbin, Edward, Foaling Season (*Men.*, Oct.).
Roberts, Willa, The Days That Make Us Happy (*W. H. C.*, Apr.).
Robertson, Stuart, Why Glory Smiled (*Col.*, Dec. 13).
Roche, Arthur Somers, King of Swindlers (*R. B.*, Feb.); Fried Potatoes (*Col.*, Mch. 21).
Rogers, Bogart, Buck Byer and the Still (*L.*, Jan. 3); Murder at Malibu (*L.*, Feb. 28).
Rohde, Robert H., Ironclad Evidence (*D. F. W.*, Aug. 23).
Roscoe, Theodore, Claws (*Ac.*, July); The Affair at Ain Hadoun (*Far East Adventure Stories*, Oct.).
Routh, James W., A Texan Rides (*Cow.*, Feb.).
Runyon, Damon, The Hottest Guy in the World (*L.*, Nov. 8); Too Much Pep (*Col.*, Jan. 10); Gentlemen, the King! (*Col.*, Apr. 25).
Rush, Earl Marvin, Fresh Every Morning (*T.*, First Sept. No.).
Ryerson, Florence, and Clements, Colin, From the Cradle to the Shave (*W. W.*, Mch.).

St. Bernard, Helen, The Pink Rose Leaf (*W. W.*, Sept.).
St. Johns, Adela Rogers, Sense of Humor (*H. I. and C.*, Oct.).
St. Mars, F., The Shell (*Ad.*, Dec. 1); The Cloud (*Ad.*, Jan 15).
Sanborn, Ruth Burr, You Couldn't Hate Patrick (*Col.*, Jan. 17).
Sandison, Robert C., Burnt Things (*W. T.*, Dec.).
Sangster, Margaret, Two Other People (*D.*, Aug.); A Four-Storied Christmas Eve (*G. H.*, Jan.); The Healer (*G. H.*, Apr.).
Saunders, John Monk, Episode in Paris (*L.*, Nov. 15); The Episode of the Noble Earl (*L.*, Dec. 20); The Episode of the Shooting Gallery (*L.*, Jan. 10); The Episode of the Happy Ending (*L.*, Jan. 17).
Saunders, Lawrence, Drink 'Em Down (*L.*, Feb. 7).
Say, Harold Bradley, He Might Have Jumped (*S. S.*, Feb. 25).

Scales, Jane, The Thing in the Bush (*W. T.*, Feb-Mch.).
Schachner, Nat, and Zagat, Arthur L., The Dead-Alive (*W. T.*, Apr.-May).
Schnetzler, Stanley S., Poor Fool (*Y.*, Sept.).
Schwab, Melda, Fledgling (*Fr.*, May).
Schwartz, Esther L., Living with Billy (*Y.*, May).
Scobee, Barry, Another Man's Money (*Ad.*, Sept. 15).
Scott, Earl W., Lucky at Cards (*R. D. T.*, May).
Scruggs, Philip L., Kosmac (*Excitement*, Oct.).
Sears, Edward S., Love Among the Artichokes (*House*, Feb.).
Seelig, Rayner, Dinner for Three (*McCall*, Sept.); The Winner (*McCall*, Apr.).
Seifert, Shirley, A Hero and His Heroine (*People's Popular Monthly*, Oct.); A Long Lane That Has No Turning (*C. T.*, May 10).
Shaw, Frank H., Shanghaied Consul (*S. S.*, Mch. 25).
Shaw, Victor, The Bear Slayer (*Ad.*, Jan. 15).
Shenton, Edward, Fighters Should Fight (*Col.*, Jan. 10).
Shumway, Harry Irving, Pid Porter, Stratergist (*House*, Apr.).
Sigmund, Jay G., The Mystic (*The Tanager*, May).
Simpson, Robert, Norland's Grudge (*Ad.*, Aug. 1).
Sinclair, Bertrand W., Blood Is Thicker (*Ad.*, July 15); The Worm Turns (*S. S.*, Nov. 10); The Grudge (*S. S.*, Dec. 10); Seeing Red (*S. S.*, Feb. 25); Bull of the Woods (*S. S.*, May 25).
Singmaster, Elsie, The Forger (*P. R.*, Apr.).
Skerry, Frederick, The Saving Mark (*Col.*, Nov. 15.).
Smith, A. de Herries, The Laughing Fox (*Ad.*, May 1).
Smith, Clark Ashton, A Rendezvous in Averoigne (*W. T.*, Apr.-May).
Smith, Faith Ellen, The Conflict (*Elks*, Mch.).
Smith, Frank Leon, Sky Rocket (*L.*, Aug. 30); Good-Natured Harry's (*L.*, Dec. 6); Hoodoos (*L.*, Jan. 10).
Smith, Sergt. Herbert E., Tin Soldier (*T.*, Apr. 15th No.).
Smyth, Joseph Hilton, Artists Are Like That (*Col.*, July 26); Leave It to Venus (*Col.*, Mch. 28).
Speare, Dorothy, Singing in the Snow (*L. H. J.*, Apr.).
Spearing, James O., The Vagabond Liver (*C. H.*, Jan.).
Spears, Raymond S., Salt Grass Deputizing (*Ad.*, Aug. 15); A Ranger Uncle (*Ad.*, Sept. 15); The Sheriff's Rider (*Ad.*, Nov. 15); Noise in the Open Spaces (*Ad.*, Apr. 1).

Springs, Elliott White, Shipwreck (*L.*, Aug. 2); The Harvest (*L.*, Aug. 23); Lost and Found (*L.*, Oct. 11).
Squier, Emma-Lindsay, Glorious Buccaneer (*Col.*, Dec. 27); Going Down the Golden Trail (*G. H.*, Mch.).
Starrett, Vincent, The Lame Duck (*R. D. T.*, Nov.); The Raven's Claw (*R. D. T.*, Feb.).
Steele, Alice Garland, The Genie of the Ring (*W. W.*, Oct.); My True Love Sent a Partridge (*W. W.*, Dec.).
Steele, Harwood, The Blinkin' Yank! (*War*, Mch.).
Steele, Rufus, The Climateers (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 7).
Stevens, James, The Son of Parson Joab (*Ad.*, Nov. 15).
Stoddard, Lyn, Nemesis (*Snappy Stories*, Feb.).
Stone, Albert William, Silk Cured (*D. S. M.*, Aug. 2); A Good Yarn (*D. S. M.*, Aug. 16).
Stuart, Don, Trimmed with Scarlet (*Snappy Stories*, Feb.).
Stueber, William H., By Right of Suspicion (*Ad.*, Sept. 15).
Sturm, Justin, Postscripts (*P. R.*, Aug.).
Sutton, Gertrude Macaulay, Gesture (*W. T.*, Sept.).
Synon, Mary, Situation Wanted—Male (*R. B.*, May).

Tarkington, Booth, The Distinguished Visitor (*G. H.*, Sept.).
Tarleton, Fiswoode, Heritage (*Am.*, May).
Taylor, Samuel, The Long Count (*S. S.*, Mch. 25).
Terhune, Albert Payson, Formerly Chips (*L. H. J.*, Mch.).
Terrell, Upton, The Escape of Mary Weber (*R. D. T.*, May).
Tevis, H. N., The Ice Melts (*R. D. T.*, May).
Thomas, Elizabeth Finley, The Point of View (*H. B.*, Sept.).
Thomason, John W., Jr., Special Cases (*L.*, Oct. 18).
Thompson, John H., A Loft with the Profits (*Argosy*, Aug. 9).
Thornton, Marian, The Treasure of Almeria (*W. T.*, Apr.-May).
Tibbott, Frederick Merrill, Windfall (*L.*, Sept. 13).
Tinsley, Ted, Say Uncle! (*War*, Mch.); Plucked (*War*, Apr.).
Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor, Sisters (*W. H. C.*, Aug.); Charm Is a Vacation (*W. H. C.*, Sept.).
Toohey, John Peter, A Wonderful Girl Like That (*Col.*, Feb. 7).
Torgerson, Edwin Dial, Male and Fan Mail (*L.*, Nov. 29).
Train, Arthur, Tutt for Tutt (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 21); Mr. Tutt Turns a Trick (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 18).
Treynor, Albert M., They Shall Not Pass (*L.*, Mch. 7).
Tucker, Ruth Wilkinson, Immortality (*W. W.*, Dec.).
Turnbull, Agnes Sligh, Woman's Crowning Glory (*W. W.*, Jan.).

Ucker, William A., Machine Gunner (*R. D. T.*, Sept.).
Underwood, John E., In Loving Memory (*Pr. S.*, Fall); Diminuendo (*Fr.*, Jan.).
Upson, William Hazlett, The Model House (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 10.).

Valjean, Nelson, Sleepyhead Dillon's Good Deed (*T.*, May 1st No.).
Van de Water, Frederic F., Whose Shoes? (*Col.*, Mch. 14).

Walker, Ewing, Any Horse Can Lose (*R. B.*, Jan.).
Wallace, Francis, The Power of Love (*R. B.*, May).
Walmsley, Leo, Ivory (*Ad.*, Mch. 1); The Hero of Bramblewick (*Ad.*, Apr. 1).
Waltner, Ruland V. E., Distant Beaches (*Hol.*, Sept.).
Ward, Millard, Trial Horse (*S. S.*, Sept. 25); The Great I Am (*S. S.*, Nov. 25).
Ware, Edward Parrish, Harris Cracks a Nut (*D. F. W.*, Aug. 23).
Waters, Don, When the Iron Is Hot (*S. S.*, May 10).
Watkins, Richard Howells, By Request (*Clues*, Second Oct. No.); Command of the Quiltby (*S. S.*, May 10).
Wead, Frank, Rig the Deck (*Ad.*, Aug. 1); Control (*Am.*, Mch.); Sea Worthy (*Am.*, Apr.).
Weber, Lenora Mattingly, The Pink Bassinet (*G. H.*, Jan.).
Webster, Henry Kitchell, The Lover (*L.*, Dec. 20).
Weiman, Rita, Walled City (*L.*, Aug. 23).
West, Ann, The Tower (*Hol.*, July); Destiny Over the Week-End (*W. W.*, Aug.); Bequest Intangible (*W. W.*, Oct.).
Weston, George, Young People and Old Evils (*H. I. and C.*, Apr.); The Education of Roselle (*L.*, Apr. 25).
Wetjen, Albert Richard, The Mate Remarks (*Ad.*, Aug. 15); While the World Paused (*W. H. C.*, Nov.).
Whalen, Jessamine Burroughs, Sanctified (*Hol.*, Aug.).
White, Ared, Thumbs Down (*Ad.*, May 15).
White, Nelia Gardner, Wasteful Lady (*Hol.*, Mch.).
White, Stewart Edward, The Long Rifle—Indian Country (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 14).
Whitehead, Henry S., Passing of a God (*W. T.*, Jan.).
Whitman, Stephen French, The Legion of Honor (*C. H.*, Jan.).
Widdemer, Margaret, Jade (*L.*, Oct. 25).
Wilde, Hagar, Honeymoon for Three (*Col.*, Aug. 2); A Doctor in the House (*Col.*, May 9).

Wiley, Dwight Mitchell, Headed for the Stars (*S. E. P.*, July 19); Men Will Go Mad (*S. E. P.*, Feb. 14); Suitably Cerebral (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 4); Runner-Up (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 25).
Williams, Ben Ames, Dole (*S. E. P.*, Mch. 28); Fog Mull (*S. E. P.*, Apr. 4).
Wilson, Katherine M., Boomerang (*Y.*, May).
Winchcombe-Taylor, Capt. J., Hard as Nails (*War*, Apr.).
Winslow, Horatio, All Confused (*S. E. P.*, Jan. 3).
Winslow, Seymour, Tuxedo (*L. H. J.*, Apr.).
Winter, Louise, Are All Women Liars? (*Y.*, May).
Wood, Quintan, Cold Trail (*Elks*, Nov.).
Wood, Ralph S., Hooked (*S. S.*, Aug. 25); A Bridge through Hell (*S. S.*, Mch. 10).
Woodbury, Clarence, Name Your Poison (*Clues*, Second Oct. No.).
Woodford, Jack, The Philosopher (*Y.*, Aug.).
Woods, Clee, Cactus Hoof Guts (*Cow.*, Apr.).
Woods, R. C., The Red-Haired Woman (*Interludes*, Summer).
Wright, Sewell Peaslee, The Nod (*B. M.*, Aug.); The Joke (*C. L.*, Winter No.); Four Men along the Raven (*T.*, Mch. 1st No.).
Wylie, Philip, Perkins Takes the Case (*Col.*, Apr. 25).

LIST IV

Of short short stories the following rank highest:

Aiken, Ednah, Ten Minutes (*L.*, Sept. 20).
Anthony, Norman, From a Skyscraper Window (*H. I. and C.*, Sept.).
Aswell, James, A Matter of Technique (*Col.*, Aug. 2).
Augsburg, Paul Deresco, Money Talks (*H. I. and C.*, Sept.).

Baker, Charles Henry, Jr., Smoke in the Bank (*Col.*, Jan. 24).
Beam, Maurice J., and Bellem, Robert Leslie, The Old-Timer (*R. D. T.*, Sept.).
Benét, Stephen Vincent, The Educated Pig (*P. R.*, Nov.).
Brackett, Charles, Men Are Such Brutes (*Col.*, Oct. 18).
Bradley, Mary Hastings, The Ivory Hunters (*L.*, Dec. 6); Dilemma (*L.*, Jan. 24).
Brennan, Frederick Hazlitt, The Sparrow's Fall (*Col.*, Aug. 9).
Bromley, Al, The Dumb Cluck (*R. D. T.*, Mch.).
Brown, Bernice, Speaking of Farnsworth (*Col.*, Mch. 21).

Burnet, Dana, A Touch of Romance (*Col.*, Aug. 9); The Shaming of Willie Lord (*Col.*, Oct. 4).

Caldwell, Erskine, Dorothy (*Scr.*, Apr.); The Corduroy Pants (*Scr.*, May).
Campbell, Evelyn, Roses for Love (*L.*, Aug. 23).
Carrington, Elaine Sterne, Where There's a Will (*Col.*, Feb. 28).
Chapman, Maristan, One Shot (*L.*, Apr. 18).
Chase, Mary Ellen, Salesmanship (*P. R.*, July).
Coates, Grace Stone, A Pine Tree (*Fr.*, Jan.).
Cohen, Octavus Roy, Sounds of Merriment (*Col.*, Oct. 4); Driver's License (*Col.*, Feb. 14); Ten and Out (*Col.*, Feb. 21); Echo of the Gong (*R. B.*, Apr.).
Connell, Richard, Pardon This Intrusion (*Col.*, Nov. 15).
Cooper, Courtney Ryley, On the High Trapeze (*Col.*, Feb. 7); Just Between Friends (*Col.*, Mch. 28).
Corning, Howard McKinley, Deerfoot Prints (*Fr.*, Mch.).
Culver, Jane, The Star (*Fr.*, Jan.).

Davenport, Walter, The Good Woman (*Col.*, Aug. 16).
Davis, Elmer, Red Balloons (*Col.*, May 23).
De Silver, Pauline, The Last Act (*L.*, Apr. 25).
Doles, Lucy, Finesse (*L.*, Oct. 11).
Donaldson, Robert, "Vive la France!" (*The Detroit Free Press*, Oct. 14).
Duganne, Phyllis, He'd Have Said Good-by (*L.*, July 5).

Egan, Cyril B., Good Samaritan (*L.*, Jan. 17).
Ernst, Paul, The Tree of Life (*W. T.*, Sept.).
Evans, Ida M., Yellow Hair (*H. I. and C.*, Nov.).

Fortescue, Granville, His Birthday (*L.*, Jan. 31).
Foster, Jan, Bargain Day (*P. R.*, Jan.).
Frink, Carol, An Unsolved Crime (*L.*, Jan. 10).

Gale, Zona, Jailbird (*L.*, Nov. 15).
Gilpatric, Guy, Colonel Something-or-Other (*Col.*, Sept. 13).
Gurnee, Odgers T., Jedediah Meets His Master (*L.*, May 30).

Hamlin, Hope, Straight Macaroni (*Col.*, Nov. 1).
Hecht, Ben, The Ax (*H. I. and C.*, Nov.).

Held, John, Jr., Waltz of Youth (*H. I. and C.*, Nov.); Have a Cigar (*H. I. and C.*, Dec.).
Holby, Alice Q., Three of a Kind (*L.*, Mch. 7).
Hollander, Mark, Twentieth Century Esther (*J. T.*, Feb. 27); The Promised Land (*J. T.*, Mch. 27).

Ingram, John Burke, Dead Man's Bullet (*S. S.*, Mch. 10).

Jerard, Elise, Matrimony (*N. Y. Magazine Program*, Mch.).

Kahler, Hugh MacNair, Fair and Stormy (*Col.*, Aug. 2); Appetite (*Col.*, Nov. 22); It's So Hard to Make Them Happy (*L. H. J.*, Dec.).
Kantor, MacKinlay, A Man Who Had No Eyes (*L.*, May 2).
Kay, Juliette, Just an Old, Old Story (*L.*, Sept. 27).
Kennedy, Kay, Wise Baby (*R. B.*, Jan.).
Kutner, Nanette, Nanny's Baby (*G. H.*, Aug.).

La Farge, Oliver, Haunted Ground (*L. H. J.*, Aug.).
Lebar, John, Second Choice (*H. I. and C.*, July).
Lee, B. Virginia, A Deed of Kindness (*House*, May).
Lindsay, Donald, Nor All Your Piety (*L.*, Feb. 28).
Luhrs, Marie, Mrs. Schwellenbach's Receptions (*J. T.*, Oct. 3).

McKenna, Edward L., Vendetta (*Col.*, Feb. 21); Début (*R. B.*, Apr.); A Challenge (*R. B.*, May).
MacHarg, William, The Life of a Dog (*Col.*, Aug. 16); The Cat's Eyes (*Col.*, Apr. 4).
Marquis, Don, She Tells the Reporter (*Col.*, July 12).
Mish, Charlotte, His Children (*P. T.*, Sept.-Oct.); A Man of Importance (*Breezy Stories*, Nov.).
Montague, Doris, A Bouquet for Uncle Basil (*Col.*, May 30).
Montross, Lois Seyster, A Day in New York (*P. R.*, Sept.).
Moore, David William, The Dunce (*House*, Aug.).
Morley, Christopher, A Good Deed (*Col.*, Aug. 23).

Norris, Kathleen, Tell It to Betty (*H. B.*, Feb.).

Olsen, James P., Who Knows? (*B. M.*, Mch.).
Owen, Marguerite, The Funeral (*P. T.*, Aug.).

Parry, Richard Edward, First Spin (*Col.*, Mch. 7).
Poole, Ernest, A Little Slip of Paper (*H. B.*, July); A Knife for Her Husband (*All.*, Oct.).

Regan, Rex, The Lucky Stiff (*L.*, May 9).
Reyher, Ferdinand, Nine (*Elks*, Nov.).
Rogers, Bogart, A Box of Dahlias (*L.*, Dec. 13).

Sampson, Emma Speed, Booteeleggin' (*B. S.*, Jan.).
Sapin, Ruth, Certain Fundamentals (*W. H. C.*, Aug.).
Sigmund, Jay G., Man Servant (*The Tanager*, Mch.).
Skerry, Frederick, A Mere Detail (*Col.*, Apr. 11).
Spencer, Warren, Sudden Wealth (*H. I. and C.*, Nov.).

Terhune, Albert Payson, Best Laid Plans (*H. I. and C.*, Aug.).
Tevis, H. N., Two Last Laughs (*R. D. T.*, Apr.).
Thibault, David, Grim Portal (*Col.*, Sept. 20); No Time to Write (*Col.*, Nov. 29).
Tipton, Stanley, That Well-Remembered Face (*Col.*, Apr. 25).
Turner, Marjory S., Next to Godliness (*Fr.*, Jan.).

Vaughn, P. E., Her Identification (*L.*, May 16).

West, Wallace, The Last Incarnation (*W. T.*, Oct.).
Weston, Orville, The Hair of the Dog (*L.*, Mch. 28).
Wilde, Hagar, Jonesy (*Col.*, Dec. 20).

Of the short short stories the following rank second:

Aldis, Dorothy, Balloons (*L.*, Aug. 30).
Anonymous, The Egyptian (*L.*, Aug. 9); Born to Be (*L.*, Oct. 4).
Anthony, Norman, Endurance Flight (*L.*, Nov. 8); Mary-go-round (*H. I. and C.*, Dec.).
Asch, Nathan, Bravery (*L.*, July 12).

Barrett, Christine, The Metal Cylinder (*T.*, Second Oct. No.).
Behnke, H. P., Big Shot (*T.*, Second Feb. No.).
Beirne, Francis F., Spring Lamb (*House*, Mch.); The Diamond Bar Pin (*House*, Apr.).
Bercovici, Rada, Jingle-Bells (*P. R.*, Aug.).
Bero, Stanley, Where the West Begins (*J. T.*, Sept. 19).

Brackett, Charles, The Unthinkable Thing (*Col.*, Sept. 27).
Bromley, Al, The Black Overcoat (*R. D. T.*, Nov.); A Pan of Oyster Stew (*R. D. T.*, Apr.).
Brown, Bernice, Right Number (*Col.*, Aug. 9).
Buckley, F. R., Leave Your Address (*Col.*, July 19); Among the Casualties (*Col.*, Oct. 11).
Burnet, Dana, Bay Window (*Col.*, May 2).

Castle, Monty, The Tail of a Dog (*T.*, First Nov. No.).
Clark, Harriet, Shadows (*Y.*, Mch.).
Cohen, Octavus Roy, Honeymoon (*L. H. J.*, Oct.); What Would You Have Done? (*Col.*, Mch. 7).
Coleman, Ann G., The Leading Citizen (*L.*, Aug. 16).
Collins, Mrs. M. W. (suggested by) To Love (*L.*, Nov. 1).
Condon, Frank, Two Dollars Down (*Col.*, Mch. 28).
Cooper, Courtney Ryley, Comedian (*H. I. and C.*, Oct.).
Crowell, James R., Double Indemnity (*L.*, Nov. 15).
Curry, Tom, The Man with a Drag (*R. D. T.*, July).

Davis, Charles F., Trap Profits (*T.*, Second Oct. No.).
De Silver, Pauline, Funny Joke (*L.*, Mch. 21).
Detzer, Karl W., Sunday Driver (*L.*, July 19).
Dorrington, Albert, According to the Log (*T.*, First Nov. No.).
Douglas, Bruce, Water (*Ac.*, July).

Ellerbee, Paul, On Old Squaw Mountain (*L.*, Nov. 29).

Faus, Joseph, Son of the Prodigal Son (*Every Week Magazine Page*, Apr. 12).
Flagg, Francis, The Jelly-Fish (*W. T.*, Oct.).
Flynn, Claire Wallace, "Gun-Lady" (*H.*, Sept.).
Forrest, Breems, Yellow (*War*, Apr.).
Francis, William, An Ill Wind (*Col.*, Jan. 3).

Gethman, Helen, The Misters Smith (*Mid.*, May).
Gowen, Emmett, The Door to Death (*T.*, Apr. 1st No.).

Hamilton, Anne, Blue Serge (*Fr.*, Mch.).
Hawthorne, Christopher, Old Stuff (*L.*, Oct. 25); A Robot on the Job (*L.*, Jan. 3).
Hazard, Robert, Brothers (*Scr.*, Dec.).
Held, John, Jr., The Pigeon of St. Patrick's (*H. I. and C.*, Sept.).

Holliday, Carl, A Day in History (*Overland Monthly and Outwest Magazine*, Apr.).
Hoover, Jane Redfield, She Held Him (*L.*, Nov. 22).
Houser, Lionel, Tomorrow No More! (*College Forum*, May).
Howard, Eric, Swag (*R. D. T.*, July).

Kahler, Hugh MacNair, Long Odds (*Col.*, Sept. 6); What a Pal! (*Col.*, Apr. 18).
Kantor, MacKinlay, Maternal Witness (*R. D. T.*, Aug.); Rebel Yell (*Ad.*, Sept. 1).

Lessing, Bruno, Fun (*H. I. and C.*, Aug.).

McDaniel, Delilah, Smuggled Through (*T.*, First Dec. No.).
McGeehan, W. O., He Couldn't Take It (*Col.*, Apr. 4).
MacHarg, William, Just Too Smart (*Col.*, Jan. 3); The Scotty Dog (*Col.*, Jan. 17); One Woman's Way (*Col.*, Jan. 17); Fingerprints (*Col.*, May 9); The Fourth Degree (*Col.*, May 23).
Mangum, Roy L., The Perfect Murder (*L.*, Apr. 11).
Marquand, John P., Simon Pure (*Col.*, July 5).
Marquis, Don, The Referee Says (*Col.*, Dec. 27).
Meek, S. P., "Well, My Dear—" (*Y.*, May).
Murphy, Adrian, Johnny on the Spot (*C. H.*, Apr.).

Norwich, Dorothy, The Game (*W. T.*, Jan.).

Oboler, A., The Second Mail (*Y.*, Apr.).

Paris, Edith, Pick-Up (*Hunter College Echo*, Nov.).
Plunkett, Cyril, Rat-trap (*T.*, Second Nov. No.).
Poole, Ernest, Paper Matches (*H. B.*, Aug.).
Powel, Harford, Jr., Putty (*H. B.*, Sept.).

Reyher, Ferdinand, Feud at Bentley's (*Elks*, July); Taxi (*L.*, July 26).
Rider, Marna, Another Woman's Husband (*L.*, Feb. 7).
Roemer, Herb, $10,000 the Word (*T.*, Second Nov. No.).

Sandberg, Correan K. Spuds (*L.*, Aug. 2); The Greenhorn (*L.*, Oct. 18).
Shay, Reuben Jennings, Taking His Time (*B. M.*, Jan.).

Skerry, Frederick, Not in the Reckoning (*Col.*, Dec. 6).
Slattery, Frances, Strays (*L.*, Dec. 20).
Smith, Clark Ashton, The Phantoms of the Fire (*W. T.*, Sept.).
Solomon, Mendel M., The Home-Coming (*T.*, First Dec. No.).
Stilson, Charles B., The Pipe of Death (*T.*, First Nov. No.).

Tevis, H. N., Money for Murder (*R. D. T.*, Mch.).
Thompson, Leonard, Copper Wires (*L.*, Mch. 14).
Travis, Gus, Another Robbery at Stalen's (*L.*, Dec. 27).
Tuttle, W. C., In the Bunkhouse (*Ad.*, Mch. 1).

Ucker, William A., It Can Be Done (*R. D. T.*, July).

Wells, Hal. T., All Square (*T.*, Second Dec. No.).
Williamson, Alice, Mother's Lamb (*House*, July).
Wood, Anna Hamilton, Pathfinders (*Interludes*, Autumn).
Woodford, Jack, Just Like Dear Old Dad (*H. I. and C.*, Oct.).
Worts, George F., The Lockwasher (*S. S.*, Nov. 10.)
Wright, Sewell Peaslee, Steel (*H. I. and C.*, Apr.).

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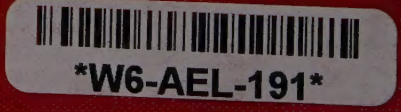
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